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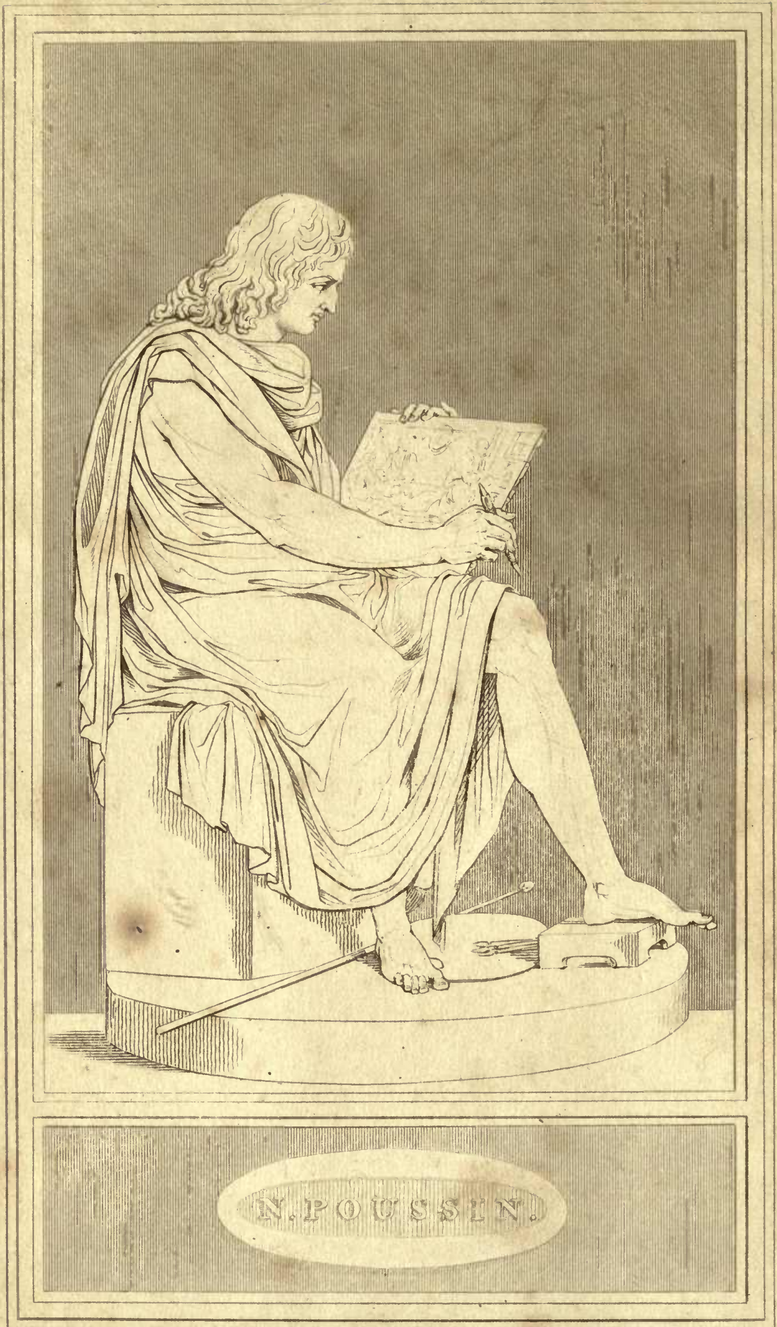

N. POUSSIN.

Julien inv.t

George Cooke sculp.t

London; Published Dec.1,1809 by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry.

Art
Paint
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THE

HISTORIC GALLERY

OF

PORTRAITS AND PAINTINGS;

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL REVIEW:

CONTAINING A BRIEF
ACCOUNT OF THE LIVES OF THE MOST CELEBRATED MEN,
IN EVERY AGE AND COUNTRY;
AND
GRAPHIC IMITATIONS OF THE FINEST SPECIMENS
OF
THE ARTS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN;
WITH REMARKS, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

> Tamen utile quid sit
> Prospiciunt aliquando.
> *Juv. Sat.* 6 lin. 319.
>
> Docti rationem artis intelligunt, indocti, voluptatem.
> *Quint.* lib. ix. 4.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE,
31, POULTRY;
At the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1810.

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STATUE OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

JULIEN.

This statue in marble, of the proportion of six feet, is placed in the Hall of the Institute, at Paris. It is considered one of the best productions of an artist, who, by his other works, has reflected honour on French sculpture.

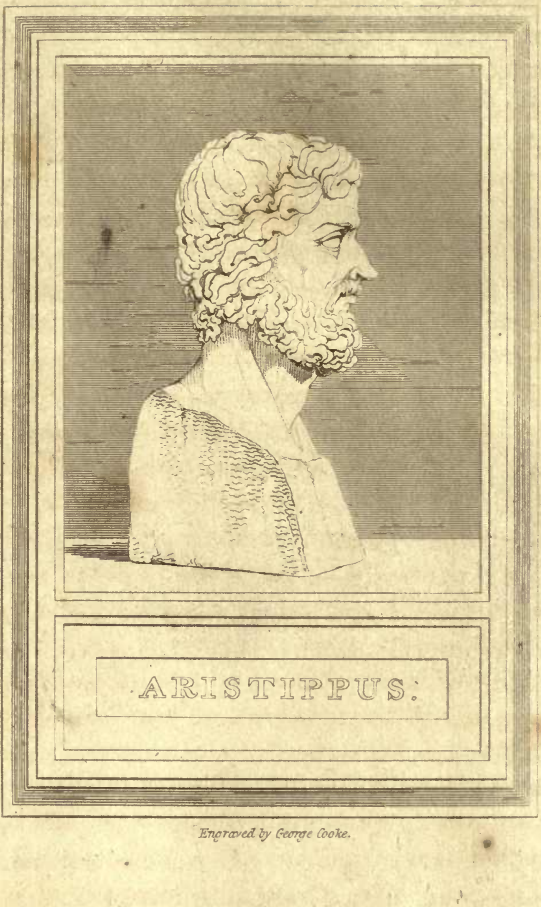
M. Lebreton, perpetual secretary of the fine arts in the Institute, delivered an admirable eulogium on the merits of this excellent statuary, who died in the month of December, 1804, in his seventy-fourth year. The limits of our publication not permitting us to report the whole of his discourse, we must confine ourselves to the following passage, which has a reference to the subject before us.

"M. Julien had undertaken the statue of Poussin, but peculiar circumstances, far from exciting him to other labours, compelled him so slowly to execute this work, that he considered it as his last production. He appeared desirous of living only to finish it, Nature, in a manner, but granted him his request. He died three months after its exhibition at the Louvre.

"The subject presented two considerable difficulties; one, so common to all statuaries—the stiffness of the modern costume: the other, to give an exact resemblance of the features of Poussin. The former obstacle he overcame by a probable fiction. He has supposed that Poussin, who had been long a resident at Rome, among other peculiarities, was in the habit of sleeping naked during the summer.

"Having conceived in the night a happy thought for his 'Will of Eudamides,' and fearful that it might escape him, he immediately arose, covered himself with his cloak, and delineated the cherished idea. The composition has the merit of expressing the reflecting mind of Poussin;—always occupied with his works, he was thereby enabled to delineate, with propriety, the nudity of the arms and legs, and to clothe them with suitable dignity.

"But, by ennobling the style and costume of the statue, the difficulty was augmented of preserving sufficient character in the countenance. Fortunately, the features of Poussin were of a serious cast, which, in a twofold degree, aided the conceptions of the artist. The labour of the chisel represents Poussin in the flower of his age."



ARISTIPPUS:

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published Dec. 1, 1809, by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry.

ARISTIPPUS.

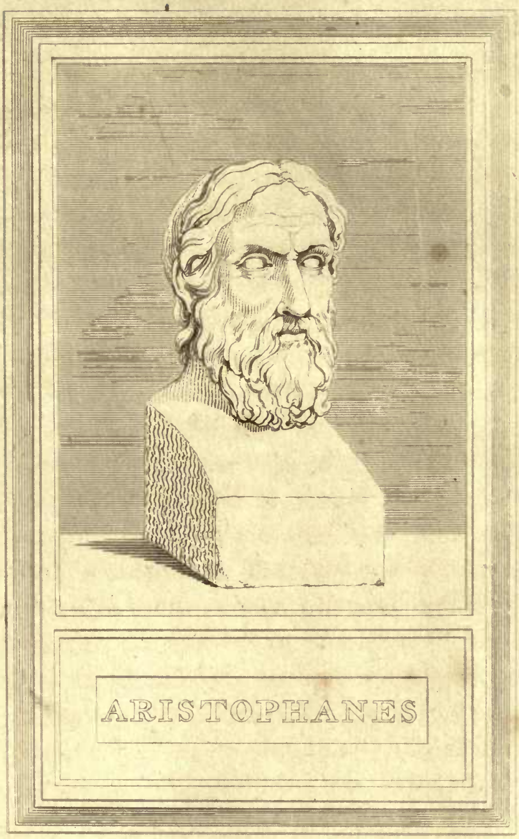
ARISTIPPUS was born at Cyrene, in Africa. He was a disciple of Socrates, but differed much from the doctrine of that illustrious master. The one acknowledged no happiness but in virtue, the other found no enjoyment but in voluptuousness. A lively wit, smart repartees, and the talent of concealing his principles under decent forms, gained him proselytes and admirers, and procured for him a subsistence more pleasing than honourable. A noble character and real merit gain the esteem of minds that possess the least degree of courage. Aristippus heard of the captivity of Socrates with sentiments of grief; but as he was then at Egura, and felt that he could not deliver this great man from the rage of tyrants, he wished to avoid the melancholy but august spectacle of his last moments. He only sought for what was agreeable in friendship, and avoided the vexations and affections of it. His friends might depend upon him in prosperity, but could not expect to find in him a comforter in misfortune: he had quarrelled with Eschines, who was also a disciple of Socrates, and who had behaved ill to Aristippus. He felt that an intimacy with him was necessary to his happiness, and made the first advances to regain his affection. His abode at Syracuse did more injury to his reputation than his taste for pleasure. He in vain attempted to justify his conduct towards Dionysius, by pretending that the tone of censure and reprimand succeeds badly with princes; that haughty truths displease them; that lessons conveyed in a respectful manner, soften and correct them.

His counsels, if he gave any, were unsuccessful, and are sunk in oblivion, while his servile complaisance, and the affronts he received, which he tempered by low pleasantry, give testimony against his memory. "I come," said he, on his arrival at the tyrant's court, "to barter my learning for your favours." Dionysius appeared to accept these conditions with pleasure. His court was then filled with rigorous philosophers, but these censors soon became odious, and the flattering Aristippus was successful. He gave even to those actions which might do honour to him, a character of meanness which tarnished their merit. He one day solicited the prince in favour of one of his friends: as he appeared deaf to his application, the philosopher humbly fell on his knees. "Is it my fault," said he, to those who blamed him for doing so, "if this man has his ears in his feet." Dionysius offered a recompense to Plato, who refused it; at the same moment he gave a denial to an earnest request made by Aristippus, upon which the latter said, "The king will not ruin himself; he will only give to those who will receive nothing, and shuts his hand to those who solicit his bounty." He endeavoured to justify his love for good cheer, women, and wine, by saying, "That he derived all his tastes from nature, but was not the slave of them, and that if he preferred a purple cloak to a woollen robe, he knew how to wear the one as well as the other." He excused his avidity for money, by the facility with which he spent it. Some one being astonished at his giving sixty drachmas for a partridge, "Would you not have given an obole for it?" said he, "well, then, these sixty drachmas are no more to me than an obole is to you."

He had collected a considerable sum for a journey into Lybia. It being troublesome to his slave, he ordered him to ease himself of his burthen, by throwing it on the road. He took a pleasure in setting the censurers of his conduct at variance with their maxims. One day Polixenes reproved him with some acrimony for the luxury of his table; Aristippus invited him to supper, and became satisfied, that the surest way to silence those who condemn our pleasures, is to make them partakers in them. Dionysius shewed him three beautiful courtezans, and desired him to chuse which of them he pleased. He took all the three, saying, "it had cost Paris too dear for having given the preference to one of the goddesses." This was a happy application of the fable; but by a virtuous caprice, he sent them all three home again. He was accustomed to say, "that it was better to be poor than ignorant, because a little money was sufficient to relieve the poor, but the ignorant required great efforts to civilize them." He was the first philosopher who took payment for his lessons. He asked fifty drachmas from a father for instructing his son. "*With this sum*," said the father, "*I could purchase a slave*." "*Buy him, then*," said the philosopher, "*and you will have two*." He only considered an intercourse with women so far as it related to voluptuousness, and kept his heart free amidst the intoxication of his senses. "I possess Laïs," said he, "but Laïs does not possess me." He excused his fondness for good living, by saying, "that if it were blameable, they would not make such great feasts on the festivals of the gods."

This philosopher, who flourished four hundred years before Christ, died in returning from the court of

Syracuse to Cyrene. His works have not reached us. It does not appear that the ancients held them in much estimation. It was a maxim with him, that the sage ought to do every thing for himself. Such a sage does but reduce the most despicable egotism to a system. Epicurus made voluptuousness to consist in the sleep of the passions; Aristippus, in the satisfaction which agreeable sensations procure. He saw nothing in the world real or interesting, but his own existence. Horace sometimes yields homage to his philosophy. In his epistle to Mæcenas, he says, "Sometimes active and vigilant, I plunge myself into the whirlpool of business; sometimes a rigid partizan of virtue, I try to govern events, instead of suffering myself to be governed by them; sometimes, also, I enter, as it were by stealth, the school of Aristippus."



ARISTOPHANES

Engraved by George Cooke.

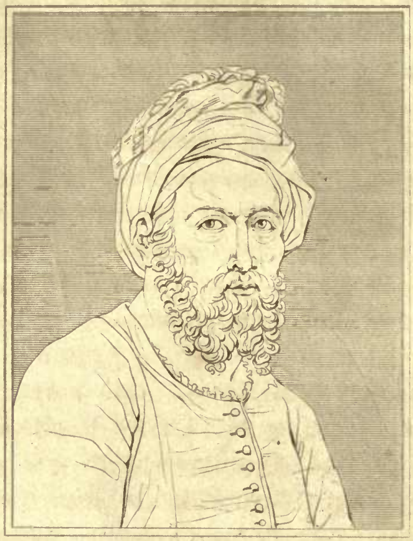
London; Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Jan. 1810.

ARISTOPHANES.

It is a misfortune for a writer to have employed his talents in the service of factions which only interest us while they exist; to have calumniated illustrious characters, for whom we always feel; and to have ridiculed morality, which can never fail to command respect. The writings which political prejudices give birth to, the objects of controversy and enthusiasm, in proportion as they are obnoxious to one party, or promote the benefit of another, whatever may be their merit, are but enigmas of a more distant date. It is therefore impossible for us to point out the allegorical personages of Aristophanes. How shall we be able to discover in the comedy of the *Birds*, in that of *Peace*, and in that of the *Knights*, what afforded so much pleasure to the Athenians? The reputation of Socrates directs our curiosity to the piece in which he attempted to degrade this extraordinary man; in the perusal of which Aristophanes forfeits our esteem. The character of impiety, so manifest in his *Plutus*, induces us to consult him in order to judge of the degree of liberty enjoyed by the Greeks in religious matters; but, after one reading, we throw aside the greater part of the comedies of a writer who does not find a commentator in the history of the human heart, but in that of the troubles and dissentions of his republic.

It must, however, be admitted, that Aristophanes is eminent for wit, for vivacity, and invention; that his dialogue is rapid; that he adroitly delineates the caprice, the inconstancy, the instability of the people of Athens; that his demagogues deceive and amuse, like the irrationality of old age. The parts he makes Cleon, an Athenian general, perform, proves that the magistrates were held in little awe by the poets; and that their power might be attacked with impunity. The elegance of his style is truly *attic;* and on this account it is said, that St. John Chrisostemus had always a volume of Aristophanes near his bed. He is one of the ancients whom the moderns have the least imitated, and for this simple reason,—he is a painter whose pictures fail of resemblance when the originals are removed from the view. Racine acknowledges that he is indebted to the *Wasps* of Aristophanes for his comedy of the *Plaideurs;* but he has only taken from the Greek author the idea of the piece. In many respects the English drama bears a greater similarity to the comedies of Aristophanes than that of the French.

The history of this celebrated poet presents nothing interesting. He lived in the age of Socrates, Demosthenes, and Euripides, about 434 years before J. C.



MICHL. ANGELO

Painted by S. del Piombo. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London, Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Novr. 1, 1809.

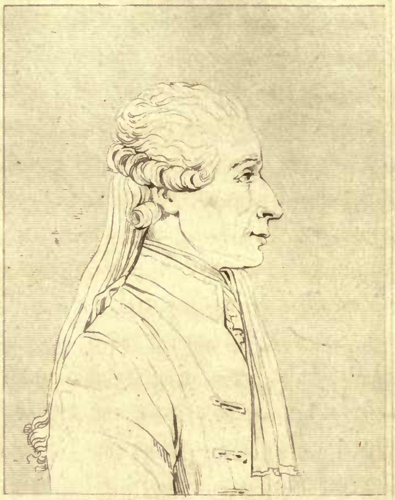
MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

As painter, sculptor, and architect, Michael Angelo holds the most distinguished rank, among the votaries of the arts. Endued with a genius almost supernatural, he is justly regarded as the first of modern sculptors. As an architect, he also stands unrivalled, and, if Raphael, disputes with him the palm of excellence in painting, it arises solely from the circumstance of that great artist possessing, in a pre-eminent degree, the quality of grace, as Michael Angelo carried to the highest pitch of perfection, correctness of design, and grandeur of conception.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born at Cartel Caprese, in Tuscany, in the year 1474. He displayed, from his infancy, an extraordinary passion for drawing; but his father, notwithstanding the mediocrity of his fortune, employed every means to dissuade him from fallowing a profession, unworthy, as he thought, of the dignity of his house. The perseverance of Angelo surmounting these obstacles, he became the pupil of Ghirlandaio, a Florentine painter, of considerable reputation, but whose principal glory is that of having given the first lessons to so illustrious a disciple. The progress of M. Angelo was so rapid, that he attracted the attention of the Grand Duke Lorenzo de Medicis, who received him into his palace, and gave him a considerable pension, to prosecute his studies. After the death of his patron, M. Angelo, whose first productions were in sculpture, visited the schools of Venice, Bologna, and

Rome, and left, in each city, where his fame was already acknowledged, those proofs of talents which have secured his celebrity. On his return to Florence, he produced several statues, and designed the celebrated Cartoon of Pisa, begun in competition with Leonardo da Vinci, for the great saloon of the public palace. This was finished at intervals, but prevented from being executed in fresco, by the turbulence of the times. Following the peremptory command of Julio II. M. Angelo proceeded to paint the series of frescoes which occupy the ceiling and the arches of the Sixtine Chapel. This immortal work he completed in twenty months. Our limits will not permit us to detail the numerous labours executed by M. Angelo at Florence and Rome, during the pontificates of Leo X., and of Adrian VI., and Clement VII., his successors. At the instance of Paul III. he produced his immense composition of the "Last judgment," which he accomplished in seven years. His last public labour was in the chapel Paulina, built by Antonio da Sangallo: the subjects which he chose may be considered as the languid remains of his power, and the dotage of his genius.

But the genius of M. Angelo was not confined to the art in which he so pre-eminently excelled. He possessed considerable information, and was no indifferent poet. He led a life of celibacy, and was distinguished for the regularity of his manners. Such was the respect paid to his surprising talents, that Cosmo de Medicis always addressed him uncovered, and several Popes caused him to be seated in their presence. He died at Rome, in 1564, at the age of ninety, worn out by infirmity and fatigue.



BAILLY.

Painted by Le Vacher.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb. 1, 1810.

BAILLY.

Sylvain Bailly was born at Paris, in the year 1736. His father, keeper of the king's pictures, was, at the same time, a painter and a poet, and left behind him several dramatic pieces. He carried his paternal fondness so far, as to restrain his son from any serious study, who was indebted to a casual acquaintance for his knowledge of the sciences which he cultivated with so much success. A person well informed in the mathematics, taught him the first elements in that science, in exchange for certain lessons of drawing, which the father of Bailly gave to his son. The meeting with the Abbé de la Caille, who had just manifested by an arduous voyage, his zeal for the sciences, turned the study of young Bailly to that of astronomy. Instructed by the lessons of this learned observer, of whom he had become the friend, he soon distinguished himself by his memoirs, and by other works on different objects of science, to which he had applied himself, and received, in consequence, his admission into the academy of sciences, in the year 1763. Twelve years afterwards he published his *History of Astronomy, Ancient and Modern*, which he ornamented with all the graces of style, and in which are equally apparent the researches of the philosopher, and the talent of the man of letters; two species of merit which are seldom united in the same work.

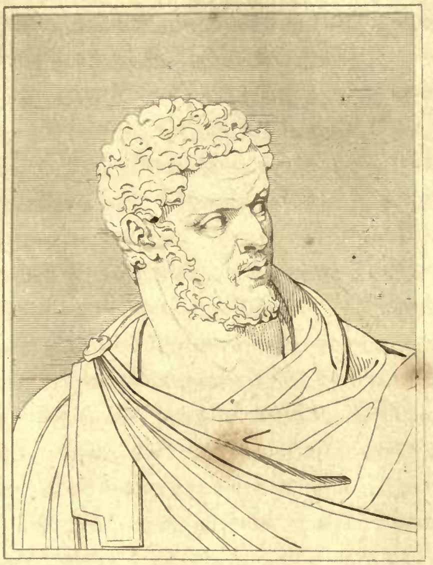
The History of Indian and Eastern Astronomy, which appeared some years afterwards, met with the like success. This latter work has been preceded by his *Lettres sur l' Atlantique*, in which, after establishing a new system as to the origin of the sciences and arts, the author attributes their first invention to a people who, in his opinion, inhabited the North East of Upper Tartary, and who have been destroyed by some of those terrible revolutions which the history of the world furnishes so many examples. Without entering into the discussion of the degree of probability of this assertion, which takes from the East the glory of having been the cradle of human discoveries, we cannot avoid admiring in this work the ingenious manner he employs to present ideas absolutely new, and the peculiar elegance of his style. This latter quality, no less remarkable in several other productions, purely literary, which Bailly presented to the public, opened to him the doors of the French academy in 1784. The erudition displayed in this great work, caused him to be received the following year into the academy of Inscriptions.

Admitted into the three learned societies, an honour which, until then, Fontenelle had only enjoyed ; Bailly cultivated quietly literature and the sciences, by which he obtained a brilliant reputation, and an honourable existence ; but some fatal circumstances raised in his mind the hope of a new species of glory, by which he had the misfortune to suffer himself to be seduced. A *Memoir upon Hospitals*, in which he displayed considerable judgment, and an ardent zeal for the public good, had conciliated to the author the esteem and the favour of the populace, when, in 1789, the election commenced throughout the several departments in France, of Deputies to the general states. Bailly, nominated by the third estate of Paris, was elected, with general acclamations, president of the chamber of the third estate. He took his seat in that capacity, on the 20th of June, in the famous sitting *du jeu de paume*, when the three orders, being united, were proclaimed the National Assembly.

Nominated Mayor of Paris, from the beginning of the troubles, he filled for somewhat more than two years that dangerous office. The judgment which may be formed of his conduct, in the exercise of these functions, still depends on political opinions, of which the conflict was then so violent, that it would have been impossible for a man in place to prove himself impartial. Bailly visibly inclined towards the revolution, to which he was indebted for the authority he possessed. The transient enjoyments which the popular favour procured him, were succeeded by fatal results. Having made himself the instrument of a faction, he beheld in a manner his literary glory obscured by the ridicule which was thrown upon him by the royalist party, and became, in the end, the object of the hatred of that faction whose cause he had espoused, because, instead of approving their excesses, he endeavoured to repress them. In 1791, he resigned his office, and retired to Melun, where he led a solitary and private life.

Summoned two years after by the revolutionary tribunal to assist as a witness in the trial of the queen, he did justice to the character of that unfortunate princess, and openly declared that the crimes of which she was accused, were without foundation. This commendable and intrepid act excited the animosity of his enemies. A few days afterwards, Bailly was arrested, brought before the tribunal, and condemned to suffer death. The barbarity with which his murderers prolonged his march to the scaffold, the indignities he received from the populace, of which but four years before he had been the idol, only tended to exhibit his courage and resignation. They excited the indignation and pity of those who had differed from him in opinion, and recalled to memory the numerous titles of the ill-fated Bailly, as a man of science and of letters, to general esteem, and to the homage of posterity.

He perished on the 12th of November, 1793, at the age of fifty-seven.



CARACALLA.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry. Sep. 1, 1809.

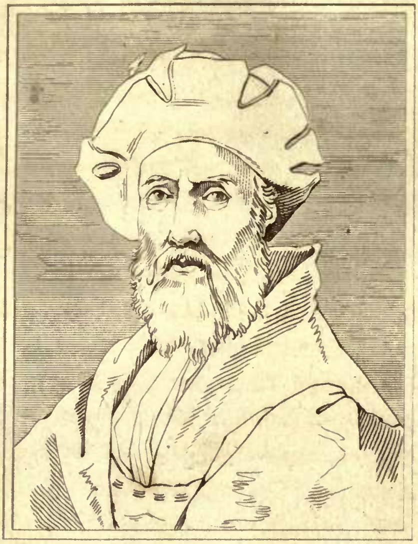
CARACALLA.

This monster, the successor of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, was the son of Septimus Severus. He was born at Lyons, on the 4th of April, 188. He was nominated Cæsar, at the age of nine, by his father, who gave him the surnames of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Like Nero, he for a time, concealed his depravity, and appeared mild and humane. But his character soon developed itself. Impatient to hold the reins of government, he attempted his father's life. Severus said to him in the evening, in the presence of Papinian, one of the most celebrated of the Roman lawyers, and in whom he greatly confided, "Now kill me, there are only two witnesses." Caracalla humbled, but not repentant, beheld, at length, his wishes accomplished in the year 211.

By the death of his father, he ascended the throne; but his brother Geta being appointed his colleague, he considered him as an enemy. Resolved upon his destruction, Caracalla caused him to be assassinated in his presence, in the arms even of their mother Julia, who was covered with his blood. Geta appears to have foreseen his fate, some years before the fatal occurrence. Perceiving that Caracalla excited Severus to acts of inhumanity towards his prisoners; Geta said to him, "Some day you will kill your brother!" Caracalla, to appease the popular clamour, augmented the pay of his soldiers, pretended that Geta had meditated his ruin, and, at last, ranked him among the gods. He was desirous even that Papinian should deliver an apology for this murder; but the upright civilian, so far from imitating the weakness of Seneca under similar circumstances, exclaimed, "It is much easier to commit a crime so atrocious, than to excuse it." This intrepid reply was the sentence of his death.

Caracalla, now become master of the empire, soon manifested himself unworthy of his new dignity. He began by marching a considerable force into Gaul, which he treated as an enemy's country, rather than as an allied and submissive province. The Germans armed against him, and compelled him to make a disgraceful peace.

The people of Alexandria having uttered some sarcasms on the murder of Geta, he entered it with his army, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. In the year 217, he was slain at Edessa, by one of his guards. He had reigned six years. The senate and the people exulted in their deliverance, and loaded his memory with their maledictions.



CASTIGLIONE.

Painted by Raphael. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry Nov. 1. 1809.

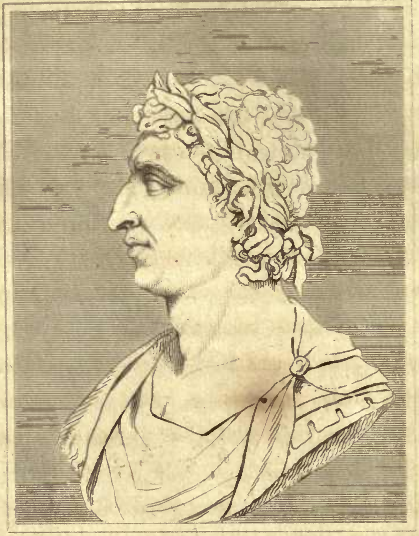
CASTIGLIONE.

Balthazar, or Baldassare, Castiglione, was born at Casatico, in the duchy of Mantua, on the 6th of December, 1478. His father was of distinguished birth, and his mother descended from the illustrious house of Gonzaga. He attached himself, at an early period, to occupations that appeared but little compatible. He was desirous, at the same time, to be thought a courtier, an author, a soldier, and a politician; and his success justified his assurance. Sent, by Duke Urboni, upon an embassy, to Henry VIII. king of England, he had the good fortune to render himself pleasing to that ferocious monarch, and was invested by him with the Order of the Garter. Julius II., Leo X., Louis XII., Charles V., and Clement VII., gave him, alternately, proofs of their friendship and esteem. Leo X. conceived the idea of decorating him with a cardinal's hat. Clement VII. appointed him his plenipotentiary to the court of Charles V. He was afterwards named, by the emperor, Bishop of Avila. Charles had, previously, placed unlimited confidence in Castiglione, by declaring that he should have chosen him for his second, had his duel with Francis I. taken place. It may be, however, doubted, whether this fortunate adversary of the king of France had seriously formed the intention of fighting him *en champ clos;* but this anecdote proves, at least, that Castiglione had acquired considerable reputation in the use of arms.

Before he entered into orders, Castiglione had married Hippolyta Torella, so celebrated for her beauty and political talents. This union was, in the highest degree, happy; but it was dissolved, after four years, by the death of Torella. The affliction which Castiglione experienced at this calamity, did not a little contribute to make him embrace the ecclesiastical profession.

Castiglione has left behind him several poetical pieces, both in Italian and Latin, which were greatly applauded on their appearance. We must not entirely subscribe to the judgment of Scaliger, who, no less extravagant in his encomiums than in his criticism, affirms that Castiglione combined the vigour of Lucan with the purity of Virgil; but we cannot avoid being charmed at the noble and delicate turn he has given to his thoughts. In short, he was one of the good poets who did honour to the commencement of the XVIth century, when the Italian muses shone with peculiar lustre.

Castiglione has written, in prose, the *Cortegiano*, which the Italians called a *golden book*. Had the author been only known by this character of his production, we might easily conceive that he was fully capable of treating such a subject. The work exhibits a series of deep and refined conceptions, expressed with uncommon elegance and precision. Castiglione died at Toledo, in the year 1529, at the age of fifty-one.



CATO.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London. Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe. Poultry. Dec 1 1809.

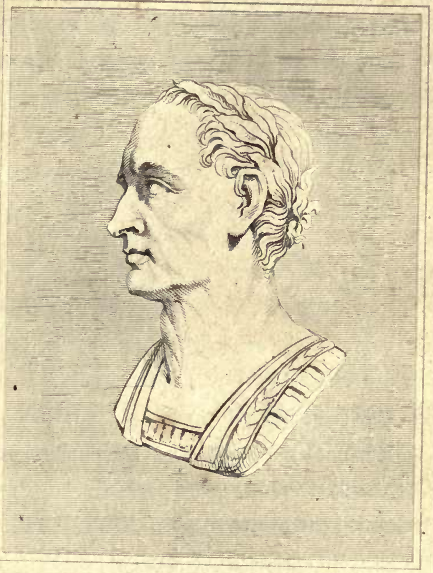
CATO.

Marcus Porcius Cato, great grandson of Cato the Censor, was born in the year 660 of Rome, and from his childhood gave tokens of that inflexibility of character which afterwards distinguished him. He applied himself principally to the study of the Stoic Philosophy, but neither neglected eloquence, which he considered as useful in public affairs, nor the exercise of the body, to enable him to bear the fatigues of war. An admirer of ancient manners, he sought to restore them by his example, and only used his riches, which were considerable, to render services to his friends, His affection for his brother was excessive, and, in spite of that stoicism which he professed, he carried to excess the grief he felt for his death.

Cato, appointed quæstor, re-established order in the public finances, and compelled the assassins, whom Sylla had employed in his proscriptions, to restore the sums they had received from him, and even caused some of them to be condemned to death. He joined with Cicero, at the time of Cataline's conspiracy, strongly opposed Cæsar, who wished to save the conspirators, and decided their punishment. Cato, burning with the purest zeal for his country, and incessantly on guard against the ambition of those who sought to oppress it, upheld, for a time, the expiring laws and liberties. Inaccessible to fear and hope, he rejected an alliance with Pompey, saying, that Cato would never give hostages against his country. He ventured singly to oppose Cæsar, when he proposed the Agrarian law. On this occasion Cato was dragged from the tribune, and thrown into prison; but he was immovable, and Cæsar, ashamed of his own violence, gave orders for his release. In order to get rid of Cato, Cæsar and Clodius caused him to be chosen for the re-establishment of those who were banished at Byzantium, and to take possession of the Isle of Cyprus, which had been confiscated from Ptolomy Lathyrus, who died in the mean time. Cato took as much care to collect the treasures of this prince, as if his probity had been suspected. He would trust no one but himself to convey them to Rome, and refused the honours which were decreed to him on this occasion.

Meantime the triumvirate had been formed between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. Cato solicited the prætorship, in order to oppose their designs. He was excluded by their intrigues, and a second time torn from the tribune, and dragged by the lictors to the prison gates. He was, however, appointed prætor the following year, and caused a law to be made against bribery. This law discontented the people, whom it deprived of receiving the liberality of the candidates, and Cato was insulted even on his tribunal. A year afterwards, compelled by circumstances, and convinced that any government whatever is better than anarchy, he consented that Pompey should preside at the elections, and even be named sole consul, and did not refuse him his advise. He solicited the consulship for himself, with an intention of restoring to the senate and the people the authority they had lost; but the people fearing his severity, preferred his competitors to him. Cato appeared not in the least affected; he, however, refused the entreaties of Cicero, who pressed him again to become a candidate.

A little while after, Cæsar marched against Rome: on hearing this news, Cato, who for a long time had suspected his projects, and had unmasked them to the senate and to Pompey, was of opinion that the whole authority should be vested in the hands of the latter, and followed him when he forsook the city. He was then, perhaps, the only man among the Romans who remained attached to the republic, and the foresight of the evils which a civil war would occasion, plunged him into the deepest melancholy. Intrusted by Pompey with the defence of Dyrrachium, he was not at the battle of Pharsalia. After the defeat of that general, he embarked to meet him in Egypt; and, on the news of his death, he crossed the sands of Lybia to the court of Juba, king of Numidia, where Metellus, Scipio, and Varus disputed with each other who should command. Cato terminated the dispute, by placing himself under the orders of Scipio, and supported the dignity of the Roman name at the court of Juba. He saved the inhabitants of Utica, whom it was determined to destroy as the partisans of Cæsar, and shut himself up in that city. It was not long before he repented of having yielded up the command to Scipio, who having despised his advice, was defeated at Thapsus, and Cæsar marched against Utica. Cato at first intended to defend it, but found no one who was willing to second him. Determined therefore to die, he used all his exertions to secure the retreat of the senators who had accompanied him. He exhorted the inhabitants of Utica to save their city, by a prompt submission, but forbad them to mention him to Cæsar. He ate his supper with great tranquillity, and sought to divert his friends from having any idea of his intentions, gave his orders, and sat down on his bed to read Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. Surprised at not finding his sword at the head of his bed, he violently called for it, and was enraged at his son for having caused it to be taken away, and accused him of a design to give him up disarmed to Cæsar. His sword was brought to him; he examined its point, and said, I am now my own master. He then a second time read Plato's treatise, and fell into a sound sleep. Near the dawn of day, after having been assured that all those for whom he interested himself were safe, he stabbed himself with his sword, but without being able to kill himself. His son and his friends, on hearing a noise, immediately came to him; and a physician, one of his freedmen, endeavoured to dress the wound, but Cato recovering his senses, tore his wound open, and expired at the age of forty-eight. Cæsar lamented that Cato envied him the glory of saving his life, and pardoned his son.



J. CÆSAR.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry Octr. 1.1809.

CÆSAR.

PROUD of an origin which flattery derived from the gods, and conscious of his own superior powers, C. Julius Cæsar, even from his earliest years, had aspired to the eminent station which he afterwards attained. Seized with the fever of ambition, at an age when most men have no pursuit but that of pleasure and dissipation, he endeavoured to disguise it under the appearance of indolence. But this conduct could not escape the penetration of Sylla, who, unmoved by the consideration of his tender years, ordered him to be included in the proscription he was then meditating. He was saved, however, by the earnest entreaties of his friends: but Sylla, in yielding to their importunities, blamed them for sparing one who would one day destroy them, and predicted, that "in that boy, there would be found more than one Marius." At other times he would say, "distrust that youth, whose loosened band seems to betray so much carelessness and sloth; he is not what he would appear to be." It is true that Cæsar, even when his life was considered most in danger, had resolutely refused to repudiate his wife Cornelia, the daughter of Sylla. The same firmness was conspicuous upon other occasions, when his native vigour broke through the restraints which his policy had imposed. At length, the death of Sylla opened the promised career to his ambition. He soon attained the highest popularity, by his liberal benefactions, and his constant protection of those who sought his favour. Apparently occupied by the interests of others, he seemed to neglect his own, and never lost an opportunity of obliging his connections or friends.

The death of Julia, his aunt, and the widow of Marius, determined him to attempt the revival of a faction which the authority of Sylla had suppressed. He ventured to restore the statues of Marius, decorated with all the trophies of victory, and silenced all the opposition of the senate, by openly defending this conduct. The following year he contended for and obtained the dignity of sovereign pontiff, while, at the same time, he exerted all his eloquence to defend the wild projects of Catiline and his confederates. The artful manner of his address to the senate, as it may be seen in Sallust, cannot however acquit him of the serious charge of having been one among that iniquitous confederacy.

But the popularity he had gained was purchased by so much profusion and extravagance, that his patrimony was consumed, and, when he was appointed Prætor in Spain, his creditors would have prevented his departure, had not the friendship of Crassus interposed to effect his deliverance. He had been in that province before, and it was there that he wept on beholding the statue of Alexander, at the reflection that he had performed no memorable action at an age when the Macedonian hero had already subdued the Persian empire. On his return from Spain, he rejected the honour of a triumph to which he had sufficient claims, that he might be at full liberty to become a candidate for the consulship.

When he obtained that high dignity, he strengthened his party by forming an alliance with Pompey, on whom he bestowed his daughter in marriage, and conciliated the favour of the people, by proposing a new, and more equal partition of lands, which he effected, notwithstanding the opposition of Cato, the senate, and even his colleague, Bibulus, whom he compelled to resign; and thus secured the whole consular power to himself.

When his year had expired, he conferred upon himself the government of Gaul. It was then that he began to display those eminent qualities, which, by the universal suffrage of posterity, have placed him in the first rank of military commanders. Intrepid and indefatigable in the midst of every danger, quick in seizing every favourable opportunity that presented, and equally skilful in repairing his losses, he animated his troops by his example, and secured their affection by his unbounded liberality. He was nine years employed in the subjugation of the Gallic provinces; but, during that long period, he was by no means unmindful of the various divisions which at that time agitated Rome.

The death of Julia, his daughter, and the wife of Pompey, dissolved the ties which had hitherto united those eminent men, whom every thing conspired to render rivals to each other. When Gaul had at length submitted to the Roman yoke, the senate, guided by the jealous advice of Pompey, passed a decree, by which Cæsar was enjoined to disband his army, under pain of being declared an enemy of the republic, in case of refusal. But Cæsar foresaw the danger of returning to Rome, without a sufficient escort; and, though he permitted two of his legions to obey the order, he himself marched towards Italy at the head of a third. When he approached the borders of the Rubicon, which formed the southern limit of his government, he appeared to hesitate a moment—but at length he exclaimed, "The die is cast!" and the civil war began.

Pompey, disconcerted by this sudden and unforeseen movement of his rival, immediately quitted Rome, and, followed by the senate, retired to Brundusium, whence he embarked for Greece.

The conduct of Cæsar, at first, was moderate and dignified: he seemed desirous of conciliating the public opinion; he repeatedly proposed terms of accommodation, though he neglected nothing that could secure his power, by emptying the towns of their garrisons, and uniting them to his army. But from this moderation he appeared to depart, when he seized upon the public treasury, notwithstanding the courageous opposition of Metellus. His lieutenants also took possession of Sicily and Sardinia, the fruitful provinces of Rome. At length, safe on the side of Italy, he marched into Spain, where the lieutenants of Pompey had assembled a formidable army. They at first appeared to obtain some advantages over him; but those partial successes only served to augment the glory of a campaign, which has been the admiration of every age, and would alone have secured him the first rank among illustrious generals. Careful of the lives of his men, he studiously avoided an engagement; by the most skilful manœuvres, he twice surrounded the enemy's camp, and liberated an army, which, by the laws of war, he might have destroyed. On his return towards Rome, he took Marseilles, which had refused to open its gates: he contented himself with seizing the treasury of that city, and the vessels in its harbour. In his absence, he had been created dictator, and, on his return, he recalled all the exiles, and restored to their rights the children of those who had been proscribed.

Pompey, meanwhile, had had sufficient leisure to reunite his partizans, and to assemble his forces; and Cæsar departed for Greece, there to dispute, with his rival the empire of the world. From the want of transports, he could only embark one part of his army, while the other was detained at Brundusium, by the fleet of his enemy. To hasten its departure, he trusted himself, unaccompanied and disguised, in an open boat, during a tempestuous sea. His magnanimous saying to the terrified pilot, is proverbially known.

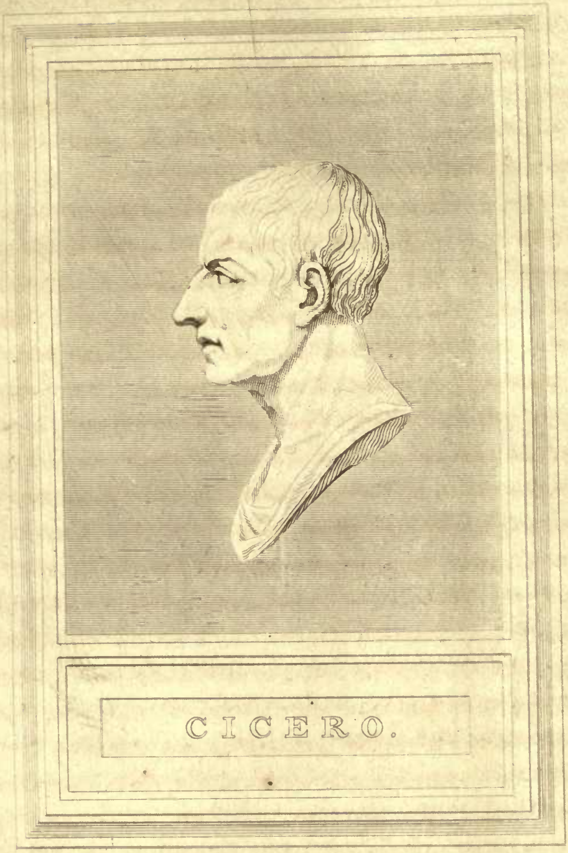
It was in the year of Rome, 704, 48 years, B. C, that he gained the battle of Pharsalia, a victory for ever memorable, by the magnitude of its stake, and its important results. The vanquished Pompey fled in despair, and the remains of his party were soon subdued. But Cæsar disdained to follow the example of Marius and Sylla; his humanity and clemency were as conspicuous as his valour and good conduct. As he contemplated, with sorrow, the field of battle, which was strewed with the bodies of his countrymen, he exclaimed, "Alas, they would have it so!" Eager to pursue Pompey, he passed the Hellespont, and the terror of his name every where preceded him. At Alexandria, he wept over the bleeding head of his unhappy rival. In the arms of Cleopatra he appeared, for a while, to forget his character and fame; but he was soon roused, by the danger of another war, in which his talents and good fortune were again conspicuous. After the conquest of Egypt, his appearance alone, at the head of his army, was sufficient to humble Pharnaces, king of Pontus, and to subdue the whole of Asia.

Africa was the last retreat of his enemies, and thither too he went; conquered at Tapsus, and added Numidia to the other provinces of Rome. On his return to

Rome, he had the glory of triumphing over Gaul, Egypt, Pharnaces, and Juba.

Notwithstanding such amazing successes, he yet meditated still greater projects. But neither his great qualities, his liberality, nor his clemency, could conciliate the hearts of those whom he had depressed. Blinded by prosperity, and seduced by the egregious flattery of the senate, the titles of *Imperator*, of perpetual dictator, and the privilege of wearing a crown of laurels, could not satisfy his vast ambition. The attempts he made to have the honours of royalty conferred upon him, at length revived the dormant spirit of liberty. Cassius was the first who formed the design of assassinating him: Brutus, whose mother had been so connected with Cæsar as to make it generally supposed that he was the fruit of that illicit commerce, claimed the unnatural honour of directing the conspiracy against his benefactor; and Cæsar, pierced by three and twenty wounds, fell lifeless before the statue of Pompey.

Thus fell this extraordinary man, at the age of fifty-six, at a time when he was preparing an expedition against the Parthians, in order to avenge the defeat of Crassus. His most important work was the reformation of the Roman calendar, in which, till then, the greatest confusion had existed.



CICERO.

Engraved by George Cook.

London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry Octr. 1 1809.

CICERO.

M. TULLIUS CICERO was born at Arpinum, now Arpino, a small town in the kingdom of Naples, in the year of Rome, 648, and the 116th B. C. Many disputations have been written upon his origin, with a view to render it illustrious. Much has been said of the prodigies which announced and accompanied his birth; but these exaggerations are ridiculous—at all events, useless. In the eye of posterity, Cicero is the first of his name and family, and his history contains little that is uncommon, except the talents which he received from nature. When taken in very early youth to Rome, for the purpose of study, he soon displayed the most extraordinary industry and facility of conception. His fellow-disciples, convinced, but not jealous, of his superiority, were proud to exhibit him in public, and frequently escorted him in the streets, by way of honour. Their parents themselves were anxious to behold a child whose intellect appeared to promise such happy results. When his preparatory studies were completed, he applied himself with equal diligence and success to philosophy, to eloquence, and jurisprudence. One of the freedmen of Sylla, having obtained, at a low and inadequate price, the estate of Roscius, who had been proscribed, the son of the latter boldly protested against the fraudulent acquisition. Sylla, in revenge, ordered him to be tried as the supposed murderer of his father. Cicero undertook his defence, and procured his acquittal: thus the first cause in which he was engaged, at once displayed his talents, his courage, and his humanity. He thought it prudent, however, to avoid the resentment of the all-powerful dictator; and retired to Athens. During two years residence there, he assiduously cultivated the society of the learned, philosophers, and orators: he even penetrated into Asia, in the pursuit of knowledge. Apollonius Molo, a celebrated orator, of Rhodes, who was ignorant of the language of Rome, requested him to deliver a *declamation* in Greek—this was a name usually given to the speeches made in imaginary causes, by the young men who were preparing for the bar. When Cicero had finished his argument, those who were present paid him the highest compliments; Apollonius alone remained silent and pensive. When Cicero demanded the reason, he replied, "I give thee every praise, nay more, thou hast excited my admiration; but, I cannot help lamenting the peculiar fate of unhappy Greece. Learning and eloquence were all that remained of our former glory; these thou hast also conquered, and they are henceforth to honour the Romans."

Upon the death of Sylla, Cicero returned to Rome, where, at first, he did not attain any high reputation; he was distinguished only by the name of *The Greek*, or, *The Scholar;* but, when he began to plead causes, he soon acquired the highest pitch of celebrity and renown. He was chosen quæstor, and obtained the government of Sicily, generally called the granary of Italy, at a time when Rome was distressed for corn. He sent the necessary supplies, but without injuring his province, which he governed with justice and kindness. He was next appointed Ædile. Verres, who had preceded him in the government of Sicily, had exhausted that province by his enormous exactions. The Sicilians accused him, but he had bribed the judges who were to try the cause, and, by considerable presents, had engaged the celebrated Hortensius to plead in his defence. Cicero, however, determined to overcome the eloquence of Hortensius, and the gold of Verres, and he succeeded; the latter was condemned by the very tribunal which he had attempted to corrupt. So great a triumph confirmed the reputation of Cicero, and raised him to the highest honours. He was nominated one of the prætors of the city, and, at length, became consul with Antonius Nepos. It was then he had the glory of saving his country. Catiline had meditated its ruin; and, with other Patricians, as dissolute as himself, had conspired to extirpate the senate, plunder the treasury, and set Rome on fire. The conspiracy was on the eve of explosion, when Catiline, for the last time, attended the senate, to number out his victims. But Cicero had detected the impious scheme, and accused him in open senate. The conspirator, thus surprised, fled precipitately from Rome: his accomplices were seized and executed, and himself soon after slain, whilst bravely fighting against the troops which the consul had detached against him. The grateful people bestowed on him the titles of Father of his Country, and Second Founder of Rome. When his year had expired, instead of giving, as was customary, a long account of his administration, he merely said, "I swear that I have preserved my country." The vehemence with which he had attacked Clodius, proved afterwards injurious to him; and, when his enemy was made tribune, he procured a decree, which sentenced Cicero to be banished, and his houses to be burned to the ground.

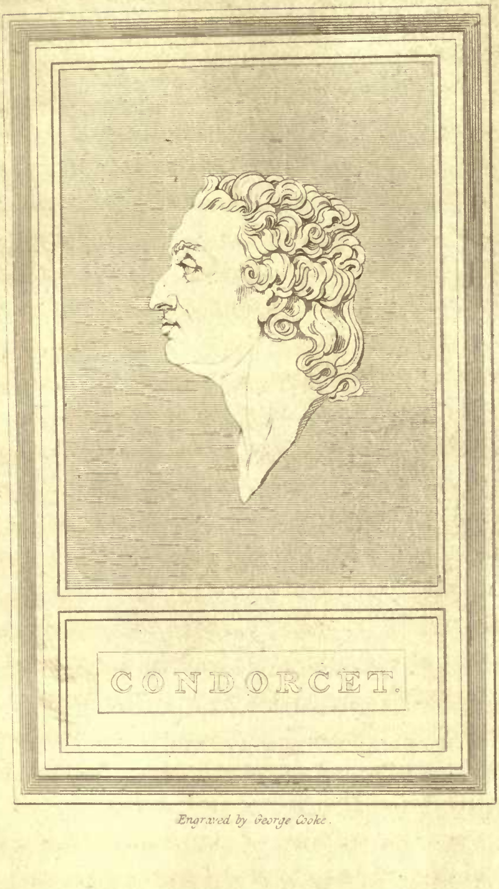
His disposition, which was never sufficiently steady and equable, could not endure so sudden a reverse of fortune; he withdrew to Thessalonica, where he abandoned himself, without reserve, to grief, and almost to despair. After an exile of sixteen months, he was recalled, by the unanimous voice of his country. His return was a continual triumph—his houses were rebuilt, at the expence of the state, and he soon regained all his former influence over the public affairs. He was then sent, as pro-consul to Cilicia, where his integrity and prudence made him successful against the Parthians; and, upon his return, he might have enjoyed the honours of a public triumph, had not the city, at the time, been the prey of internal divisions. Pompey and Cæsar divided between them the public opinion, and were candidates for the supreme power. Cicero fluctuated long between these formidable rivals. At length he decided in favour of Pompey, in whom he thought he saw designs less dangerous to the republic. After the battle of Pharsalia, he was reconciled to the conqueror, who received him with distinction, and he repaid it by a degree of servile adulation, unworthy of his own character. From this time, he resided in the country, and seldom visited Rome. Upon the death of Cæsar, he appeared to favour the interest of Octavius, in opposition to Antony, whom he disliked. It was against him that he composed those celebrated orations, which were called ***Philippics***, in imitation of those which Demosthenes had pronounced against Philip of Macedon. But Octavius and Antony, from bitter enemies, were soon united as friends, and, with Lepidus, formed the celebrated alliance, known by the name of the Triumvirate. One condition of this unnatural confederacy was, that each should be at liberty to sacrifice his own enemies. About 200 were thus doomed to death, and Cicero was among the number, upon the list of Antony. Augustus basely yielded a man, to whom he partly owed his greatness, and Cicero was pursued by the emissaries of Antony; and among them was Popilius, whom he had defended upon an accusation of parricide. He had fled in a litter towards the sea of Caieta, where he intended to embark for Macedonia; and, when the assassins came up, he put his head out of the litter, and it was severed from the body by Herennius. The head and right hand were carried to Rome, and hung up in the forum, the scene of his former triumphs; and, so inveterate was the hatred which he had inspired in the family of Antony, that Fulvia, the wife of the triumvir, wreaked her vengeance, by piercing the tongue with a gold bodkin; verifying, by this act of inhumanity, what the orator had once before observed, that no animal is more vindictive than a woman. The death of Cicero happened in December, 43 years B. C., when he had lived 63 years, 11 months, and 5 days.

Cicero was certainly the greatest of the Roman orators. Whether in the forum or the senate, he pleaded often with success, and always with credit to himself, the cause of his country, and of individuals. His learning and talents have been the admiration of every succeeding age, and his stile has always been considered the true standard of pure latinity.

His personal character was perhaps not so uniformly deserving of applause, as his literary merit. He has acquired more fame by his noble compositions, than by his spirited exertions, as a Roman senator. His conduct, during the civil war, was not always that of a patriot; and, when we see him doubtful and irresolute, desirous of following Pompey, and yet afraid of opposing Cæsar, the judgment of posterity has almost branded him with the name of coward. He was, undoubtedly, a man of the strictest integrity, and a sincere lover of his country; but his vanity was superior to both. He was accustomed to speak in praise of himself without either moderation or reserve. This excessive pride, which influenced his conversation, made him also guilty of too many inconsistencies, in his public conduct. Full of hesitation, and devoid of firmness, he was unable either promptly to take his resolutions, or to continue steady on the side which he adopted. He was of so timid a disposition, that, according to his own confession, this consummate master of eloquence never ascended the rostrum without a secret emotion of dread. Elated to excess in prosperity, he was as easily depressed; and passed rapidly from the height of confidence, to the lowest pitch of despondency. Always complaining, he accused his friends, and the world, of his misfortunes, even when they could be attributed only to his own want of foresight and vigour.

But these defects of character were more than counterbalanced by his private virtues. He was a tender parent, a zealous friend, and a kind master. Of his conduct as a husband, we cannot speak with equal certainty; all that we know is, that he divorced Terentia, his wife, in order to unite himself with a younger, and more wealthy bride.

In a word, whatever were the political errors, and characteristic faults of Cicero, he will always be considered as one of those men, who, by their extraordinary talents, and the noble purposes to which they were applied, have done the greatest honour to humanity.



CONDORCET.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb. 1, 1810.

CONDORCET.

After Voltaire, Montesquieu, J. J. Rousseau, Buffon, Helvetius, Condillac, Mably, Thomas, Diderot, and D'Alembert, the name of Condorcet places itself naturally on the list of writers who reflected honour on the eighteenth century. Inferior to many of them with respect to the talent for which they are particularly characterised, he nearly equals the whole in those rare endowments of mind which are common to men of genius, and surpasses them in the extent, the variety, and the accuracy of his acquirements. If he be then, in the order of time, *the last of this illustrious race*, he is without doubt not the least remarkable. Condorcet was at once a Geometrician, a Philosopher, a Man of Letters, a public Writer, and an Economist, in the true sense of the word, which indicates a science, and a sect; and what particularly distinguished him is, that this combination of extraordinary resources was constantly directed to a single object—the amelioration of the lot of the human race by the diffusion of knowledge. He is indebted perhaps to his friend, the celebrated Turgot, for the first idea of the most noble, and the most consoling of all the systems of philosophy, of that which rests upon the opinion of the most indefinite perfection of the human mind: and he really created this system, since he first built it upon a solid basis, strengthened it with all the support of experience, and deduced from thence certain results.

The love of truth was the most prominent trait in his character; the desire of being serviceable to the cause of humanity, the principal motive of all his labours as a man of science, and a man of letters. Persuaded that the vices and misfortunes of men are the fruits of social institutions, he proposed to himself in some sort to examine the whole in the aggregate and in their smallest details, to shew from thence their baneful tendency, and to point out, at the same time, the means of reforming them. To fulfil the task he had imposed upon himself, it was necessary for him to know, and to attempt every thing: no one therefore joined to such a mass of knowledge a mind more eminently just, lively, flexible, extensive, and profound; no one took a more comprehensive view of the most arduous questions; and no one, at the same time, attacked with greater courage, and under more diversity of forms, so many prejudices, combated so many errors, and unmasked so many hypocrites and charlatans, denounced and pursued so many interests that opposed the public good.

Condorcet was one of the most zealous partizans and one of the most illustrious victims of a Revolution, which excited at first so many pleasing expectations, and terminated in so many disappointments. His conduct manifested that he then lost sight of that system of philosophical tardiness, so much recommended by Turgot; that he forgot what he himself established in his last work, that the truth of theory are necessarily modified in practice: he wished to overstrain every thing, and contribute to destroy every thing. But wheher his death suffice or not to absolve him in the eyes of posterity from the errors of his political existence, his literary life must ever entitle him to the warmest eulogiums.

CONDORCET.

Marie-Jean-Antoine-Nicholas-Caritat de Condorcet was born at Ribemont, in Picardy, on the 17th of September, 1743. Educated under the eyes of his uncle, the Bishop of Lezieux, he preferred, although far less lucrative, the difficult career of the sciences to various professions in which his birth would have promised him, at much less expence, the most certain advantages. He at first devoted himself, with enthusiasm, to the mathematics, and at the age of twenty-one published a treatise on *Integral Calculations*, which opened to him a little afterwards the doors of the Academy of the Sciences: this he entered in 1768. A bon mot of the geometrician, Fontaine, sufficiently indicates that the debut of young Condorcet was uncommonly happy. *J'ai cru un moment,* said he, *qu'il valait mieux que moi; j'en etais jaloux, mais il m'a rassuré depuis.* It is certain that his incidental occupations prevented him from carrying into his mathematical researches that perseverance and detail, which would now alone secure its success. His inclination nevertheless carried him to a science, which from his very outset he had enriched with important remarks: and if time and patience were wanting to give to his *Analytical Essays* the degree of perfection which might be expected, he still accomplished his principal object, in proving by ingenious applications and by evident proofs, that the science of Calculation established the certainty of the moral and political sciences. Such was exclusively the object of his *Memoires sur le calcul des improbabilites*, and of his work entitled, *Plan de la Mathematique sociale.*

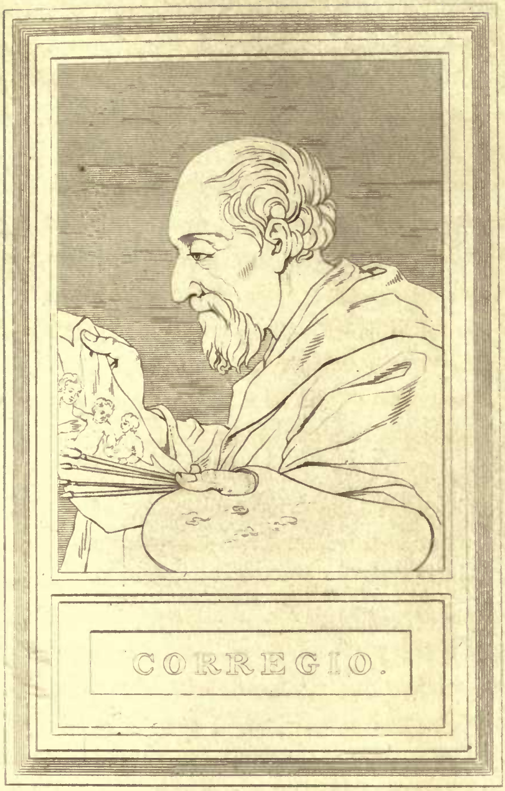
Condorcet has likewise evinced, that to the sagacity and depth of the Geometrician, he united the intelligence of the Philosopher, and the talents of the Critic.

subsequently displayed. In his numerous writings, he appears at first to have only desired the reform, which all France solicited; but after the flight and arrest of the king, he was the first to pronounce the word *Republic*, and to require the abolition of royalty. From that moment he became one of the most distinguished members of the party, who, strengthened afterwards by the leader, of the deputation of the Gironde, prepared, in the legislative assembly, all the misfortunes of France. According to the general law of all factions, Condorcet should have made to his new friends the sacrifice of his old ones. It would have been painful to him, no doubt, especially when he saw himself reduced to the degradation of permitting men, whom he had long esteemed, and whom he ought always to have respected, to be insulted under his name.

It is well known in the Convention what was the fate of the *Girondins*. The 31st of May, 1793, deprived them of a power, which they had never exercised but in a precarious manner, and caused it to pass into the hands of the most atrocious and the vilest of men. Condorcet was not at first included among the victims of that fatal day: but he had the courage to reprobate it to his constituents, and to write against the plan of the constitution which followed it. A decree of accusation soon passed against him, and a little time after he was outlawed. A female, no less remarkable for her tenderness than her courage, received him into her house, and concealed him for eight months in Paris, at the risk of her own life. It was in this asylum, in the most critical situation possible, under the very sword of assassins, that Condorcet, without books, without notes, without any other assistance but the force of his own genius, the clearness of his conceptions, and the tenacity of his memory, composed the astonishing *Esquisse d'un tableau historique des progres de l'Esprit humain*, which was not published until after his death. Why was he not able, by filling up this magnificent outline, to complete a work which he had so long meditated! But the dread of a strict and secret inquiry, which would have proved fatal to his benefactress, forced him from his retreat. "*I must leave you*," he said to her, "*I am an outlaw*." "*Si vous etes hors la loi*," was her reply, "*vous n'etes pas hors l'humanite!*" Notwithstanding this proof of her disinterestedness and intrepidity, Condorcet withdrew himself from her protection, and wandered for a time about the environs of Paris. He then went to a friend at Fontenau, but he was not at home. In this state of suspense, he passed one night in a quarry, and another in an open field; the third day he was arrested at Clamart, and conveyed to a prison in Bourg-la-Reine, where he swallowed poison to escape the destiny which awaited him. He died on the the 28th of March, 1794, in his fifty-first year.

Condorcet had associated with all the celebrated men of his time. He was the particular friend of Voltaire, of Turgot, and of d'Alembert. The latter well delineated his character, when he said of him *c'est un Volcan couvert de neige*. No one, in fact, had a more forbidding exterior, and a soul more ardent. His character was firm, but indulgent. He despised all establishments—he pitied and excused mankind—he was a good husband and a good father—he esteemed talents, took pleasure in encouraging and in developing them; assisted with enthusiasm, with affection, and with a peculiar delicacy, all those who were able, in their turn, to benefit the sciences and philosophy.

His manners were unassuming, his temper equal, and his society pleasing. Timid, and even embarrassed in a numerous circle, it was in a private one that he displayed the superiority of his acquirements, and the extent of his knowledge. A few words which he uttered, afford ample testimony of his candour and rectitude. He was asked if he knew the particulars of the difference between Rousseau and Diderot. "*Non*," said he, "*mais Diderot etoit le meilleur des hommes, et quand on se brouillait avec lui on avait tort.—Mais vous? j'avais tort.*"



CORREGIO.

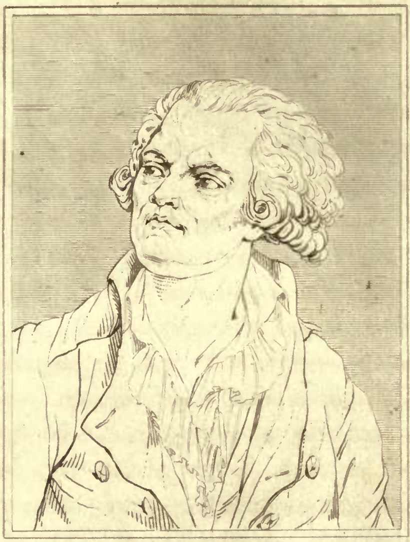
Painted by Himself. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London; Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry Nov.r 1 1809.

IL CORREGGIO.

Antonio Allegre, celebrated by the name of Correggio, justly obtained the title of *Divine;* which Raphael only divided with him. The name of Correggio, so distinguished by the poets, recalls those pleasing ideas of grace and voluptuousness, of which he spread the charm over all the productions of his pencil. Few artists have attained a reputation so glorious, of whose life so little is known. The considerable works upon which he was employed, and the preference he, upon several occasions, obtained over Titian and Julio Romano, prove, at least, that Correggio did not live in obscurity, as certain writers pretend.

According to some authors his parents were poor, and of low extraction; others make him descended from a rich and noble family,—a question of little importance to the glory of this celebrated artist. He was born, according to the most authentic conjectures, at Correggio, in the year 1494, and received a very liberal education. His compositions, at once ingenious and poetical, announce a cultivated mind, and a taste improved by the study of letters. The care he bestowed to render his works perfect, the use of the most delicate and valuable colours with which all his pictures are abundantly covered, the plates of copper upon which they were all painted, indicate a disinterested artist, and in the most easy circumstances. He even caused to be executed, by an able sculptor, named Bigarelli, certain models in relief, for his Cupola at Parma; the expence of which could not be inconsiderable. It is beyond doubt, that Correggio, solely occupied with his labours, intermixed but little in society. At the age of forty, the epoch when he died, he had not attained the height of his renown. It is difficult to say by what means he arrived at this astonishing superiority, considering the little time he studied under Bianchi and Munari. Prolonging the life of Mantegna, some have asserted that he formed his taste under that master. It is more certain that he owes his celebrity to the delicacy of his sensations, which rendered insupportable every thing harsh in his lines and colouring, or in the transition of shade to light, and to that perfect grace of harmony, which proceeds from a particular organization. Correggio has dignified and embellished nature; he has imitated no one, and will even cause those to despair who attempt to imitate him. The pretended inaccuracy of his drawing, is perhaps exaggerated, which, in general, is noble, flowing, and graceful. Notwithstanding some defects, as rare as unimportant, he will be even ranked among the boldest painters. He was one of the great luminaries of the art, at its supreme establishment, in the sixteenth century. By walking home with the price of an esteemed production, for which he was paid in copper money, he brought on a pleurisy, which carried him off in the year 1534.



DANTON.

Painted by F. Bonneville. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe Poultry Feb.1,1810.

DANTON.

Among the numerous rulers of the Revolutionary Government, Danton eminently distinguished himself. Equal to him in cruelty, he was even more violent than his rival Robespierre. Like that tyrant, he directed his attention towards the dictatorship, but did not manifest that genius which produces, conducts, and directs events of importance. He was engulphed like many others, in the tempest which he had excited.

Georges Jacques Danton was born at Arcis, upon the Aube, in the year 1759. A colossal figure, athletic members, coarse and disagreeable features, a stentorian voice, an elocution vehement, and replete with gigantic images, these qualities combined, contributed to give him an influence in the provinces at the beginning of the revolution. He abandoned his chamber as advocate for the tribunal of popular assemblies, and we behold him successively the friend of Mirabeau, Marat, and of Robespierre, of whom he was the victim. Elected at first member of the department of Paris, and afterwards deputy solicitor of the commune, his power greatly increased in 1792. He was one of the organizers of the proceedings of the 20th of June and the 10th of August, and the appointment of criminal judge, was the recompence of his devotion to the cause of anarchy.

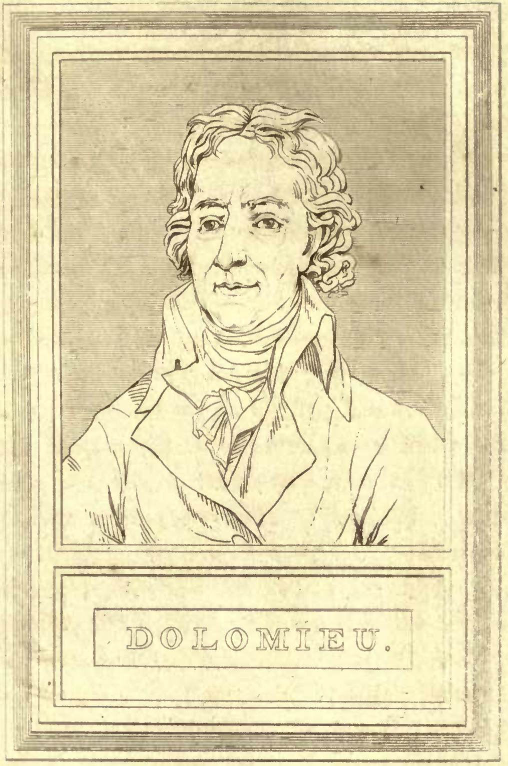
Mercier accuses Danton of having prepared the massacres of September, and Prud'homme appropriates twenty pages of his history of the *crimes of the Revo-*

lution, to prove this accusation. Upon the invasion of the Prussians the terror which had taken possession of the minds of the factions, inclined them to debate in their council, whether the assembly should not retire to some city behind the Loire. Danton was the only person who opposed this removal. He displayed on that occasion no common energy; Robespierre never pardoned his warmth, and their enmity may be dated from that epoch. Called to the Convention, Danton distinguished himself by the most revolutionary proceedings. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. and afterwards denounced those of his colleagues who had followed his example. He proposed on the first of August, 1793, to erect the committee of public safety into a provisional government; some months before he had promoted the establishment of the revolutionary tribunal. He likewise voted for the arrest of suspicious persons. On the 3rd of September he supported the law of the *maximum* of corn: a little time after he delared himself averse to the festivals of *reason*, over which Hebert and Chaumette presided, and required that they should celebrate another in honour of the Supreme Being. We behold him alternately associating with Robespierre, in order to overthrow the *Hebertistes*, and alienating himself from him when they had perished on the scaffold. Their common partizans endeavoured to reconcile them: they induced them to dine together. "It is just," said Danton to his enemy, to lesson the number of the royalists; but we should not in our justice confound the innocent with the guilty." Robespierre, knitting his brow, replied, "Who has told you, that any innocent man has been put to death?" From that moment all hope of reconciliation was destroyed, and Danton retorted, as he withdrew, "We must shew ourselves, there is not a moment to loose." But the measures of his rival had been already taken; he was arrested on the 30th of March, at night, 1794, and condemned on the 5th of April following, with those who were called his accomplices, as the author of a conspiracy, having for its object, as pretended, the *re-establishment of monarchy.*

The last moments of Danton presented the spectacle of an ardent and intrepid mind contending against fortune. During his interrogation he replied with great composure, "*Je suis Danton, assez connu dans la revolution: ma demeure sera bientot dans le neant, et mon nom vivra dans le pantheon de l'histoire.*" In the course of his trial, his judges employed every means of stifling his defence. The president of the tribunal reproached him for his audacity. "The audacious individual," he replied, "is reprehensible: but the rational intrepidity of which I have given so many times an example is admissible, and even necessary. and I congratulate myself on possessing it." Being recommended to abstain from all recrimination against his accusers, and to address himself to the jury, he answered, an accused person like myself, acquainted with words and with things, replies before the jury, but does not speak to them.

Upon his return to the conciergerie, he exclaimed, "It was on such a day as this that I caused the revolutionary tribunal to be instituted; for which I ask pardon of God and of men. I leave every thing in terrible disorder. There is not a single man acquainted with the nature of governments. They are all the brothers of *Cain;* Brissot would have led me to the guillotine as well as Robespierre." He ascended with becoming courage, and without resistance, the fatal cart, his head erect, his looks full of haughtiness: he seemed to command the crowd that surrounded him. A reflection of sensibility turned his thoughts towards his family, and for an instant affected him greatly. "Oh, my wife, my beloved wife," he exclaimed, "I shall, then, never behold thee!" Then checking himself rudely, he added, "*Danton point de foiblesse;*" and immediately ascended the scaffold.

It is pretended that a party of the cordeliers had resolved to save him at the moment of his denunciation; but this design proved abortive by the rapidity with which his trial was conducted. His friends have likewise accused a general, who, until that period, had been his creature, with causing the failure of the means of resistance, which he might easily have organized. It is said that Robespierre had seduced him. Danton was greatly his superior in courage and in politics. He was equal to him in popularity, and only yielded to him in cunning and hypocrisy.



DOLOMIEU.

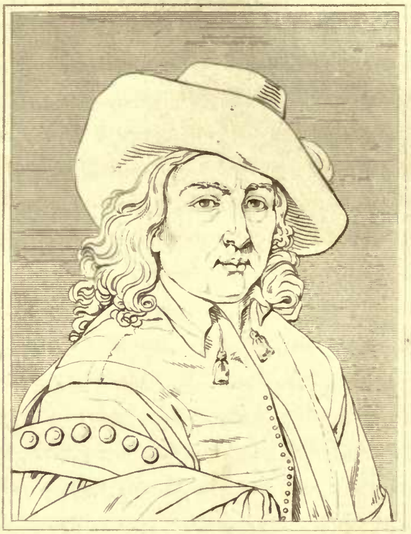
St. Aubin, pinx. George Cooke, sculp.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb. 1. 1812.

DOLOMIEU.

Deodat de Gratet Dolomieu was born in Dauphine, in the year 1750. He was admitted from his cradle into the Order of Malta. Imprisoned till the age of nineteen, in consequence of an unfortunate event, he devoted himself to the study of the physical sciences, and that circumstance decided the remainder of his life. At the age of twenty-five, he was appointed correspondent to the academy of the sciences. He then quitted the service, and employed several years in visiting Etna, Vesuvius, the Appenines, the Alps, and the islands of Lipari, of which he has given a description. He went into Calabria, a little time after the disaster of 1783, and published a memoir upon that catastrophe. Intimately connected with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Dolomieu was the partizan of the French revolution, but this did not divert him from his labours. He was a witness in 1792, of the death of his friend : and although proscribed himself, did not hesitate to unmask his assassins in a memoir upon the the "*Physical Constitution of Egypt.*"

A little time after, he was appointed professor of geology, having been attached to the institution from its from its formation. In 1797, he set out with the expedition to Egypt, and was employed in the negociations which produced the reduction of the island of Malta. His health did not suffer him to remain for a length of time in Egypt. Upon his return, being driven by a tempest into the gulph of Torento, at the moment of the revolt against the French, he was arrested with his companions, despoiled of his collections and his papers, and was on the point of being put to death. Conveyed to Messina, he was thrown into prison, as a traitor to the order of which he had been a member. It was in vain that the French government, the Institute, the Royal Society of London, many learned men of Europe, and the king of Spain, even, exclaimed against this detention, so contrary to the rights of men; he only procured his liberty by the victory of Marengo, and the treaty of peace which was concluded with the king of Naples. Dolomieu during his detention had been appointed professor of mineralogy to the Museum of Natural History. He had scarcely arrived when he commenced a course of philosophical mineralogy, and departed a little time afterwards to visit, for the last time, the Upper Alps, which he called his *cheres montagnes*. He fell ill upon his return, and died at the end of 1801, at a moment when he projected new journeys and new discoveries, with a view of establishing in an incontestible manner, the principles of *philosophical mineralogy*. This he wrote in his dungeon, with a bone and the black from the smoke of his lamp, upon the margin of some books which had been left with him. Dolomieu has published a great number of works relative to the science he cultivated, of which he had extended the limits.



GERARD DOUW

Painted by Himself. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Nov. 1. 1809.

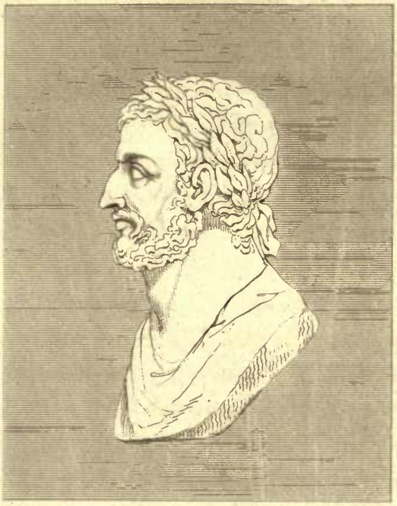
GERARD DOUW.

In contemplating the pictures of Gerard Douw, whom the most delicate touch, and exquisite finish, have ranked with the first painters in his kind, we can scarcely believe that he formed his style in the school of Rembrandt; whose pencil is simply flowing, and his manner rough, at times even to affectation. The master and scholar, equally eminent in truth of colouring, vigour and harmony of chiaro-scuro, differ essentially only in one particular: Rembrandt calculated the effect of his pictures on the necessary distance between the painting and the eye of the spectator; Gerard Douw was desirous that his productions should likewise acquire admiration, by being closely beheld; and he attained the twofold object he had in view. Notwithstanding the extreme nicety of his labours, the parts are always subordinate to the whole, and we no less admire the agreement and truth of the subject, than the purity of its details.

Gerard Douw, the son of a glass-blower of Leyden, was born in the year 1613. After having received the principles of drawing from Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver, and lessons of painting, from Pierre Rouwenhorn, a painter on glass, he worked some time for the churches, and entered very young into the school of Rembrandt. He quitted him to follow the bent of his own genius, and to apply himself to the scrupulous imitation of nature.

Gerard Douw devoted himself, at first, to portrait painting; but as he bestowed upon his subjects extraordinary care, and the length of his sitting became irksome to his employers, he confined himself to painting, on a small scale, domestic scenes, the interior of shops and houses. His drawing, neither dignified nor correct, conformed with the style of his compositions; nevertheless, his characters have nothing that is trivial, while his expressions are in the highest degree natural. He took infinite pains to preserve his pallet and paintings from dust, and would permit no one to see him at work. He mixed his own colours, and neglected nothing that might contribute to the perfection of his works. He acknowledged that he had employed several days in painting a hand, or a simple accessary, such as the handle of a broom. Notwithstanding the time which his pictures cost him, he produced a great number: he was uncommonly industrious, and laboured to an advanced period of life. We are ignorant of the precise year of his death; but it is stated in 1674, at the age of sixty-four.

Gerard Douw left behind him a considerable fortune, having always been paid very extravagant prices for his works. One of his finest productions, purchased some years since, in France, for the Empress of Russia, was lost in the vessel conveying it thither. It cost 14,000 florins. That of a woman in the dropsy, now in the Napoleon Museum, cost 30,000. Metzu, Schalcken, and Mieris, the disciples of Gerard Douw, have produced several works worthy of being compared, in point of finishing, with the most valuable of that master.



DIOCLETIAN.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry. Sep.^t 1. 1809.

DIOCLETIAN.

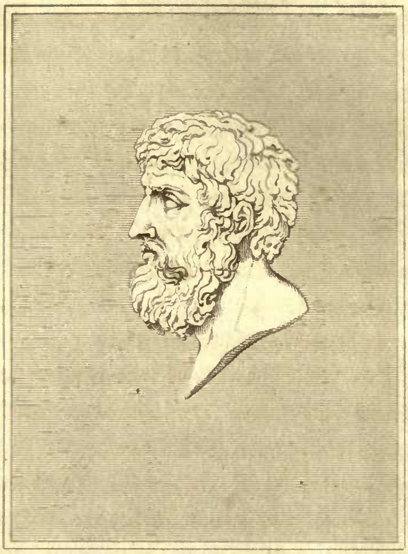
Diocletian, born of obscure parents, in Dalmatia, opened to himself by his merit, a passage to the first throne in the world. He early embraced the profession of arms; attained quickly the rank of general of the legions of Mœsia, was afterwards honoured with the consulship, and acquired so much reputation in the war against the Persians, that the army judged him worthy of the empire after the death of Numerian, and declared him Emperor at Chalcedonia, the 17th September, 284.

Although he was the greatest captain of that age, and possessed all the talents for governing well, he distrusted his own powers, and two years after his coronation, he associated Maximian Hercules with him in the empire, (who, like himself, was a soldier of fortune, and his companion in war,) and sent him to command in the west, while he himself marched against the Persians, from whom he retook Mesopotamia. He afterwards penetrated into Germany, and carried the Roman eagles to the frontiers of the Danube. Notwithstanding these victories, he was far from being easy respecting the fate of his dominions. Dangers encreased upon him. The Britons evinced a disposition to revolt; the Persians menaced the provinces of the east. The Franks, Germans, and Dacians had been vanquished, but not subdued. In this state of things, Diocletian thought it necessary to add to the number of his chiefs, and divide his armies. In the year 292, he bestowed the title of Cæsar on Constantius Chlorus, whom Maximian Hercules adopted, and he honoured Galerius Maximian, whom he adopted himself, with the same dignity. He divided the empire with his three colleagues, reserving only that part to himself which lay beyond the Ægean sea. Independent of this partition, each of these princes commanded throughout the whole empire, and their laws were every where in force. After this arrangement, which Diocletian considered as a master-piece of policy, but which was far from being so, the two Emperors and the two Cæsars went into their respective provinces, and marched against the enemies of the empire. Diocletian signalized himself in Syria and in Egypt; Achilleus was vanquished; Maximian subdued the rebels of Africa; Constantius repelled the savage nations of Germany, and Galerius, after having being beaten at first by the Persians, defeated them entirely; and forced Narses to sue for peace. These four princes, Diocletian at their head, triumphed on the 17th of November, 303. over all the nations they had subdued. The pomp of this triumph, in which were seen the chiefs and the spoils of so many nations, equalled, if not surpassed, that of Aurelian.

Diocletian, who had shown himself to such advantage during the war, did not employ the leisure of peace as a good prince ought to do. He carried his pride so far as to require that respect to be paid to his person, which is only due to the King of kings. He gave orders that in future, none should approach him without prostrating themselves before him, and kissing his feet. This littleness was unworthy of a great man, and his ordinances against the Christians are unworthy of a great king. He persecuted them at the solicitation of Galerius, who gradually obtained such influence over his mind, as to induce him to abdicate the empire. This Diocletian at first refused, but afterwards resigned it in favour of Nicomedes. At the same time Maximian divested himself of the imperial purple at Milan. This event happened in the year of our Lord 305.

Diocletian, relieved from the burthen of empire, retired to Salona, in Dalmatia, and lived as a philosopher, after having lived as a monarch. Vopiscus says, that he had heard from his father, that this emperor, in his retreat, made reflections worthy of a wise man. "Those who govern," said he, "are obliged to see with the eyes of others; their favours are solicited for persons who only deserve their chastisement, and they are induced to punish those whom they should reward." It is said that Maximian, less of a philosopher than himself, grew tired of the sameness of a private life, and solicited his former colleague to resume the purple, but Diocletian replied, "Come, my friend, and see the lettuces which I have raised in my garden at Salona." He passed the last ten years of his life in the innocent amusements of agriculture. It is said, that in his latter days, he became a prey to a deep melancholy, which brought him rapidly to the grave. He died at the age of sixty-eight, in the year of Christ, 313.

This prince possessed the necessary talents for sovereignty. Endowed with consummate prudence, and superior to the emotions of his soul, he knew how to be what policy required. Impenetrable in his designs, he saw into those of others. He appeared only to labour for the public good, and we are indebted to him for many wise laws, most of which are inserted in the Justinian Code. Diocletian loved magnificence, and encouraged all the arts; but his great qualities were obscured by great defects, and we may say of him as of Adrian, that he was a bad man and a great prince.



EPAMINONDAS.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Dec. 1. 1809.

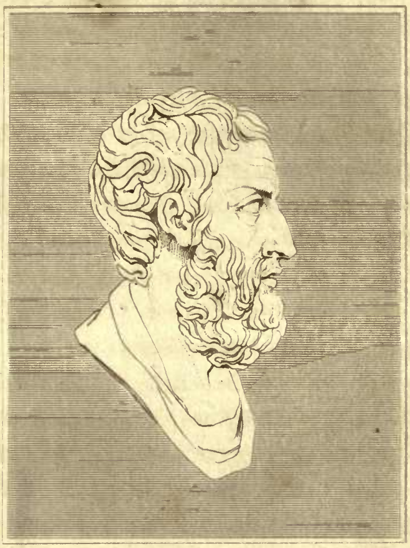
EPAMINONDAS.

The greatest glory existing among men is that of giving laws to nations, or restoring a people to the dignity they had lost. Epaminondas was not a legislator, but Thebes is indebted to him for the few splendid days which she enjoyed. Before he appeared she was the object of the scorn of Greece: when he ceased to exist, she fell into her original state. Never did the influence of virtue and exalted character display itself in so signal a manner.

Epaminondas was born about the year 411 B. J. C. His father, a Theban, named Polymnus, notwithstanding the mediocrity of his fortune, neglected nothing that could contribute to his instruction. He received lessons of philosophy, of Livis of Tarentum. The most skilful masters taught him music. He excelled even in dancing, which was not despised among the Greeks as it was by the Romans. He amused himself in bodily exercises, not from motives of pleasure, but as the means of giving to his limbs more suppleness and agility,—so that in wrestling and running he had no superior.

His acquired talents were exalted by all the moral virtues. His prudence and modesty, his contempt of riches, and warmth of friendship, by rendering him the admiration of the good, excited the envy and hatred of the malevolent. Solely occupied with the interests of the republic, and the desire of being useful to his countrymen, he totally forgot his own: but he had fortune to instruct Philip, the father of Alexander, in the military art; but who could foresee that the descendant of a weak and humbled monarch would one day become the scourge of Greece.

Epaminondas had led a life of celibacy. His friends, who surrounded him in his last moments, shed tears in abundance, and appeared to regret that he died without posterity. "I leave behind me two daughters," replied this great man, "the victory of Leuctra, and that of Mantinea." He died in the forty-eighth year of his age, 363 years B. J. C.



EPICURUS.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Jan. 1, 1810.

EPICURUS.

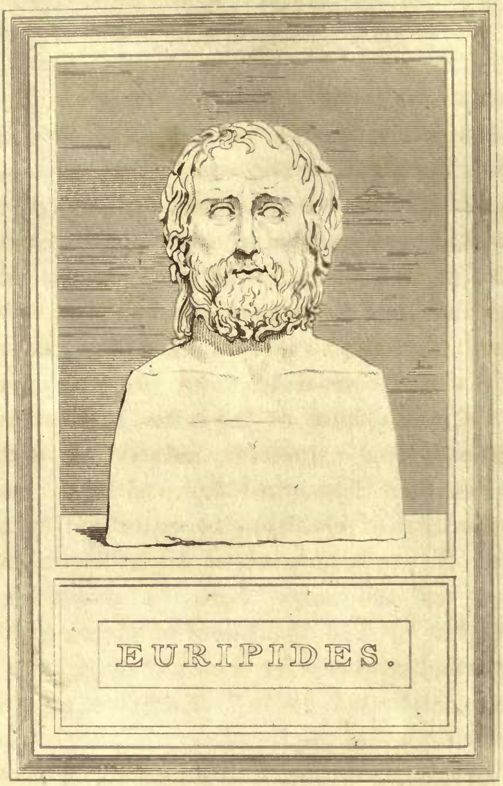
EPICURUS, one of the greatest philosophers of his age, and it may be added of antiquity, was a native of the city of Gargettus, in Attica. His family had been reduced by misfortune. His father, Neocles, was a schoolmaster; and his mother, if we may believe Dionysius of Halicarnassus, cited by Diogenes Laertius, was employed to perform lustrations, and banish spectres.

Epicurus was born in the third year of the 109th Olympiad, and passed his infancy in the island of Samos. At the age of fourteen he began to devote himself to the study of philosophy. Apollodorus, one of his disciples, assures us, in the first book of his life of Epicurus, that this philosopher applied himself to the universal knowledge of things in consequence of an insult he received from an ignorant grammarian, who was unable to elucidate the sentiments of Hesiod, with respect to chaos.

Epicurus was thirty-six when he resolved to establish himself at Athens. Until then he had travelled, studied the peculiarities of men in different climates, meditated upon the principles of morality, and upon the means of teaching them to youth; who but too often are disgusted with the austere manner with which they are presented to them. The philosophers of his time appeared to have conspired against voluptuousness and the pleasures of the senses. Epicurus undertook their defence, and the youth of Athens came in crowds to receive his lessons.

without living happily. What does not such a principle contain?

The Epicurean philosophy was professed, without any interruption, from its establishment, until the time of Augustus. It made the greatest progress in Rome. Lucretius sung the principles of Epicurism; Celsus professed it under Adrian; Pliny, the naturalist, under Vespasian: the names of Lucian, and of Diogenes Laertius, are yet celebrated among the Epicureans.



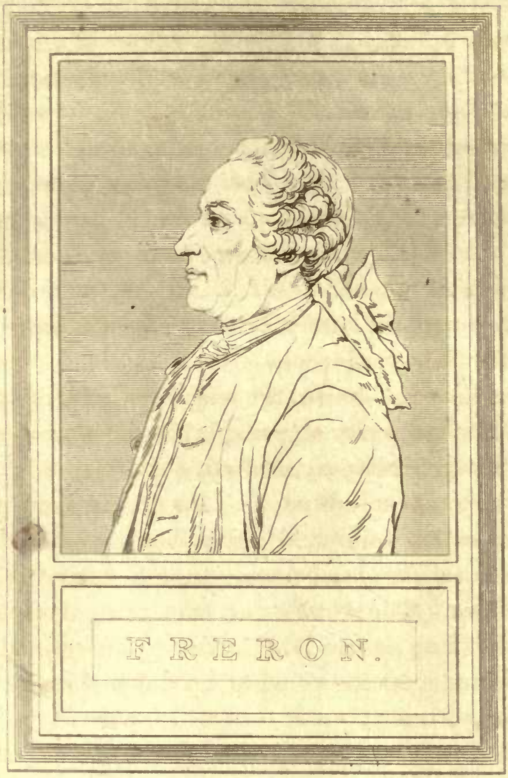
Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Jan. 1, 1810.

EURIPIDES.

EURIPIDES was born at Salamis, 480 years, B. J. C. an epoch that will be for ever celebrated by the destruction of the fleet of Xerxes, and by the victories of Platæa and Mycale. Sophocles, the successor of Æschylus, had then possession of the stage. Euripides did not fail to be a spectator of the triumphs of this great tragedian; and the remembrance of them inflamed his imagination, while he studied eloquence under Prodicus, ethics under Socrates, and philosophy under Anaxagoras. The abuse of the latter, in consequence of his philosophical principles, induced Euripides to devote himself to dramatical compositions. He was seen, at the age of eighteen, to enter the lists with Sophocles. He availed himself of the judicious changes introduced on the stage, both by Æschylus and Sophocles, but he had the talent of giving to his tragedies a particular character, which distinguished them from these celebrated poets. Æschylus represented men greater than they are in nature; Sophocles, as they ought to be; Euripides, such as they are. Particularly skilful in pourtraying the affections of the soul, he is admirable when he describes the fury of love, or excites the emotions of pity. It must, however, be confessed, that, in the disposition of his subjects, and in the art of exciting the interest of the spectator, he is inferior to his rival. He reduced the style of tragedy to ordinary discourse; but, always elegant, clear, harmonious, and correct, he was enabled to preserve a proper medium between debasement and elevation.

The disciple of Anaxagoras, and the friend of Socrates, he incorporated in his pieces the lessons of his master; he was admired by the wise, and was named, with much propriety, the philosopher of the stage. The orators were no less charmed with his eloquence: he formed Demosthenes; Cicero was delighted with him—it was the author he was reading in his litter, when he was assassinated by Popilius Lena. Too sensible of the criticisms of a people capable of appreciating beauties and defects, Euripides quitted Athens, and retired to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia. His end was as deplorable as it was uncommon, It is said that the dogs of Achelaus met him, in his solitary walks, and tore his body to pieces, 407 years before J. C. Archelaus raised a magnificent tomb to his memory. The Athenians, not being able to obtain from the king the reliques of this great tragedian, erected a cenotaph to commemorate his fame.



FRERON.

Painted by Cochin. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb. 1. 1810.

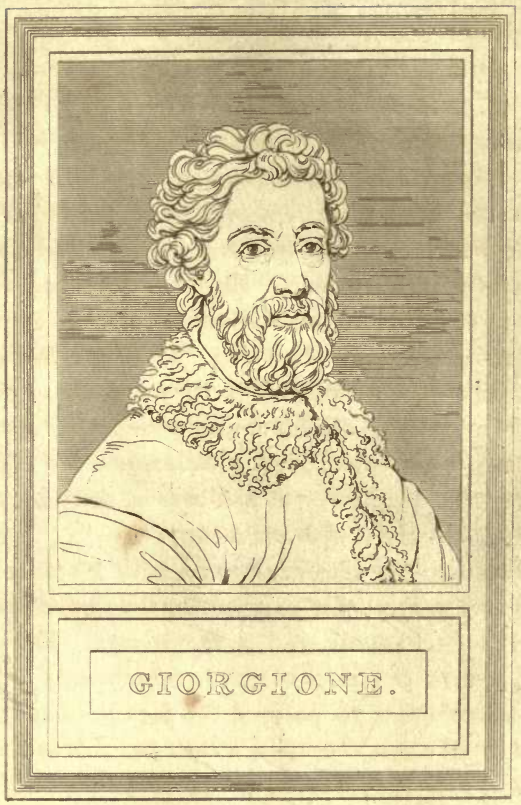
FRERON.

It seems difficult to judge impartially of a man, who often substituted his own interest in the place of truth, and who made the most deplorable ill use of his wit, by attacking, without reserve, those talents which were the glory of his nation. But the historian must exercise rigid justice, even to those to whom this sentiment was unknown, and this duty obliges him to consider Fréron in the double character of an unjust and dishonest critic, and a man of letters, estimable for his knowledge, and particularly for his wit.

This celebrated journalist was born at Quimper, in 1719, and at an early age displayed talents which the Jesuits, under whom he studied, cultivated with care. They afterwards admitted him into their society; but disgusted with a religious life, he soon quitted it, and went to exercise his critical talents with the Abbé Desfontaines. The Abbé was a man of celebrity in this dangerous line; he had laid down a system for himself, was passionate, spoke of what he did not understand, but spoke with wit; he spread satire abroad by handfuls, and it was read without being esteemed. Fréron made him his model, and the opinion of the public was the same with respect to him. *Les Lettres de Madame la Comtesse de * * **, a newspaper, of which he was the sole editor, met at first with sufficient success to cause uneasiness to those who were attacked by it; they succeeded in getting it suppressed: but Fréron, in 1749, had interest enough to re-establish it under the title of *Lettres sur quelques ecrits de ce temps*. After having published twelve volumes and two numbers of this periodical work, Fréron brought it forward in 1754, under the title of *Année Literaire*, and continued it until 1776, when he died. His rancour against what were then called the philosophers, gave a currency to his writings, and the tragedies of Marmontel were the first works which he abused without reserve, and even with fury. He next attacked the most celebrated names, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Buffon, Voltaire, &c. this latter more particularly was the constant object of his satire, he represented him as a skilful plagiary, as an incorrect historian, and as the tyrant of literature. It must be owned, that in some particular criticisms Fréron might be in the right; but he had the great fault of fixing only on slight errors, and passing over in silence the inimitable beauties which will hand the works of this great man down to posterity. Voltaire appeared at first not to notice the abuse of Fréron; but at last, his patience being worn out, he determined to take a revenge by so much the more terrible as the public took a part in it. The piece called the *Ecossaise* appeared, was applauded, and from that moment the laugh was on the side of the great poet, and the journalist was forsaken; people then began to perceive his injustice and partiality. Voltaire, in stinging pamphlets, harrassed Fréron every day, who by degrees lost a great number of subscribers. His paper, which, in the beginning, produced him about 20,000 livres per annum, did not produce above 7 or 8,000, on which he was obliged to grant an annuity of 4,000 livres. His health and fortune declined, the one by excesses of every kind, the other by his prodigality. The gout hindered him from applying himself to business; he had been for some days attacked by it, when, as he was getting up from table, the suspension of his privilege, and sale of his paper was announced to him by order of the keeper of the seals. This unexpected news occasioned a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off in a few moments, on the 10th of March, 1776.

It is not always that in the immense collection of the *Année Literaire* we can judge of Fréron as a writer: most of the articles in this paper are not written by him. It is certain that the Abbé de Laporte, the Abbé de Verteuil, the Abbé de Fontenai, Mazarin, Fontenelle, Sautereau, and twenty others, contributed to it for a length of time, and that Fréron confined himself exclusively to pamphlets and the analyzing of theatrical pieces. In the extracts which belong to him it must be confessed what his fellow labourers were deficient in, a close and spirited reasoning, pungent strokes, taste, the art of ridiculing wittily, a remarkable attachment to good principles, and a love for the good authors of antiquity. If Fréron had carried on his journal without borrowing the aid of a crowd of mercenary writers, there would have been less often found it of the style of a member of college, and the pleasantries of coffee-house wits. I do not here speak of that passion which seemed almost always to govern this fiery journalist; it is known that he was indebted to it for his worst pages, those in which he shows himself the enemy of celebrated talents, and the echo of jealousy and malignity. His style is less pure in his latter writings than in his earlier ones; in these he is simple, elegant, and easy; his poems possess some of these qualities. His Ode, *Sur la*

Bataille de Fontenoi, indisputably his master-piece, is full of images, bold expressions, and noble thoughts well delivered; his *Opuscules*, in 3 vols. 12mo.; *Les Amours de Venus et d'Adonis*, translated from the Italian, from the other works of Fréron; to whom also we are indebted for a revised edition of the *Commentaire de la Henriade*, by la Beaumelle, and some articles in the *Journal Etranger*.



GIORGIONE.

Painted by Himself. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London: Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Nov. 1. 1809.

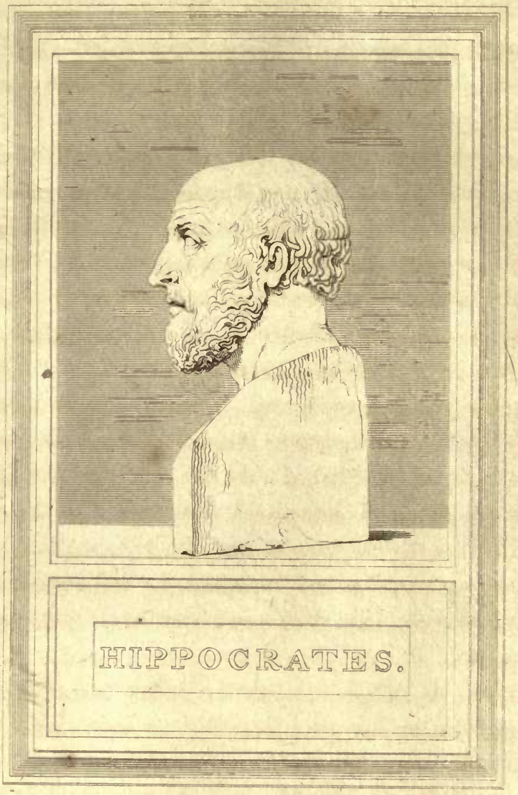
GIORGIONE.

Giorgio Barbarelli, generally known by the appellation of Giorgione, from the loftiness of his figure and gait, was born at Castel-franco, in Friuli, in the year 1477. He at first studied music, in which art he excelled; but soon after, conceiving a violent inclination to painting, he entered into the school of Giovani Bellini, whom he surpassed. He owes his success to the study of nature, and to the observations he made on the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci. The colouring of Giorgione was greatly admired by the amateurs; and Titian himself, who had been his fellow scholar, under Bellini, was desirous of benefiting by his lessons; but Giorgione, judging that his principal aim was to seize his manner, refused to comply with his desires.

Giorgione lived several years with his parents, and in his native city. He painted for the church of Castelfranco, a St. Francis, and a St. George. He also executed several portraits of uncommon beauty. Upon his return to Venice, he painted the façade of his house, in order to give the Venetians a taste for this sort of decoration. His idea was so favourably received, that he was immediately engaged to paint the interior of several palaces, where he represented the various subjects of the metamorphoses and loves of the gods.

At the very time when Giorgione applied himself, with the greatest assiduity, to the study of his art, he died at Venice, at the early age of thirty-two. The cause of his death is uncertain: some authors suppose that he was carried off by the plague; others assert that he fell a martyr to grief, occasioned by the infidelity of his mistress.

Ample outlines, bold foreshortening, dignity and vivacity of aspect and attitude, breadth of drapery, and richness of accompaniment, observes M. Fuseli, marked the style of Giorgione. Vasari pretends, that Giorgione owes his chiaro-scuro to Leonardo da Vinci. This assertion, however, were it not rejected by Boschini, neither the line and forms peculiar to Vinci, nor his system of light and shade seem to countenance. Gracility and amenity of aspect, characterize the lines and fancy of Leonardo; fulness and roundness those of Giorgione. His greatest works were in fresco, of which little but the ruins remain. His numerous oil pictures still preserve their beauty. Some consider as his master-piece, "Moses taken from the Nile, and presented to the daughter of Pharaoh," in the archiepiscopal palace at Milan; the sweetness of which is heightened by a certain austerity of tone.



HIPPOCRATES.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Jan. 1, 1810.

HIPPOCRATES.

HIPPOCRATES was born 460 years before J. C. in the small island of Cos, which the great celebrity of that citizen has rendered illustrious.

He studied physic under his grandfather, Nebrus, in which he was eminently distinguished, and received a most liberal education. He prepared himself, a long time, for the practice of his art; not only by the theoretical study of physic, but by the attainment of all the practical knowledge of his time. He travelled afterwards, for twelve years, through Macedonia, Thrace, and Thessaly, and collected, during his journeys, a great number of important observations: he also traversed Lybia and Scythia. At the court of the king of Macedonia he gave a remarkable proof of the experience he had acquired, and of the sagacity with which he was enabled to discover, by the smallest outward symptoms, the deep and secret motions of the human heart.

Consulted at this court by Perdiccas, the only son of the king, who appeared insensibly to languish under a fatal disease, he perceived that the cause of his malady, then regarded as incurable, had its origin in an unfortunate attachment he had formed for Phila, a beautiful slave, belonging to his father.

The king of Persia was desirous of engaging Hippocrates to settle in his kingdom, at that time afflicted with all the horrors of pestilence:—he received this answer. "I enjoy, in my own country, clothing, lodging, and nourishment: I am not in want of any thing. As a Greek, it would be disgraceful in me to aspire to the riches and grandeur of barbarians; and I shall not go to benefit the enemies of my country, and the destroyers of its liberty."

Upon another occasion, Hippocrates refused to go to the assistance of a foreign nation, because he foresaw, by the direction of the wind, that Greece would be speedily devastated by an epidemical disease: he remained, for that reason, in his native country, and occupied himself, with his disciples, in devising means to prevent, or, at least, to lessen the evil with which it was threatened.

These important services, these signal proofs of his disinterestedness, and devotion to the public good, were recompensed by the admiration and the gratitude of his countrymen—the only prize worthy the acceptance of elevated minds.

The Argians and the Athenians intermixed a degree of zeal, and an exaltation almost religious, in the expression of their gratitude. The former consecrated a statue of gold to Hippocrates: the second awarded him a crown; bestowed upon him, by decree, the rights of a citizen; and gave, to the young men of Cos, who might come to study at Athens, the same rights and privileges which the youth of that city enjoyed.

The works of Hippocrates are numerous: they were brought, like the other scientific and literary treasures, from the east, at the epoch of the overthrow of the empire of Constantine. It is believed that one of the first editions was made from a manuscript in the library of Cardinal Bessario. The Greek text of the edition of Fæsius passes for the least defective; but it would be desirable that a new edition were formed, after the concordances of different manuscripts, which are disseminated in the great libraries of Europe.

Hippocrates has not been surpassed, nor even equalled in every thing that relates to medical physiognomy; and, as it has been remarked by the author of a curious note upon Lavater,* no observer more accurately perceived, described, or better appreciated, than Hippocrates, the various modifications of man, under disease, and the numerous alterations and changes of the countenance ; all of which have a particular signification. No one better understood the nature of every pang, of every expression ; in a word, the multiplicity of the symptoms to which so many hopes, and so many anxieties are attached, so many favourable and dangerous crises; from the appearance of a salutary hemorrhage, to the decomposition of the features, which have since been called *la face Hippocratique*, which seems, in some measure, to express the horrors of death, of which it is the melancholy indication.

It would however be unjust to conclude from thence, that physic has made no progress since the days of Hippocrates. To elucidate this question, it becomes necessary to consider, separately, in the great father of medicine, the man of science, and the medical observer.

As a man of observation, Hippocrates is certainly the first of physicians; no one can be compared with him in the difficult art of understanding, during the course of diseases, that variety of changes, and of symptoms, which it is impossible sometimes to describe, but which habit, practice, the continual exercise of the senses, and the mind, can only make us appreciate: for which reason, Le Clerc has judiciously observed, "that an eminent physician acquires, by time and experience, a large portion of knowledge, not traditional, which perishes with him, and renders his loss of national importance."

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* See the *Art de connoitre les Hommes*, by Lavater, with the additions of Physiology, or Natural History, by M. Moreau de la Sarthe. Paris, 1806.

As a man of science, Hippocrates had not the same advantage: he has done all that genius, patience, and observation, could execute; but, since the celebrated epoch when his name became established in the annals of the art, medical science has greatly advanced; anatomy, and positive physiology, of which the Greeks had scarcely any idea, have been completely understood; diseases themselves have become more numerous, and more varied, and the subjects of observation, in consequence, much multiplied; chronic disorders, especially, have opened to the moderns, a new field of experience. The means of art, their resources, their instruments, have, from age to age, been rendered more perfect, by the happy application of physic, of chemistry, and of natural history. Not to acknowledge his real excellence; not to distinguish in Hippocrates the vast portion of the knowledge of his time, which he acquired; to confound science and art; and to pretend that physicians, during more than twenty centuries, have added nothing to medical sciences, is to act in opposition to truth; to merit the reproach of Bacon to the learned men of his time, who assigned to the empire of knowledge limits, as soon exceeded, and as easily overcome as the pillars of Hercules, which the presumptuous ignorance of the first geographers had considered the boundaries of the earth.

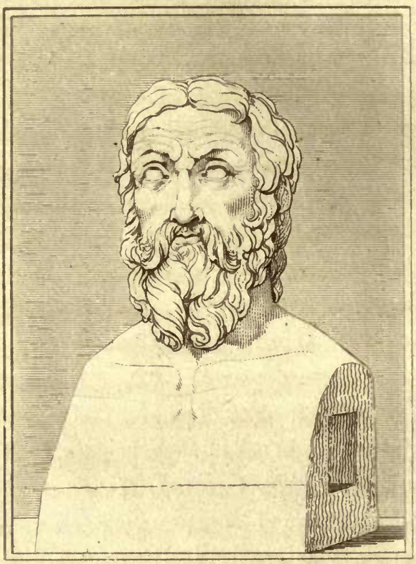
What Hippocrates has particularly done for the progress of his art, consists principally in the union of philosophy and physic, in the introduction of diet in the treatment of acute disorders, and in the manner of describing diseases, which may serve as a model to practitioners in the present day. It appears, before his time, they did not treat the sick regularly at home, and that he was, in some sort, the founder of the clinical system.

The character of this great man is developed in his writings. Nothing is more affecting than the candour with which he details his mischances and his faults:—here you read a list of the disordered he attended; and of whom the greater part died in his arms; there you behold him near a Thessalian, wounded on the head by a stone; he does not, at first, perceive it is necessary to have recourse to the trepan; distressing symptoms at length apprise him of his mistake; the operation was made on the fifteenth day, and the patient died on the next. From his own lips we hear this avowal; superior to every species of self-love, he, himself, is solicitous that his errors even should become lessons to his successors.

Hippocrates required these endearing qualities in every person worthy of the name of a physician. He was desirous that greatness of mind should be associated with the extent and variety of human acquirements; that the physician should possess all the virtues of his art and what are those virtues? This point scarcely admits of a single exception, since the profession of physic is inseparable with the union of all the qualities of mind and heart. In fact, if we have no confidence in the wisdom of a physician, and in his discretion, what father of a family would not be apprehensive, in consulting him, that he was introducing either a spy, or an intriguer, into his house; a seducer of his wife or his daughter? How could we rely upon his humanity, if he only approached his patients with a revolting gaiety, or with a rude and morose demeanour; upon his firmness, if, by servile flattery, he acquiesces in their disgusts, or yields to their caprice; upon his prudence, if always occupied with his outward appearance; if perfumed, and, in magnificent apparel, we beheld him running from town to town, to pronounce, in honour of his art, discourses, grafted on certain axioms of the poets; upon his understanding, if, beside the general equity which an honest man observes to the world, he only possesses that justice which the sage exercises on himself, and which teaches him that, in the midst of the greatest wisdom, there is more scarcity than abundance?

The respect for Hippocrates, in different ages, may be regarded as the measure of the progress of physic. It was almost carried to a species of worship, when Galen suddenly arose to oppose the decline of the art of healing, and to recal physic to the principles of the most dignified of its legislators.

The best editions of the works of Hippocrates are that of Fæsius, Geneva, fol. 1657; of Linden, 2 vols. 8vo. Amsterdam, 1665; and that of Mackius, 2 vols. fol. Viennæ, 1743. His treatises, especially his aphorisms, have been published separately.



HERODOTUS.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London. Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Jan. 1 1810.

HERODOTUS.

THE first historians were poets; the annals of nations were, for a long time, written in verse; they are more easily impressed upon the memory than in prose; they were sung, and savages and barbarians are excited to glory, by celebrating the exploits of their ancestors.

Herodotus was born about 500 years B. J. C. at a time when the imagination was greatly heated by the grandest spectacles. His father's name was Lyxes, and that of his mother's Dryo. When his country laboured under the oppressive tyranny of Lygdamis, he fled to Samos, and travelled over Egypt, Italy, and Greece. He afterwards returned to Halicarnassus, and expelled the tyrant; which patriotic deed, far from gaining the esteem and admiration of the populace, displeased and irritated them, so that Herodotus was obliged to fly to Greece, from public resentment.

These occurrences, an intercourse with enlightened men of every country, and an initiation into certain mysteries concealed from the multitude, extended his knowledge, and rendered him capable of extraordinary enterprises. He made the Greeks acquainted with the history of the barbarians in a manner suited to interest their pride. In writing for a people enamoured of what was marvellous, he respected the fables believed by the vulgar, and displayed frequently the imagination of a poet, when he ought to have exhibited the sagacity of a philosopher. It must be nevertheless confessed, that

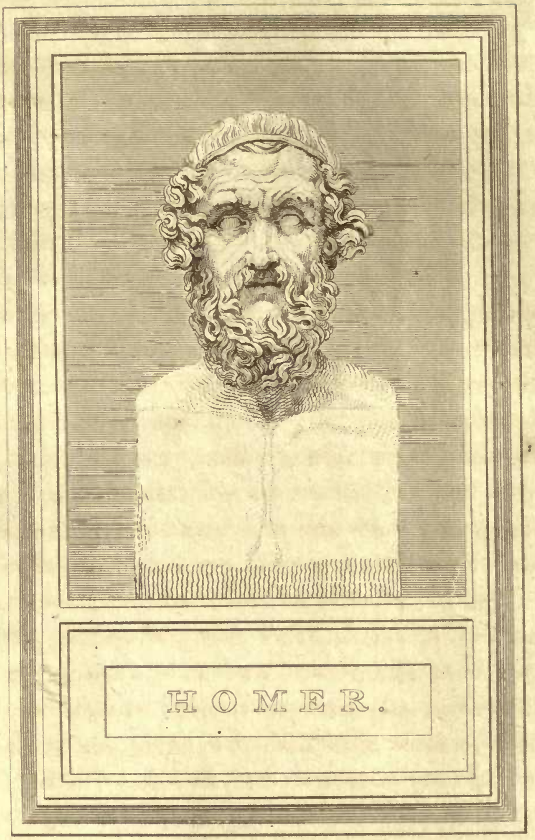
that critical investigation which is now so much required, was but little known to the ancients. Livy and Tacitus, who lived in the most enlightened ages, detail, seriously, uncommon events, to which the most preposterous superstition could only have given the smallest credit. Herodotus was more excusable; he lived in a time when the *marvellous* seduced every mind. However he may be reproached for his apparent or real credulity, his history contains observations upon the most celebrated people of Asia and Africa, which modern travellers have confirmed. It is exact and true in every thing that regards popular prejudices; his narrative is as pleasing as it is varied; he relates with the most attractive simplicity; we perceive no artifice in his recitals: we behold a man who says what he has seen or heard, and who exhibits such an air of sincerity, as to demand our confidence. Like Homer, he makes his heroes speak and act, and their harangues are in strict conformity with their manners and their characters: at times they convey the wisest lessons of morality and policy. Who is not delighted at seeing Solon at the court of Crœsus? the philosopher humbles the pride of the monarch; but the precepts which the happy prince contemns, tend to the salvation of the unfortunate sovereign. Who does not feel an interest in the deliberation of the Magi, who dispute, after the death of Cambyses, on the best form of government? Herodotus rises above himself, when he describes the battles which the Greeks maintained with the enemies of their independence, without departing from that dignified simplicity which history requires. With more pomp of expression, with the language of enthusiasm, if our credulity is imposed upon by the heroic exploits he recounts, the litle ostentation he intermixes in his recitals, makes us believe his sincerity.

If he be compared with the historians of his country, we shall find that he is more tender, more elegant than Thucydides ; but possesses more animation, and less vigour. It is true that the latter, the painter of the misfortunes, and dissentions, of the most flourishing states of Greece, required a broader pencil than that which delineated their brilliant exploits, and admirable triumphs. Equal to Xenophon, as a writer, he is less moral and philosophical : the disciple of Socrates appears to write solely to enlighten the understanding ; the historian of the Greeks, and of uncivilized nations, seems more solicitous of captivating the imagination, by the charms of his recitals. Compared with the Roman historians, Herodotus is as elegant as Livy ; but inferior, in some respects, to Sallust ; he bears not the smallest similarity to Tacitus. He read his history at the Olympic Games, which he had composed in his thirty-ninth year, B. C. 445. It was received with such universal applause, that the names of the nine muses were unanimously given to the nine books into which it is divided. The praise he received excited the enthusiasm of Thucydides, and Herodotus had a rival, but not an imitator.

In speaking of these two historians, Dionysius of Halicarnassus gives the preference to the older ; both with respect to the subject of his work, and the execution. This preference would be more just, if the historian, like the poet, could dispose his matter according to his own taste. Far from reproaching Thucydides, for recording deplorable events, we ought rather to commend him, for giving to his countrymen important lessons, by displaying to them the fatal effects of civil dissentions, and for preserving, in the midst of factions, a character of independence and impartiality.

Herodotus had written another history of Assyria and Arabia, which is not extant. The life of Homer, generally attributed to him, is supposed, by some, not to be the production of his pen.

The two best editions of this great historian, are that of Wesseling, fol. Amsterdam, 1763; and that of Glasgow, 9 vols. 12mo. 1761.



HOMER.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe. Poultry. Jan.1.1810.

HOMER.

We have but little to offer respecting the genius of a man who has furnished matter for so many dissertations, and so many volumes. All that appears certain is, that one of the oldest poets is still esteemed the most dignified and the most admirable. Epic poetry is the most difficult production of the human mind, and the Iliad is the finest of epic poems.

We are ignorant of the epoch, or the place, which gave birth to Homer; it is only presumed that he lived a little time after the Siege of Troy, and that he then became informed of the principal occurrences of the warriors who there distinguished themselves. This has given him an advantage over those who simply delineate the exploits and the character of heroes, of which the recollection is only preserved by feeble tradition. The conception of the Iliad indicates an imagination, lively, fertile, and comprehensive; the delineation of the characters, and their various achievements, discovers an observer replete with genius; and the fictions, which embellish the poem, are the happy efforts of an imagination as rich as it is brilliant. Certain critics, without due reflection, have reproached him for the coarseness of the manner in which he describes the asperity and the savage rudeness of his heroes. Are they desirous that he should have given to the companions of Achilles, of Agamemnon, and of Ulysses, the language of the courtiers of Louis XIV.?

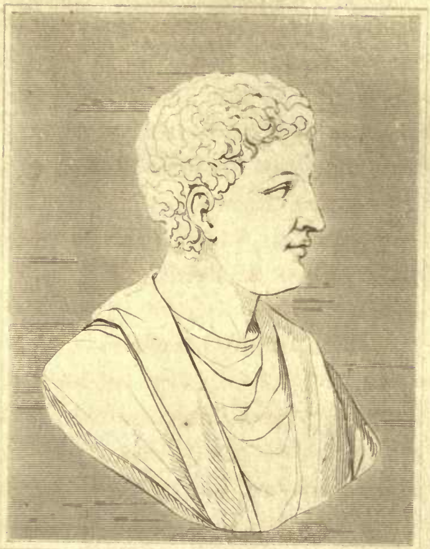
The Odyssey has neither the fire nor the majesty of the Iliad; it announces the poet in his decline; but it is still the vigorous old age of Homer: it is, as Longinus observes, the setting sun, which has not the glow of his meridian splendour, but which possesses the same grandeur. We do not find in this latter work that dramatic form which gives so much motion, and so much interest, to the Iliad; the poet, in the Odyssey, abandons himself to the pleasures of relating; but his genius is still observable in many pleasing episodes, in the description of manners, and in the flow of a tender and insinuating eloquence.

No poet acquired a reputation so universal, and so permanent as Homer. Eschylus said, that his tragedies were only the reliques of the magnificent banquet of Homer: Plato, in decrying the poets, endeavoured to imitate him, in his harmonious prose: Aristotle formed the principles of his *Poetica* after the Iliad: and Virgil is indebted to him for his sublimest beauties.

We are not informed in what manner the poems of Homer were preserved. It is pretended that they were chanted, by certain rhapsodists, in detached pieces, in towns and villages, as the Caledonians sung the poems of Ossian; that Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens, was the first who arranged them in the order they have now descended to us. It is, nevertheless, believed that Lycurgus had previously collected them; it is honourable to the poet to have found favour in the sight of such an austere legislator. Homer had many enthusiastic admirers among men of the finest taste, and found detractors in those of less judgment—in supporters of contradiction and of paradox. We well know what was the fate of Zoilus; his existence was despicable and unhappy; and his death avenged, in a cruel manner, the glory of Homer, whose fame he had aspersed; whether, as Vitruvius observes, he was crucified in Egypt, or burnt alive at Smyrna. The works of this great poet raised a host of defamers, in the seventeenth century; but it is sufficient to remark, with the exception of La Motte, and Fontenelle, that these sacrilegious contemporaries of the god of poetry were inferior writers, who had not the smallest pretensions to be jealous of the brilliancy of his reputation. The defenders of Homer were, Despreaux, Racine, and Fenelon. The best dissertation that has been written on the author of Epopœa, is that prefixed by Pope to his translation of the Iliad; in this masterly performance, erudition, taste, and philosophy appear combined. Of the merits of his version it is unnecessary to speak; it is an eternal monument of the genius and industry of Pope.

Homer possesses all the resources of the figurative style, and all the delicacy of the simple. Strabo discovers in him all the precision of the most skilful geographer. His poems may be compared to the shield of divine manufacture, which he has so ably described. He presents us with the most faithful picture of the achievements of war, and of the labour of peace; he places the universe before our view—he has all the beauties of the various dialects he employs—his most unfinished passages surpass the finest pieces of other poets, all of whom he excels in vigour, in the extent of his genius, in the richness of his fancy, and in the powers of invention. His works assured him such a supremacy, that the ancients admired and venerated him as the high priest of nature ; who had admitted him into her most secret sanctuary, and made him a partaker of her sublimest mysteries.

We have nothing certain as to his life : it is pretended that he lived in indigence, and was blind ; that rejected and despised when living, he was reduced to beg for sustenance about the seven cities which, after his death, disputed the honour of his birth, and raised temples to his memory. This rivalship has been injurious to the researches undertaken by the learned, at various epochs, to establish his native country. The most singular monument of this kind, in existence, is the life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, which appears, however, little more than the result of the fables in circulation during the period when that great historian flourished.



HORACE.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Oct.r 1, 1809.

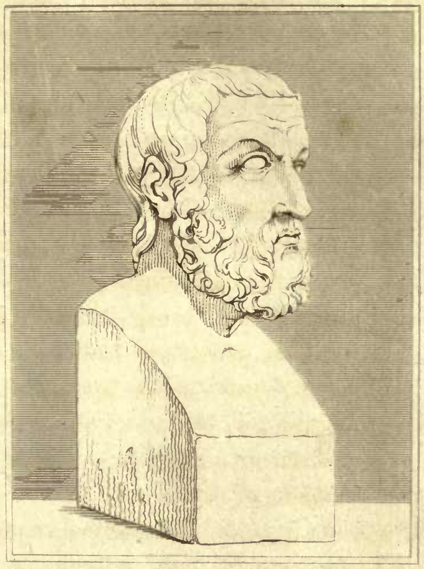
HORACE.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, an elegant Roman poet, was born at Venusia, in Apulia, B. C. 65. His father perceiving his talents, though his fortune was inconsiderable, resolved to cultivate them. He first placed him under the best masters at Rome, where he soon distinguished himself, and at the age of twenty-two, sent him to Athens, to study philosophy. Here he attracted the notice of Brutus, who took him into his army, and made him a tribune; but at the battle of Philippi, Horace threw away his shield and fled.

Upon his return to Rome, he devoted himself entirely to letters, and fell into great distress. Virgil, delighted with the productions of the young poet, became his patron, and recommended him to Mecænas, by whom he was introduced to the Emperor. Augustus soon offered him considerable preferments: these Horace declined, prefering a private life to the honours of a court. Esteemed by the first people at Rome, particularly by Mecænas and Pollio, Horace lived in voluptuous indolence, exempt from ambition and from care.

Though averse to the shackles of a court, Horace devoted himself very freely to all the duties of friendship. Equally remote from adulation and pride, he neither commended folly nor insulted ignorance. His satire fell principally upon the pretenders to learning, whom he justly considered as the most ridiculous and impertinent part of society. No one could better trifle with the great than himself; nor could apply his pleasantries to more advantage. His judgment was as correct as his wit was penetrating and refined. His conduct was superior to that of the generality of poets. He never unbosomed himself but to persons whom he thoroughly knew. Not to render himself responsible for the faults of others, he was peculiarly cautious in his recommendation. Though living as he did among courtiers and statesmen, he never troubled himself with state affairs. He well knew the danger of penetrating into, or censuring the projects of men in power, and of writing, as Pollio observed, against *those who can proscribe.* His philosophy was that of Epicurus; but it tended to calm the impetuosity of the ardent, and placed wisdom in retirement and repose.

In the latter part of his life, he retired to the country, where he indulged himself in philosophical ease, which he has admirably described in his Odes. He died eight years B. C. and was buried near his friend and patron, Mecænas, whose death, it is said, accelerated his own. The best edition of his works are those of Lips. 1752, and of Glasgow, 12mo. 1744.



ISOCRATES.

Engraved by George Cooke.

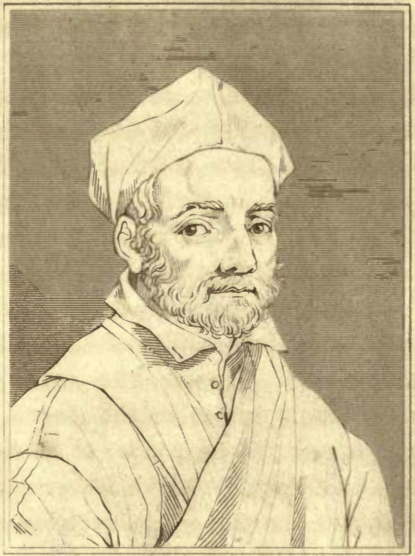
London Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry Jan.1.1810.

ISOCRATES.

Isocrates was born at Athens, in the year 456, before the Christian era. His natural timidity, or perhaps a proper distrust of his own powers, precluded him from the tribune, which opened, to men of superior talent, and sometimes only of superior audacity, a road to the most brilliant offices. The profession of rhetorician, more suitable to the abilities of Isocrates, procured him an existence infinitely more comfortable than the eloquence of the tribune. Gorgias, surnamed Leontinus, had acquired, by teaching rhetoric, a fortune which enabled him to decorate the temple of Delphos with an offering which would have reflected lustre on the magnificence of a monarch. Isocrates was no less fortunate: the number of his disciples was so great, that Cicero, speaking after tradition, compared his school to the Trojan Horse, from whence a crowd of armed warriors issued. His orations, which have descended to us, convey an idea of a writer deficient in warmth and enthusiasm, more occupied about words than things, and who was less mindful of polishing his expressions, than in creating ideas. His panegyric on Athens was the labour of ten years. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, compared his eloquence to that of Lysias, and says, that he is by no means his inferior in purity of language, and in his attention to the language of his time; but he censures his diction, as being grave and pompous, and his periods as heavy and dull:—in point of invention and arrangement, he considers him greatly superior to Lysias. The same critic praises, in a particular manner, the choice of his subjects, as being always dignified, and directed to the welfare of his country. In opposition to the opinion of Dionysius, Isocrates has been esteemed by others for the sweetness and graceful simplicity of his style, for the harmony of his expressions, and the dignity of his language.

The life of this celebrated orator presents few events. He was taught in the school of Gorgias and Prodicus, but his oratorial abilities were never displayed in public. In the midst of political dissentions, his school was respected; and, though he had the courage to wear mourning for the death of Socrates, tyranny did not molest the expression of grief and gratitude in the disciple of that illustrious victim. The cause of his death was honourable: the defeat of the Athenians, at Cheronæa, had such an effect upon his spirits, that he would not survive the disgrace of his country. He died, after he had been four days without taking any aliment, in the ninety-ninth year of his age, about 338 years before Jesus Christ.

It is said that Demosthenes took lessons of him, and that Isocrates admitted him gratuitously into his school, because the mediocrity of his fortune did not permit him to pay the sum he required of his disciples.



KIRCHER.

Painted by Bloemart. *Engrav'd by George Cooke.*

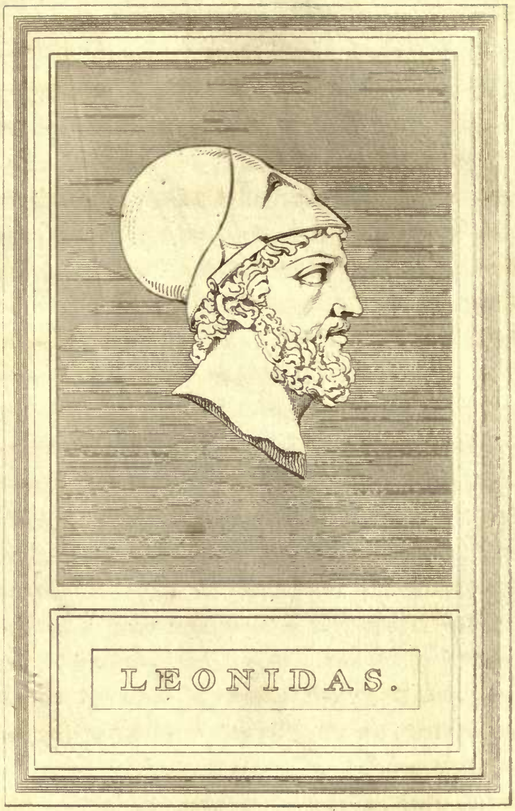
London: Publish'd by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

KIRCHER.

ATHANASIUS KIRCHER, a famous philosopher and mathematician, and withal a learned man, was born at Fulden, in Germany, in the year 1601. He entered into the society of Jesuits in 1618, and after going through the regular course of studies, during which he shewed most amazing parts and industry, he taught philosophy, mathematics, and the Hebrew and Syriac languages, in the university of Birtzburg, in Franconia. The war which Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, made in Germany, disturbing his repose, he retired into France, and settled in the Jesuit's college, at Avignon, where he was in 1635. He was afterwards called to Rome, where he taught music in the Roman college, for six years. He spent the remainder of his life in that city, and for some time professed the Hebrew language. He died in 1680, after having published as many books as one would think might employ a good part of his life even to transcribe, for they consist of twenty-two volumes folio, eleven quarto, and three octavo.

His works are rather curious than useful, frequently savouring much of visions and fancy, and if they are not always accompanied with the greatest exactness and precision, the reader, we presume, will not be astonished. His principal work is "Oedipus Ægyptiacus: hoc est, universalis hieroglyphicæ veterum doctrinæ temporum injuria abolitæ, instauratis."—Romæ, 1652, in four vols. folio.

Kircher was more than ordinarily addicted to the study of hieroglyphical characters, and if he could not always find a true meaning for them, he contrived the most plausible in his power. As his rage for hieroglyphics was justly esteemed ridiculous, some young scholars, it is said, had a mind to divert themselves at his expense; with this view they engraved some unmeaning fantastic character, or figures, upon a shapeless piece of stone, and had it buried in a place which was shortly to be dug up; then they carried it to Kircher, as a most singular curiosity in the antique way, who, quite in raptures, applied himself instantly to explain the hieroglyphics, and made it at length the most intelligible thing in the world. If this story was not true, there is no doubt that it might have been; and if Kircher had been made a dupe in the science of antiques, so have ten thousand beside him. Among Kircher's other works are "Ars Magnesia;" "Lingua Egyptiaca restituta; Obeliscus Pamphilius;" "Iter extaticum cœleste;" "Iter extaticum terrestre;" "Mundus subterraneus, in quo universæ naturæ majestas et divitiæ demonstrantur;" "Arcæ Noe;" "Turris Babel;" "Organon mathematicum ad disciplinas mathematicas facili methodo addiscendas;" "Ars magna sciendi in duodecim libros digesta." For this last work he was commended by the fanatic Kuhlman, who was as great a visionary in religious, as Kircher was in learned matters, and therefore rather more ridiculous.



LEONIDAS.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Dec. 1, 1809.

LEONIDAS.

Leonidas, the son of Anaxandrides, ascended the throne of Sparta upon the death of Cleomenes, who died without leaving any male issue. He was descended from the family of the Agidæ.

Distinguished for courage, and eminent for his talents in war, this prince was chosen commander of the Greeks at Thermopylæ, the only passage by which the innumerable army of Xerxes could penetrate into Greece. He set out with 7,000 men, according to the calculation of M. Barthelemé, the learned author of the Travels of Anacharsis,—devoting himself to certain death for the safety of his country. As he quitted Sparta for the battle, his wife asked him, if he had any injunction to give her. "No," he replied; "except, after my death, that you marry a man of virtue and honour, who may raise children deserving the name of your first husband."

This skilful general placed his army adjoining Anthela, and waited the approach of the enemy. He had scarcely finished his preparations, when Xerxes displayed his columns on the plains of Trachinia. He then dispatched an officer to reconnoitre the Greeks; and his surprise was extreme, when the person entrusted with the commission, being only able to discern a portion of the soldiers of Leonidas, declared their number not to exceed 300 men. Xerxes waited some days, in the hope that they would surrender without fighting. "If you will submit," said he, in a letter to the Lacedæmonian general, "I will give you the empire of Greece." The proposition of the Persian monarch was that of the chief of a band of slaves; the reply of Leonidas worthy of the first magistrate of a free people. "I would rather die for my country, than enslave it." Another letter of the Persian king only contained these words: "Deliver your arms." Leonidas wrote underneath, "Come and take them."

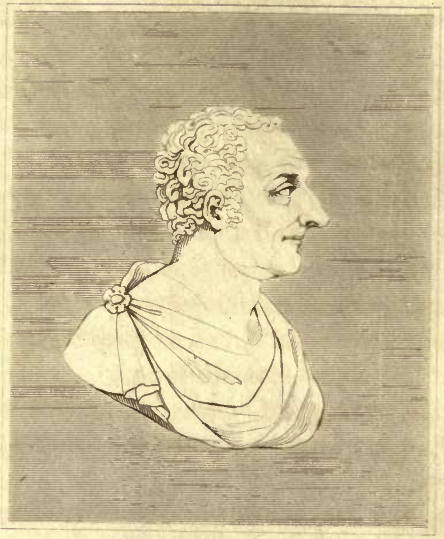
They then prepared for battle. Xerxes ordered the Medes to bring him, alive, such of the Greeks who had wounded his pride. Some soldiers ran to Leonidas, saying, "The Persians are near to us." "Say, rather, that we approach the Persians," he coolly replied; and at the same instant rushed amid their ranks, and put them to route. He overthrew and destroyed the legion known by the name of the ten thousand immortals; and strewing the plains with dead bodies, caused Xerxes, who witnessed the defeat of his army, to tremble upon his throne.

But stratagem and treason flew to the assistance of weakness and cowardice. An inhabitant of the mountains, Ephialtes, a Trachinian, offered to conduct a detachment of the Persians by a secret path, and to deliver into their hands their redoubtable enemies, surrounded on every side. Xerxes, transported with joy, loaded the wretch with presents. He set out, and the next morning, by break of day, the body of Invincibles surprised the Greeks, and prepared to overwhelm them in their defiles.

Leonidas, informed of their progress, formed then the noble resolution which has placed him at the head of the greatest heroes in every age. He ordered the allied troops to abandon a post which would have become their grave, to reserve themselves for more fortunate times, and singly with the Spartans, the Thespians, and 400 Thebans, determined upon the most daring enterprize. "In the camp of Xerxes," said he to his companions, "we must seek victory or death!" They replied by an acclamation of joy. He then ordered a frugal repast, adding, "We shall soon take another with Pluto;" and on the decline of day, he threw himself into the enemy's entrenchments. Every thing that opposed his passage was overthrown. Night added to the horror of his march, and he spread terror into every soul. Xerxes, terrified, abandoned his tent; and the Persian army, conceiving that all the forces of Greece had at length collected to avenge their wrongs, hastened to escape from death, which they received in their eagerness to avoid it.

The break of day, however, discovering to the Persians the small numbers of their conquerors, they immediately formed, and renewed the combat. Leonidas fell beneath a shower of arrows. The honour of bearing away his body, occasioned a terrible conflict between his soldiers and the most daring of the Persian army. Three times the Greeks, in their retreat, repulsed their pursuers; but attacked incessantly by fresh troops, they all perished except one man, who was considered a coward in Lacedæmon, and who only recovered his honour by performing prodigies of valour at the battle of Platæa.

The Greeks erected at Thermopylæ a monument to these brave defenders of their country: forty years afterwards Pausanias caused the reliques of Leonidas to be conveyed to Sparta. Upon the tomb raised to his memory, they pronounced every year a funeral oration in praise of his valour, and that of his companions in arms; and celebrated festivals, called *Leonidea*, at which only the Lacedæmonians were permitted to contend. He died about 480 years before the Christian era.



LIVY.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Oct.r 1. 1809.

LIVY.

It required a great painter to trace the origin, the progress, and the prodigious success of a people who, in the end, governed the rest of mankind. What a phenomenon, that a city, at first composed of certain refugées, where guilt found an asylum, whose alliance was despised by their neighbours, who were only able to obtain wives by fraud and violence, and who, by the happy influence of a constitution applicable to the developement of talents, should produce, in six centuries, more illustrious men, and more distinguished characters, than all the nations combined in the circuit of their existence.

Rome could not subsist without violent commotions: the laws of Numa had been framed for monarchy, they became almost useless when she became a republic; an aristocracy more imperious and insupportable than royalty had taken its place. The people, oppressed, made choice of defenders, while the tribuneship protected liberty in the midst of dissentions; and sometimes by the ascendancy of words, sometimes by menaces and seditions, prevented Rome from becoming the slave of a nobility, who sought in peace, in war, in all intestine or foreign dissentions, nothing but the means of maintaining or increasing their prerogatives.

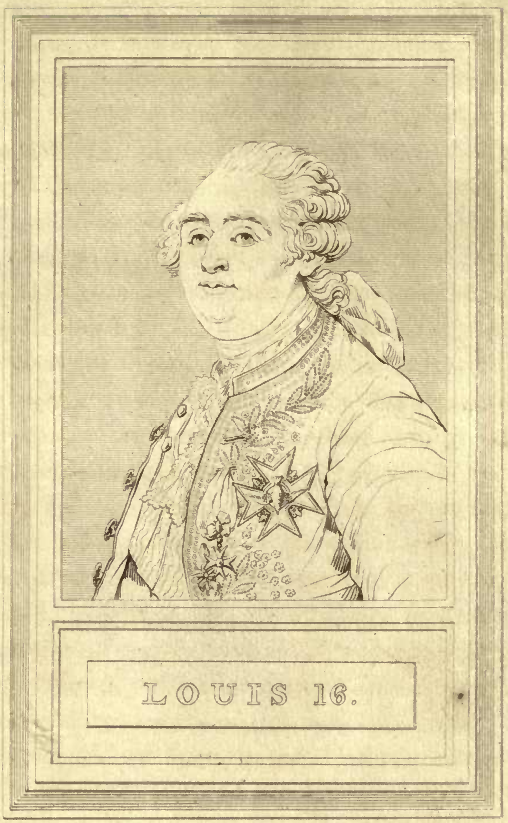
Livy found no other succours than indigested annals, and insipid chronicles: he thence extracted facts, which he embellished by the charms of his eloquence. His narrative is rich, abundant, and varied; it gives the proper colour to the events it recalls, to the passions it represents, and to the character it depictures. Does he relate the combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii, we fancy ourselves on the field of battle; if Rome be pourtrayed on the point of surrendering to the Gauls, he makes us partake of the gratitude and the admiration of the Romans for Camillus, and to sympathize in the fate of Manlius; does he paint the triumphs of Marcellus over the Syracusans, he ennobles that fortunate hero, by making him weep over the deserters of the capital of Sicily. With what felicity of expression does he describe Hannibal crossing the Alps! what majesty does he give to the conference of the African hero with the magnanimous Scipio! He has all the forms of eloquence, he possesses all the richness of elocution, he unites all the qualities of a great historian. Unfortunately, there exists only a small portion of that vast edifice which he raised to the glory of Rome:—pieces of uncommon interest are wanting; the conspiracies of the Gracchi, which he doubtless so nobly detailed, have not reached our hands: we have neither the Servilian war, in which despair rendered the slaves so great, nor that between Cæsar and Pompey, which decided the conquest of the world. It is certain that Livy was not favourable to the conqueror, since Augustus called him a Pompeian, which, of itself, is an incontestible proof that he was exempt from the censure thrown by Machiavelli on the panegyrists of the Dictator.

Livy is not so great a philosopher, as a good writer; an enthusiast in the cause of Rome, all her conquests appear lawful; in his eyes, the tyrants of the world are almost its benefactors. We will not reproach him for the prodigies he recounts: he unfolds popular traditions, the probability of which he did not give himself time to discuss. His political opinions may be easily embraced: he shews himself the declared partizan of the senate, and the adversary of the plebeans. In this respect he differs from Sallust, who glosses over the vices and the excesses of the nobles, and who is never more eloquent than when he pourtrays the resentment of the tribunes against the pride of illustrious families.

History furnishes us but with few details of the life of this distinguished historian: all that we can confidently assert is, that he was born at Padua, about fifty years before the Christian era. He was neither a warrior nor a public character. He passed the greater part of his life at Naples and Rome, but more particularly at the court of Augustus, who liberally patronized the learned, and encouraged the progress of literature. His fame was so universally spread, even in his life-time, that an inhabitant of Gades travelled Spain, Gaul, and Italy, merely to see the man whose writings had given him so much pleasure and satisfaction in the perusal. Only thirty-five books of his history, which contained one hundred and forty, have descended to us. J. Freinshemius, a learned German, of the seventeenth century, endeavoured, with great attention and industry, to supply this immense chasm by supplements, which are incorporated with the existing books. The third decade seems to be superior to the others, yet the author has not scrupled to copy from his cotemporaries and predecessors, particularly Polybius, who has, however, shewn himself more informed in military affairs, and superior to his imitator. Livy died at Padua, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, A. D. 17.

In point of grandeur of subject, and majesty of style, Livy may be compared to Herodotus; but he surpasses the Greek historian in eloquence, colouring, and force.

The best editions of Livy, are those of Maittaire, 6 vols. 12mo. London, 1722; of Drakenborch, 7 vols. 4to. Amsterdam, 1738; and Ruddiman, 4 vols. 12mo. Edin. 1751.



LOUIS 16.

Painted by Boze. Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb. 1. 1810.

LOUIS XVI.

THE particulars of the life of this accomplished, but unfortunate monarch, and the circumstances attending his deplorable fate, have been already so minutely detailed, as to render it less a subject of regret, that the limits of our publication will permit us only to give a brief and rapid sketch of the events of a reign, which gave birth to a revolution, the most important in its consequences recorded in the history of civilized nations.

Louis the sixteenth of the name, was born at Versailles, on the 23d of August, 1754. He was the second son of Louis, *dauphin*, who died in 1765, and ascended the throne in the year 1774, upon the death of his grandfather, Louis XV. He had not attained the age of twenty-one, when he assumed the reins of government, having previously married the daughter of Marie-Therese, Marie-Antoinette, of Austria, then the object of the idolatry of the French.

Louis XV. left behind him ministers who were hated and despised. He had suppressed the parliaments, and exiled the members: the finances were in a deplorable state, and the public discontended in the extreme: added to which, an indifference in matters of religion had succeeded the quarrels of the Jansenists and the Molinists, and opinions of the most dangerous tendency, on all sides, manifested themselves. The spirit of reform and liberty, which fermented in every head, and developed itself in all works that issued from the press, seduced even the monarch, whose authority it condemned. The young prince called into administration Malesherbes and Turgot, two virtuous and enlightened men, but devoted to new opinions. Dazzled, like themselves, by a specious theory, he judged the hearts of his subjects after his own, and that of his two ministers, and made it a principle of his conduct to sacrifice every thing for the welfare of his people. He remitted the tax, known by the name of *joyeux avenement*, abolished personal servitude in his dominions, and statute labour throughout his kingdom. He opened the state prisons, and recalled the parliaments. This last proceeding, which seemed to convey a tacit reproach on the act of Louis XV. encouraged in this formidable body a dangerous spirit of opposition. Louis XVI. solely occupied with the prospect of re-establishing order in the finances, lessened the number of pensions, diminished considerably the national debt, and consented to the suppression of a great part of the military establishment of his household. He also abolished preparatory torture in all criminal proceedings, and set on foot the establishment of *Monts de Pietté* in France. While he was thus employed in restoring order in his finances, the English colonies of America, then in a state of revolt against the mother country, implored the assistance of France. Louis XVI. sacrificing his private opinion to that of his council, acknowledged their independence: a formidable marine was, in an instant, created to support that proceeding. The war which followed, was not, at times, inglorious to the French army, but the finances were exhausted. It rivetted the long-existing animosity between the two nations of France and England; and the French officers, who had been engaged in the war of the United States, brought from thence the principles of republicanism, incompatible with a despotic government.

Previous to this epocha, Louis XVI. had bestowed particular attention to the commerce and the navy of France. He adopted the project of establishing a port and a bason at Cherburgh, to which place he repaired to visit the works. It was on this occasion, that, penetrated to the bottom of his heart with the testimonies of affection and respect received from his subjects, in a letter he wrote to the queen he declared he was "the happiest monarch in the universe." But the emotions of felicity he experienced, were of short duration.

The treaty of commerce which had been concluded with England, on the peace of 1783, had long excited general discontent; this was increased by the knowledge of the disordered state of the finances. The loans had multiplied to an alarming extent: new methods were necessary to raise the supplies; a national bankruptcy was even apprehended, when the king, at the representations of M. de Calonne, convoked an assembly of the nobles to remedy the evil, who rejected the plans proposed. The Cardinal de Brienne, who directed the finances, thought to be able to carry by force, what his predecessor, Calonne, had attempted in vain by persuasion. The parliament refused to enregister his pecuniary edicts, and demanded the calling of the states general. Louis acceding to the popular opinion, immediately ordered their convocation. Believing himself beloved, because he deserved to be so, he disregarded all personal sacrifices, desirous of establishing his power on the basis of public good. The impolicy of this measure, not at first foreseen, was greatly aggravated by the imprudence of Necker, who had been recalled into administration, in granting to the third estate a number of representatives, equal to that of the two other orders. It was at this epoch that some deputies of the third state of Brittany, admitted to an audience, having thrown themselves on their knees before the king, he hastily raised them, addressing to them these words, worthy of Titus, *Levez vous : ce n'est point a mes pieds qu'est la place de mes enfans.* The states opened on the 5th of May, 1789, and on the 17th of June following, the third estate constituted itself into a national assembly. Louis XVI. after having exerted himself, without effect, to oppose this measure, required that the clergy and the nobility should unite with that assembly. *Je ne veux pas*," said he upon that occasion, " *qu'un seul homme perisse pour ma querelle.*" This last expression may be considered as forming the basis of his conduct, of his generous weakness, and of all his misfortunes. Become daring now with impunity, Mirabeau and others excited the populace of Paris to insurrection. They possessed themselves of the bastile on the 14th of July, and three days after the king went to the *Hotel de Ville,* to announce the recall of M. Necker, and the dismissal of the troops, whose approach to the capital had given umbrage to the deputies. All the kingdom was now in arms, after the example of the capital. On the 5th of October, under a vain pretext, the populace, armed with pikes and other weapons, went to Versailles, and besieged the palace. A scene the most shocking to humanity then ensued. The king, faithful to his principles, preserving his usual serenity of mind, ordered his body guards to retire, and delivering himself and family to their protection, was conducted to Paris. Before his carriage, by way of trophy, they bore the bleeding heads of several of his guards. From that moment the palace of the Tuileries, where his residence was appointed, might be considered as a prison, in which the royal family, guarded by the Parisian troops, and deprived gradually of all those who venerated their persons, daily experienced new indignities. Sensible, at length, that it was no longer possible for him to govern a state so extensive as France, by the feeble means which had been left at his disposal; foreseeing new persecutions, and anxious to preserve his family from outrage, Louis resolved, on the night of the 20th June, 1791, to quit the kingdom; but this enterprise failed. He was recognized at Varennes, and brought back to Paris as a criminal.

The result of this event was his acceptance of the constitution; and though it was evidently by constraint, he still proposed to himself scrupulously to observe every thing which had been imposed upon him. Among other ordinances, it submitted all the laws to his sanction. On the 19th June, 1792, however, upon the decree for the transportation of the clergy, he renounced the oaths he had taken. The following day the Tuileries was again invested by an enraged and sanguinary populace. The king opened the gates to them, and with a serene aspect exclaimed, "*Je ne crois pas avoir rien a craindre des Francois.* His composure disarmed his assassins, who, after subjecting the monarch to every species of menace and insult, in the end retired, without doing him any personal injury.

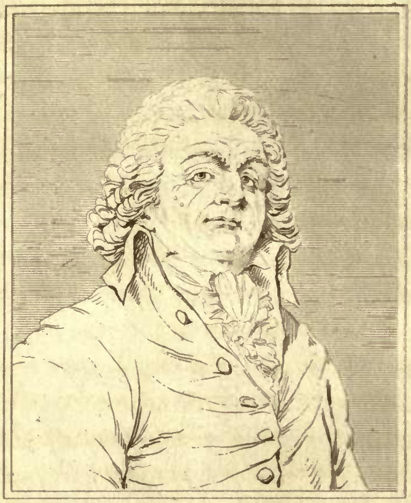
The occurrences of this day gave the king a presage of his approaching fate. From that moment he expected his destruction, and prepared his family for the endurance of new misfortunes. A fresh storm was soon excited. On the 10th of August, the populace instigated, and upheld by bands of pretended *Marsellois*, kept in pay for the purpose of massacres, by the factions of *Chabot* and *Danton*, covered the *Carrousel*, and attacked the palace. They even pointed cannon against the Tuileries. In this critical situation it only remained with the king to fly or perish at his post. He resolved for himself and family to seek an asylum in the bosom of the legislative assembly. He dispatched an order to the Swiss guards, and to the small number of his faithful subjects who had assembled in his defence, not to make further resistance, and in a few moments he heard pronounced the suspension of his power, and his imprisonment in the temple, while the rabble pillaged his palace, and put the Swiss guards to the sword.

If Louis XVI. had been weak and irresolute upon the throne, he was great and dignified under misfortune. Shut up in the tower of the temple, deprived of every thing except a few books, employed in the education of his son, in affording consolation to his wife, and in strengthening his own mind by the duties of religion, surrounded on all sides by witnesses, and exposed to every species of vexation and outrage, he presented at all times an example of the most affecting resignation. History has preserved many details of his captivity, which we cannot here repeat. He at times appeared to forget his misfortunes, and to pardon the authors of them. Soon after being put upon his trial by the convention, he appeared at the bar of the assembly, defended himself with dignity, and heard with philosophical composure the sentence of his condemnation.

The zeal, ability, and respectful attachment of his advocates are well known, but all their eloquence and their efforts were of no avail. His death had been resolved upon before a word had been uttered in his justification. M. de Malesherbes, who had been formerly the minister of Louis XVI. and who considered it a duty to quit his retreat, and defend his master, disclosed to the unfortunate monarch the destiny that awaited him. The prince, whom in that moment he discovered in an attitude of meditation, turned to him, and said, "I have for these two hours been endeavouring to recollect whether, in the whole course of my reign, I have ever merited the slightest reproach from my subjects: I swear to you, in all the sincerity of my heart, as a man who must shortly appear before my God, that I have constantly desired the welfare of my people, and that I never formed a wish that had a contrary tendency." This testimony which Louis rendered to himself was just; but he had but an imperfect knowledge of mankind, and the weakness of his character gave rise to evils of a more serious description than would have resulted from the most violent passions in another prince.

On the 20th of January, 1793, Louis heard his sentence read to him with great composure, and communicated it himself to his family, to arm them with resignation. At midnight he heard mass: immediately afterwards he threw himself upon a bed, and slept soundly. In the morning he was still asleep when the faithful *Clery* came to awake and dress him for the last time. At eight o'clock he quitted his apartments to be be conducted to the scaffold. Placed in a coach, with his confessor Abbé *Edgeworth*, and two gend'armes, he was two hours before he reached the square of Louis XV. Having ascended the scaffold, he refused to have his hands tied, saying, "*Je suis sur de moi,*" and turning round, attempted to address the populace, when the beating of drums overpowered his voice, and prevented his proceeding. "*Allez fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel*," exclaimed at that instant his confessor, with enthusiasm, and immediately after his head was severed from his body. His remains were then conveyed to the burying ground of the *Magdaleine*, and consumed with quick lime, according to an order of the Convention. His will, which was read in the sitting of the commune, on the day of his execution, is no less admirable for simplicity and dignity of expression than for the grandeur of the sentiment, and the pious resignation with which it abounds. This amiable prince terminated his earthly career on the 21st of January, 1793.

If Louis possessed all the private virtues incident to humanity; if he was a good husband and a good father; it must be confessed he was often too confident with respect to his ministers, who frequently abused the authority with which they were invested. Simple in his habits, he was fond of labour and rational enjoyment: as free from ostentation as from inordinate passions, the exercise of hunting, and the study of the mechanical arts formed his sole delight. He possessed a perfect knowledge of history, and was, perhaps, the best geographer in France; he spoke the Latin language with purity, and attained considerable fluency in the English. His style of writing was easy and natural, and not destitute of force.



MIRABEAU.

Painted by Guerin. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb. 1, 1810.

MIRABEAU.

Honore-Gabriel de Riqueti Count Mirabeau was born at Aix, in 1749, and was son of the Marquis of Mirabeau, author of the *Ami des Hommes,* and one of the chiefs of the sects of the œconomists. This apostle of public liberty was the tyrant of his family, and was perhaps by his harshness one of the principal causes of the irregularities and vices of his son. The impetuous youth of this latter was agitated by the most violent passions. Returning to his country after having served some time in Corsica, he, at the age of twenty-five, undertook to carry off a young lady of interesting appearance, from the person to whom she was promised in marriage. Being little scrupulous about the means of accomplishing his object, he made use of calumny; and in a little time she who was the object of it had no other way to save her reputation, but to marry the man who had tarnished it. It was impossible that this union could be happy: the misconduct and dissipated life of Mirabeau, induced his father to take the most rigorous steps against him, and even to cause him to be banished. At the age of twenty-five, in consequence of a private quarrel, he was first shut up in the castle of If, afterwards in the castle of Joux in Franche Comté. Making an ill use of some relaxation of his captivity, he seduced the wife of a magistrate of the province, and fled with her to Holland. He was condemned to death for this crime; being arrested by surprise, in 1777, he was again imprisoned in the dungeon of Vincennes.

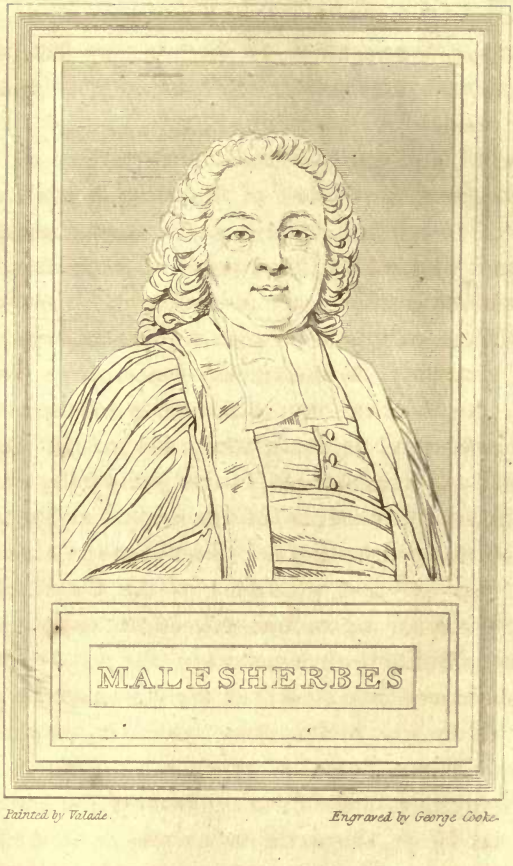
It was then that the whole vehemence of his character and imagination led him to study; but, ever agitated by his passions, they directed his choice in the objects of his labours. He translated *Tibullus*, the *Bacia of Johannes Secundus*, and some other erotic poems. The correspondence which he kept up while in prison with the woman he seduced, has many beauties, but the writer gives himself up without any reserve to all the impetuosity and delirium of passion.

Being set at liberty in 1780, he published two years afterwards, his work on *Lettres de Cachet* and *State Prisons*. This work, although diffuse, made a great impression on the public mind, in which those ideas of liberty were fomented, which soon shewed themselves. Not long after this Mirabeau was employed by the ministry on a secret mission to Prussia. He there was a witness of the last moments of Frederick the Great, and of the beginning of the reign of his successor, whose character and weaknesses he unveiled in his secret history of the court of Berlin, a libel which appeared in 1789.

Eager to engage in troubles, Mirabeau sought to kindle dissentions in Holland and Brabant, by his *Address to the Batavians*, and *his Letter to Joseph II.* when the agitations which began to take place in France, recalled him there to take a part in them.

Rejected by the nobility of Provence, on the election of the deputies to the states general in 1789, like another Clodius, he renounced the rights his birth entitled him to, and got himself elected by the *tiers etat* of the city of Aix. To render himself formidable to the court, and to revenge himself for its having tried to prevent his nomination, from the opening of the states general, he ventured to oppose the royal authority, was not afraid to announce his projects against it, and the first orders of the state, and directed the French revolution from the commencement of it. He promoted the reunion of the three orders, and declared himself openly in insurrection, almost in the king's presence, in the sitting of the 23rd of June, by replying to the grand master of the ceremonies, who brought to the assembly the order for them to separate. "Go tell those who send you, that we will not quit our places until compelled by the bayonet." This famous answer pointed out to the monarch the only method which remained for him to save both his crown and his life. But whether from irresolution, or respect for the inviolability with which the assembly, on the motion of the court, had invested the deputies, the king did nothing to curb his disobedience; and Mirabeau, increasing in audacity, in proportion as the court displayed weakness, caused the assembly to demand that the troops which surrounded Paris should be sent away, the ministers dismissed, and determined on the formation of the national guard.

A powerful voice, a warmth of thought and expression, calculated to gain over his hearers, an extreme audacity, joined to a most extraordinary presence of mind; in fine, every thing in an orator which could contribute to dazzle the multitude, such were the means which confirmed to Mirabeau the empire of the tribune to his latest day. He there discussed the principal questions of public right, and of the different parts of government; he caused the possessions of the clergy to be declared the property of the nation, decreed new emissions of assignats; he spoke of the royal sanction, on the right of making peace and war, on the regency, on the succession to the throne; in a word, there was no important business came before the assembly on which he did not make some speech. He also took a very active part in all the great events which then were passing, and was accused by the *chatelet*, in the very midst of the assembly, of having been one of the principal instigators of the famous business of the 6th of October. The decree given in his favour on this occasion, far from justifying him in the public opinion, served only to shew the great power he possessed, and the dispositions of the majority of his colleagues. At length, after having sapped all the foundations of the throne, terrified perhaps at his work, he seemed to wish to oppose some barrier to the torrent the dykes of which he had broken, when a sudden and violent illness carried him off in three days, at the age of forty-two. He died the 2nd of April, 1791. All the theatres were shut; the whole assembly attended his funeral, his body was deposited in the pantheon, and his bust placed in the hall, where the legislative body held its meetings. Two years had scarcely elapsed after these honours had been paid to his memory, when, by a decree of the convention, his remains were removed to make room for Marat, whilst his bust was burnt by the populace.



MALESHERBES

Painted by Valade. Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry, Feb.1,1810.

MALESHERBES.

Chretien Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, son of the Chancellor de Lamoignon, grandson of the President de Lamoignon, the friend of Boileau and Racine, and great grandson of the first President de Lamoignon, the *Ariste* of the *Lutrin*, was born on the 6th of December, 1721. After having completed with much distinction, his course of humanity among the Jesuits, where he had for preceptor the Abbé de Radonvilliers, who was afterwards his colleague at the French academy, Monsieur de Malesherbes devoted himself, like his ancestors, to the study of the law. At the age of twenty, he commenced his judicial career as deputy attorney-general. Three years afterwards he was admitted a counsel to the parliament, and at twenty-five he succeeded his father, who was made chancellor, in the office of first president of the Court of Aids. This was taking upon himself, at an early age, and under very difficult circumstances, the duty of defending the fortune of the state, and the rights of the people, against financiers, contractors, ministers, proposers of taxes, and prevaricators of every kind. M. de Malesherbes acquitted himself during twenty-five years, with infinite credit in this arduous employ, and the talents, the perseverance, and the courage he displayed, gained him the love and affection of the nation.

In the year 1779, there was printed, under the title of *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire du droit publique de la France en matiere d'impots*, a collection of speeches and remonstrances, composed by him during the long struggle between despotism and taxation. These are so many solid and learned works upon the different parts of the administration of the finances: they present particularly an extraordinary model of the art of speaking truth to the prince, without dissimulation and exaggeration, without weakness or irreverence, with a tranquil firmness, a force of reasoning almost irresistible, with an eloquence sometimes tender and persuasive, sometimes animating and imposing: and at the same time, with all those regards which prudence and reason dictate towards those whom he was compelled to attack, or rather those against whom he was compelled to defend himself. We there find, at every moment, great and important truths expressed with a conciseness that doubles their power and utility. "The liberality of princes only enriches the courtier—his refusals form the riches of the people."—"No one is so exalted as to be sheltered from the hatred of a minister, nor sufficiently debased not to be worthy of that of a clerk." Such were some of his political axioms. His fine remonstrances of the year 1771, are justly celebrated. Voltaire, who was then solicitous to please the chancellor, Maupeou, undertook, but in vain, to refute them: they triumphed over that formidable attack, divided even the court itself, and were equally applauded by men of the world and by men of letters. Some time after, M. de Malesherbes falling with the company of which he had so long been the organ, expiated his success by three years of disgrace and exile. The evening before the arrival of the *Lettre de Cachet*, which deprived him of his functions, he said to one of his friends, "In so many battles fought with such disadvantages, I never received a wound." Retired to Malesherbes, where he gave an asylum to several of his late associates, this worthy magistrate devoted himself entirely to his taste for study and agricultural pursuits. He cultivated his garden, collected foreign plants, familiarized them to the climate, shed upon them the sun of France, and lived as a private man, a scholar, and a philosopher, in learned leisure—*docta per otia.*

In the year 1774, upon the re-establishment of the sovereign courts, M. de Malesherbes appeared for a short time at the head of the Court of Aids, with a view of recommending the love of peace and a generous oblivion of the past. Soon after, a command from Louis XVI. joined to the repeated solicitations of his virtuous friend Turgot, determined him to enter again into administration. He succeeded M. de la Vrilliere in the department of the court and of Paris, which he only retained nine months, but during which period many abuses were removed. His first care was to empty the state prisons; after which he established an amicable tribunal, composed of men of virtue and probity, in order to judge in what cases *Lettres de Cachet* and *Lettres de Surseance* were absolutely necessary. The enemy of all rigid reform, he was desirous that nothing should be rooted up, even in matters that promised to be productive of good. In 1776, the dismissal of M. Turgot induced M. de Malesherbes to retire from administration, and to return to his farm. Ten years afterwards, some particular occurrences recalled him a second time to the council. This he attended unaccompanied by any office, and had again an opportunity of promoting the public welfare. To him his country is indebted for one of the acts which reflected the greatest honour on the reign of Louis XVI. that which gave to the protestants the title and a portion of the rights of a citizen. M. de Malesherbes opposed, as much as it was possible, the measures adopted by the Archbishop of Toulouse. Forseeing the crisis which the errors of administration, and the disorders in the finances, were about to produce, he composed two pamphlets, one *Sur la necessité et les moyens, de diminuer les depenses*, the other *Sur la situation presente des affaires;* but perceiving that he could not enter into the political views of the minister, without having a particular conference with the king; and as he imagined it was the duty of those who are of the national councils to make the public believe that they inviolably approve the deliberation there adopted, he felt himself again compelled to retire.

To return to private life was to him only a change of labour. From his youth, and in the midst of the most important occupations, he had always cultivated with similar devotion, literature, the sciences, and the useful arts. Informed of every thing, and most deeply informed, he was even superior to men of letters, from the penetration, the sagacity, the vivacity, the warmth, and the gaiety of his mind; as he was to the greater part of the learned, by the variety, the extent, the solidity of his acquirements, increased and embellished by native genius. Different from so many men, whom their knowledge overpowers, he had so incorporated his erudition into his very substance, that his mind was no more embarrassed than his body with its apparent weight. M. de Malesherbes, during the life-time of his father, had had the care of the library: it was truly the golden age of letters in France. During his administration literature assumed a great character of utility, in elevating itself to the political sciences, in producing a number of excellent works upon agriculture, commerce, the finances, and by a natural consequence, upon the different branches of the administration. It was under his auspices that the *Encyclopedia* appeared, the grandest and most comprehensive literary monument of the last century. The partizan of a discreet liberty, a sincere admirer of real talent, zealous for the progress of reason, a stranger to every species of sect, to all kind of prejudice and pretension, M. de Malesherbes was an example of perfect toleration: all parties, therefore, after having complained of him alternately, concluded by acknowledging and admiring the wisdom of his deportment. The three principal academies of Paris called him successively into their body; and no one more truly merited that triple honour, so rarely bestowed, than himself; no one carried into literary commerce more amenity, in its labours more enthusiasm, into its discussions more modesty, united with more intelligence. When he was consulted, his first expression always was, "I am ignorant of the general opinion on a subject that has not been the particular object of my studies; only"—and this *only* usually produced a learned dissertation and a satisfactory reply.

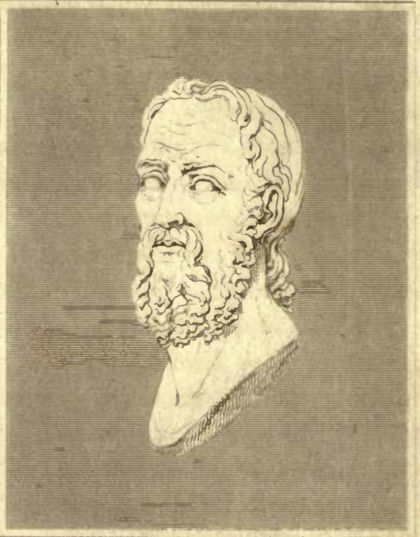
M. de Malesherbes has written upon all sorts of subjects, although he published but a very few works; among which are two admirable *Memoires sur les Mariages des Protestans*. Out of deference to Buffon he could not be persuaded to put to the press some observations he had made on the first volumes of his

Natural History; the principal object of which was to vindicate Linneus, and some other naturalists, ill-treated by that celebrated author. They were suffered to remain above forty years in manuscript; being only printed in the year 1798. It is an object greatly to be desired, that his other considerable works, on important branches of the administration, should be likewise published; in which this profound civilian, uniting to his vast knowledge the results of his experience and meditation, established so many excellent principles, and proposed so many useful reforms. In these, as in his *Memoires sur les Protestans,* M. de Malesherbes distinguishes himself by a learned, luminous, and moderate discussion; no trace of that false contempt which political writers ordinarily affect for the objections they refute, of that mania to condemn as absurd every thing which deviates from their own opinion: the research for truth is at all times accompanied with so much candour—a regard for the public welfare is so visibly imprinted upon them—the rights of reason, of justice and humanity, are exposed and defended in a tone so amiable, so persuasive, that if we were able to resist the force of his arguments, we must necessarily yield to the charm of virtue.

It seems, in fact, that in this singular man all the qualities of the heart were combined to exalt the brilliancy of his talents. Learned, without ostentation; philosophical, without austerity; wise, tender, upright, and affectionate; delicate and refined in his pleasures, no one carried to a greater extent the exercise of all the domestic virtues. The enemy of arbitrary power, he devoted his public life to defend the oppressed; beneficent, without prodigality, he sacrificed his private fortune to assist the indigent. This was more than once greatly reduced: "What would you have had me done? they were so truly miserable;" was his constant reply to those who censured his benevolence. Although very laborious, and always busied in important occupations, M. de Malesherbes was fond of society, saw a great deal of company, and was even extremely polite. He was wholly unacquainted with that presidential haughtiness which is called dignity: remote from all affectation as from all asperity, he was affable, natural, and simple; but through the veil of a sprightly and erudite simplicity, his vast superiority was apparent. The activity of his imagination, the richness of his memory, the accuracy of his judgment, the habitual serenity of his mind, his tender gaiety, his affecting good nature, even his occasional eccentricities, gave a peculiar charm to his conversation.

In fine, what rarely happens to the most virtuous men, the death of M. de Malesherbes was worthy of his life. Estranged from all the events of a revolution, of which he had long foreseen the fatal results, he was terminating quietly his career, occupied with projects useful to agriculture, when the disastrous fate of Louis XVI. called him from his labours. He learnt that that unfortunate prince was to be tried by the Convention; and consulting only the dictates of his heart, offered himself to defend him. "I have been twice called to the councils of him who was my master," (he wrote to the president of the Convention,) "at a time when that function was the object of general ambition: I owe to him the same service now, that the office is esteemed by many peculiarly dangerous." The king forgot, for a moment, his deplorable destiny, in pressing to his bosom his faithful and generous friend. The issue of the trial is well known.

Having fulfilled, at the age of nearly seventy-two, a most painful and perilous duty, M. de Malesherbes returned, his mind rent with anguish, to his rural habitation. But he could not long escape the proscription pronounced against every one that was virtuous. His atrocious persecutors were even desirous that the death of the best of men should be the most cruel and the most afflicting. Arrested at the same moment with his daughter, his son-in-law, and their children, imprisoned with them; the refined barbarity of the jailors compelled him to witness the execution of those for whom he would a thousand times have sacrificed life. After having paid to nature the tribute of sensibility—after having bestowed upon his children the consolation so necessary in those difficult moments, he still gave them an example of composure, and the fortitude of a good man struggling against misfortune. On his charge of accusation being tendered to him, he read it coolly, and folding it up, said, "They ought, at least, to have made it more probable;" and no longer occupied himself with it. He was immediately condemned; and his hands tied, he marched towards his grave. At the moment he passed the threshold of his prison, his foot struck against a stone. "This," said he, smiling, "is an unlucky omen. A Roman, in my situation, would have gone back." Every thing was heroic in this illustrious family. Memory will long cherish the sublime and affecting words addressed by Madame de Rosambo, his daughter, to Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. "You have had the happiness of saving the life of your father; I shall, at least, enjoy the consolation of dying with mine." M. de Malesherbes perished on the 22d of April, 1793.



PLINY the ELDER

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe Poultry Dec.1.1809.

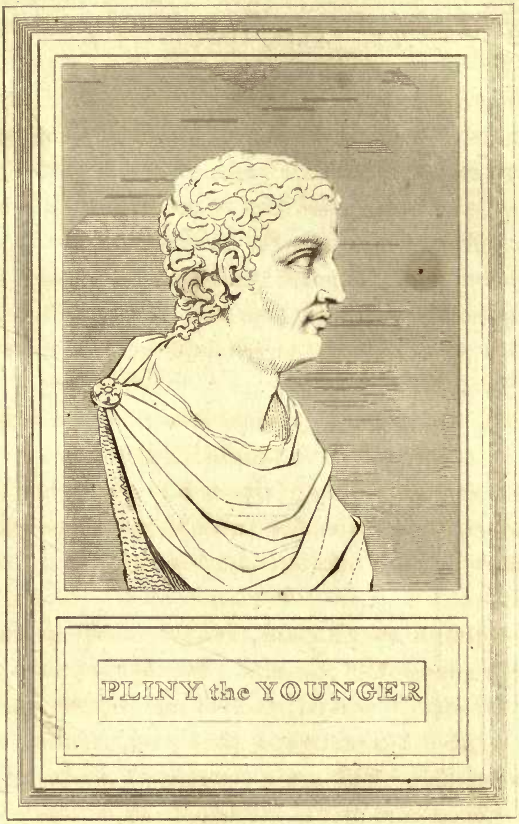
PLINY THE ELDER.

Caius Plinius Secundus was born at Verona, under the reign of Tiberius. In his youth he bore arms with considerable reputation; after which he was admitted into the college of Augurs. He discharged, with extreme fidelity, the duties of other posts to which he was appointed, without neglecting the friendship or intercourse with the princes under whom he lived. Vespasian appointed him governor of Spain, where he conducted himself with strict integrity, devoting the day to public affairs, and the night to study. His mind was stored with various knowledge, and he was an inquisitive observer of the works of nature. To this spirit of curiosity he sacrificed his life. Lying at Misenum, with a fleet which he commanded, he was surprised at an extraordinary cloud issuing from Vesuvius; he immediately put to sea, and landed at the foot of the mountain, to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon; but the sulphureous exhalation from the burning lava overcame him, and he was suffocated, A.D. 79. The circumstances of his death are related by the Younger Pliny, in a letter to the historian Tacitus.

Of all the writings of Pliny, none remain but his Natural History; a work of wonderful erudition, and as extensive and varied as nature itself. Independently of his history of animals, of plants, and minerals, it comprehends the history of heaven and earth, of physic, commerce, navigation, the history of the mechanical and liberal arts, the origin of customs; in short, of all the natural sciences, and all human discoveries. It is the most valuable repertory of the knowledge of antiquity, and justly deserves to be called the ***Encyclopædia*** of the Ancients.

The eloquence which Pliny has displayed in his work; the imagination which colours and animates his style, give it a distinguished place among the writers of the second century of Roman literature: but he does not exhibit either the purity or the admirable simplicity of the Augustan age. His principal character is vivacity and energy; but he carries his boldness sometimes too far: his thoughts exceed frequently the boundaries of truth; he sinks often into declamation, and becomes harsh and obscure in aiming at precision and force.

The best editions of this work are that of Hardouin, at Paris, in 1723, 3 vols. folio; and that of Brotier, 1779, 6 vols. 12mo. It has been translated into English by Philemon Holland.



PLINY the YOUNGER

Engraved by George Cooke.

London. Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Sep.^t 1, 1809.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Cæcilius Plinius Secundus, surnamed the *younger*, was born at Rome in the year 61 or 62, of J. C. He was the nephew of Pliny the naturalist, and received the usual education of the Roman nobility.

His master was the celebrated Quintilian, and of all his disciples Pliny did him the most honour. The gratitude of the scholar equalled the talents of the illustrious professor.

Sent into Syria at the head of a legion, he rendered himself remarkable by the precision with which he fulfilled his various duties. Upon his return to Rome, Pliny the naturalist, was delighted to find those qualities in a nephew, which he would have desired in a son, and adopted him.

A distinction so glorious, only tended to animate Pliny in his laudable pursuits. He was sensible of the honour he had received, and of the responsibility it carried with it. Persuaded that great names reflect disgrace on those who are unworthy of them, he neglected nothing that might contribute to render his own celebrated by posterity, taking his uncle as his model.

Pliny did not long enjoy the happiness of his instruction. He was scarcely eighteen, when his uncle perished in his arms, in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He fell a victim to his curiosity and extraordinary attachment to science. In one of his letters to Tacitus, the adopted son of Pliny, the naturalist, has transmitted to posterity the details of an event that snatched this great man from his country, his family, and the sciences, which owe so much to his industry and meditation.

Destitute of support, Pliny, reflecting on his own resources, turned his attention solely to public affairs. At the age of nineteen, he pleaded in the forum, with an eloquence equal to that of the greatest orators of his time, and was honoured with peculiar marks of approbation from all descriptions of persons.

But of all the brilliant actions of Pliny, no one did him so much credit as his undertaking the defence of his friend Helvidius, who had been condemned to death through the accusation of Publicius Certus. After the death of Domitian, he requested of the senate permission to arraign the infamous informer. In this expedient, he was neither restrained by the immense credit, nor by the riches of Publicius; much less did he shrink from his object by the fear of any enemies. which this line of conduct might create. In vain his friends admonished him that by such proceedings he would render himself obnoxious to all future emperors; he had the firmness to reply to them, "So much the better, provided they are wicked emperors." In short, when he had occasion to speak, he expressed himself with so much force and animation, that if the clemency of the new emperor preserved Publicius Certus from punishment, his justice, at least, indicated the sense he entertained of his unworthiness, by excluding him from the consulship, to which he had been elected.

Pliny rose gradually by his own merit, to the first offices of state. He was successively Tribune of the people—Prefect of the public treasure—Consul—Governor of Pontus and Bithynia—Overseer of the

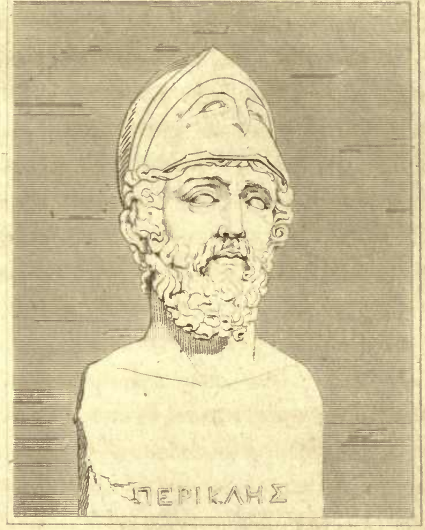
Æmylian way—and at length, Augur; a species of sacerdotal dignity which continued during life.

When invested with the consular dignity, Pliny, at the desire of the Senate and the Roman people, pronounced that fine oration, which is extant, entitled "The Panegyric on Trajan." It is an eternal monument of the talents and gratitude of its author. In reading this celebrated harangue we can scarcely say which is the more to be admired, the prince who merited such an eulogy, or the orator who delivered it.

After his consulship, Pliny was chosen governor of Bithynia. In this new employ, he distinguished himself by his goodness, his justice, and his humanity. On his return he resumed his favourite occupations. It was about this time, it is conceived, he re-married. He lost his first wife during the defence of Helvidius. Calpurnia, who succeeded her, was as much celebrated for her wit as her beauty. He found no difficulty in instilling into her mind a taste for the *belles lettres:* this predilection became of itself a passion, but this she so blended with the attachment she evinced for her husband, that we can scarcely say whether she loved Pliny for his literary attainments, or literature on account of Pliny.

Pliny was the liberal patron of men of virtue and learning; of the particulars of his death, history affords no mention. He died, it is supposed, about the year A. D. 113, no less distinguished for his virtues than his talents.

Of the writings of this ingenious and excellent man, only his epistles and panegyric remain. It has been a matter of some surprise, that Trajan should have been able patiently to listen to this long discourse, in which panegyric appears exhausted; but if the author has exceeded the bounds of praise, he has not surpassed the limits of truth. His letters, though greatly studied, exhibit the extent of his genius. They manifest, however, more taste than nature, and if Pliny, like Cicero, does not interest us by a detail of the intrigues and revolutions of the most turbulent period of the republic, he entertains us by a rapid and sprightly recital, intermixed with occurrences and anecdotes, that paint the manners and characters of his cotemporaries.



PERICLES.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Dec. 1. 1809.

PERICLES.

Few men have so well served their country as Pericles. He was great in war, but still greater in peace. Placed in the first rank among the Athenians, by his eloquence, his talents, and his virtues, an enlightened protector of the arts, ambitious of every species of glory, he well deserved that posterity should distinguish, by his name, the age to which he was so illustrious an ornament.

Pericles devoted himself to the study of philosophy from his earliest years. Anaxagoras, of Clazomenæ, his master, guarded him from his infancy from all destructive prejudices; but the talent which Pericles cultivated with the greatest care, because he considered it as the most necessary acquirement in any one desirous of influencing the people, was that of public speaking. He gave, to use the words of Plutarch, to the study of philosophy the colour of rhetoric. The most brilliant imagination seconded all the powers of logic. Sometimes he thundered with vehemence, and set all Greece in flames; at other times, the goddess of persuasion, with all her allurements, dwelt upon his tongue, and no one could defend himself from the solidity of his argument and the sweetness of his discourse.

Pericles, by birth, had some title to the confidence of the people: Xanthippus, his father, had beaten at Mycale the lieutenants of the Persian king. He was grand nephew, by Agariste his mother, of Calisthenes, who expelled the Pisistratidæ, and re-established the popular government in Athens. The old men who had known Pisistratus, fancied they saw in Pericles the same personal qualities, the same talent for elocution and sweetness of voice. He also resembled him in point of character. He was, like him, tender and moderate; but, like him, he thirsted for power. His riches, his illustrious birth, his powerful friends, his talents, and his virtues, would have subjected him to Ostracism, had he at first meddled in public affairs. Pericles knew the danger, and avoided it. He suffered those to die who were able to trace in him any likeness to Pisistratus, and sought, amid war and peril, a glory less suspicious to the interests of the republic, and less subject to envy.

After the death of Aristides and the exile of Themistocles, Pericles seeing that Cimon was engaged out of Greece in a foreign war, began to appear in public with greater boldness. He was then observed to withdraw himself from society, to renounce pleasure, to attract the attention of the multitude, by a slow step, a sober deportment, a modest exterior, and by irreproachable manners. He declared himself in favour of the popular party, in order to remove any suspicion that he aspired to absolute dominion, and to form a rampart against the reputation of Cimon, who was at the head of the opulent and the nobles. It is at this period we are to form our judgment of the policy of Pericles; of his ascendancy over himself, and of the combination of his projects. Athens, until then, had only considered him as the first of orators; she now regarded him as one of her ablest statesmen. Incessantly occupied with the administration of public affairs, and devoting all his leisure hours to the study of those whom he intended to govern, Pericles, after having reflected upon his conduct, judged it expedient to live in retirement, to avoid the applause of the people, who become weary as they lavish their praise, and to govern the multitude by those incitements which flattered them the most—the show of magnificence in their public games, and grandeur in their monuments, whether of luxury or utility. The fortune of Pericles was an obstacle to the last part of his projects. He could not, like Cimon, employ immense riches to decorate the city, and relieve the indigent; but, by the influence of his popularity, he disposed of the treasures of the Athenians and that of their allies; and, as if nature concurred in the completion of his designs, he covered Athens with temples and edifices, which Art has enumerated among her *chef d'œuvres*. The Parthenon, the Sanctuary of Eleusis, the Odeon, and the Propylea, soon attracted the attention of a people enamoured of the fine arts, and of every thing that bore the stamp of grandeur and elegance. And to advance his fortune, there sprung up at this memorable epoch, in every part of Greece, those illustrious writers and celebrated artists, who reflected so much lustre upon an age, which may be called the age of Genius.

But it was not solely by monuments and public festivals that Pericles rendered himself the idol of the people; he effected it still more by the profusion with which he bestowed honours and rewards. He gave pensions to the poor citizens, and distributed among them a portion of the conquered territories. He granted particular privileges to the judges, and to those who assisted at the shows and the general assembly. The people, who saw only the hand which gave, were blind to the source from whence it was received. Their attachment to Pericles even increased when they observed that this great man maintained in his family the modesty and frugality of ancient times; that he carried into the administration the utmost disinterestedness and unalterable probity; and in the government of the armies had the precaution to put nothing to hazard, and to risk rather the reputation than the safety of the state. Pericles, assured of the devotion of the people of Athens, rendered them accomplices to his ambition: he caused Cimon to be banished, by a false accusation of carrying on a suspicious intercourse with the Lacedæmonians; and under frivolous pretexts destroyed the authority of the court of Areopagus, of which he was not a member, which vigorously opposed all innovation, and restrained the licentiousness of the Athenians.

After the death of Cimon, the nobility seeing Pericles thus rising with rapidity to sovereign power, opposed him in the person of Thucydides. This new rival, the orator of his faction, did not cease to represent Pericles as prodigal of the public finances. Pericles perceiving that the people began to give credit to this accusation, so frequently repeated, asked them one day in a general assembly, if they thought the disbursements too extravagant. "Infinitely so;" they replied. "Well, then," he retorted, "the whole shall be placed to my individual account, and I will inscribe my name upon these monuments." "Not so," returned the people, with enthusiasm, "Let them be constructed at the expense of the public, and nothing be spared for their completion."

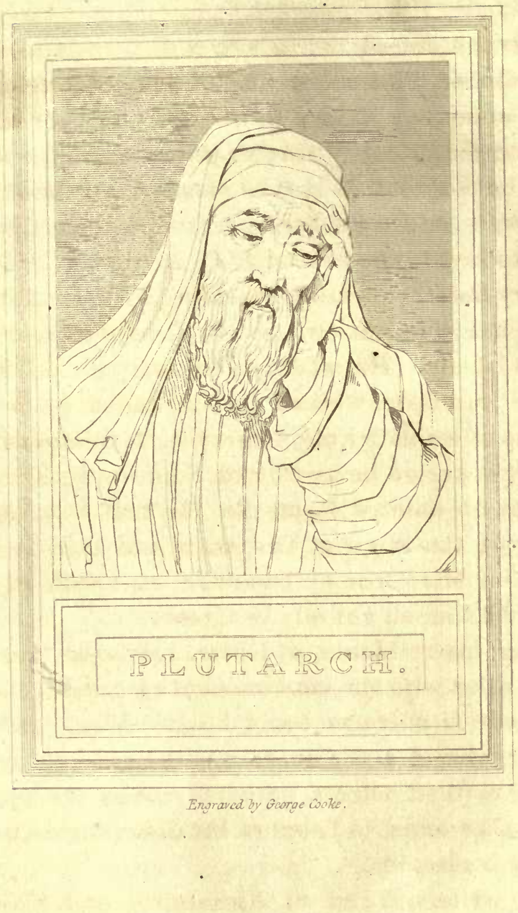
After this victory, carried on by the adroitness of Pericles, he came to so violent a rupture with Thucydides, that he insisted upon his banishment, or upon being banished himself. Thucydides was vanquished in this conflict of ambition, and his exile tended to annihilate the power of his partizans. All party spirit being now extinguished, concord and unanimity were re-established. Pericles now governed, without any obstacle, the people of Athens; directed, according to his pleasure, the finances, the navy, and the troops: islands and seas were made subservient to his views: he alone governed that vast engine which extended itself not only over the Greeks, but the Barbarians, and which was fortified and cemented by the obedience and fidelity of the conquered nations, by the friendship of kings, and by treaties ratified with several princes.

Pericles, by his military expeditions, augmented, for a considerable time, the natural pride and ambition of the Athenians. Under this illustrious general they had made the glorious campaign of the Chersonesus. They had seen him with a fleet of one hundred ships scour the whole coast of the Peloponnesus; subdue the Sicyonians in the territory of Nemæa; and, sailing afterwards beyond the embouchure of the Achelous, devastate Acarnania, and compel the inhabitants of Œniada to hide themselves within their walls. So many triumphs inspired them with an opinion of their strength, and this sentiment rendered them unjust towards their allies, who for a long time murmured at these tyrannical dispositions. Amongst other subjects of complaint, they reproached the Athenians with having employed, in the embellishment of their city, certain sums of money which had been yearly paid to them to commence war against the Persians. Pericles replied, that the fleets of the republic sheltered her allies from the insults of barbarians, and that she had no other engagements to fulfil. In consequence of this answer, Eubiœ, Samos, and Byzantium, revolted; but soon after, Eubiœ returned to the dominion of the Athenians. Byzantium granted them her accustomed tribute: Samos, after a vigorous resistance, indemnified them for the expenses of the war, surrendered their ships, demolished her walls, and sent hostages to Athens.

The greater glory Pericles acquired the more envy he excited. The league of the Peloponnesus, by which he was regarded as the author of the despotic measures which Athens had adopted towards her allies, raised him many enemies among his own countrymen. Not daring, at first, to attack him in his private life, which was irreproachable, they attacked him in the persons of those he loved. In Anaxagoras, his master, in Phidias, his *protegé*, and in his wife, Aspasia, the repository of all his projects, and his tenderest friend. In the end, by degrees, their malevolence reached himself. He was accused of having dissipated, or mis-employed the public treasure, of which he was ordered to give an account. Notwithstanding his integrity, he would doubtless have sunk under this attack, if an unforeseen event had not reseated him in authority. This event was the Poloponnesian war. The origin of this war, and the dissentions which preceded it, being irrelevant to the subject, we shall not enter into any detail of the differences between Corcyra and Corinth, the revolt of Potidea, nor the conduct of Athens towards Megara. The ambition of the Athenians, and the distrust which they justly inspired in the Lacedæmonians, and their allies, appear to be the real motive of this war, so fatal to the city of Athens, and to the liberty of Greece. According to some historians, Pericles himself fomented it; certain it is, that he did nothing te prevent it, and that it was of infinite importance to the re-establishment of his power.

Fortune, during the first year of the war, appeared to balance between the two rival nations the successes and the defeats; but the prudence of Pericles presented more than once an useful obstacle to the unreflecting ardour of the Athenians. He would never expose his soldiers to a pitched battle, and preferred seeing the plains of Athens devastated by the Lacedæmonians rather than risk a decisive combat with enemies superior in numbers, and their equal in point of valour. The Athenians murmured at this discretion, which they called cowardice, deprived him of his authority, and condemned him to pay a considerable fine. Pericles did not only experience public misfortunes; at the same moment some private calamities took possession of his great mind. The plague, a scourge from Ethiopia, after having overrun Egypt, Lybia, a part of Persia, and the Isle of Lemnos, then ravaged Athens. Pericles beheld his children perish, and many of his friends. The death of his last son shook his fortitude in a peculiar manner: in attempting to place the crown of flowers on the head of his deceased offspring, he was so overpowered at the sight, that he abandoned himself to the most clamorous and excessive grief.

Athens, at length, dissatisfied with her generals and her magistrates, the weakness of whose talents she had experienced, recalled Pericles, and solicited pardon for her ingratitude. This great man, although disgusted with the possession of power, and overwhelmed at the loss of his children, submitted to the prayers of the people, and resumed the command. This he did not long exercise; the plague, which had not terminated its ravages, seized him as its victim, and carried him off in the third year of the war, about 492 years before J. C. As he was expiring, and seemingly senseless, the principal persons of Athens, who had assembled round his bed, softened their affliction by expatiating on his victories, and the number of his trophies. "These exploits," said he to them, rising with some difficulty, "were the work of fortune, and common to me with other generals:—the only encomiums I merit as a minister, a general, and as a man, is, that not a citizen in Athens has been obliged to put on mourning on my account."



PLUTARCH.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Oct.r 1, 1809.

PLUTARCH.

WHETHER considered as a moralist, an historian, or a philosopher, Plutarch is one of the most celebrated men of antiquity. The year of his birth is not known; but, upon the authority of some passages in his writings, it may be conjectured that he was born at Bœotia, five or six years before the death of the Emperor Claudius, that is to say, in the year of J. C. 49 or 50.

A very liberal education developed his natural endowments; but Plutarch owes more perhaps to meditation than to labour. He made, at an early period, several voyages into Italy, whither he was called by the state of affairs of his native city Chæronea. It is impossible to say at what period he undertook these voyages: certain it is, that he entered Rome for the first time towards the end of the reign of Vespasian, and that he never went there after that of Domitian, an epoch when he established himself entirely in Greece.

During his residence at Rome, his house was continually filled with the most eminent characters that the capital of the universe could boast. Men, celebrated for their rank of attainments, or distinguished by their learning or their talents, gathered round the philosopher of Chæronea, to listen to his dissertations, and to profit by his lessons.

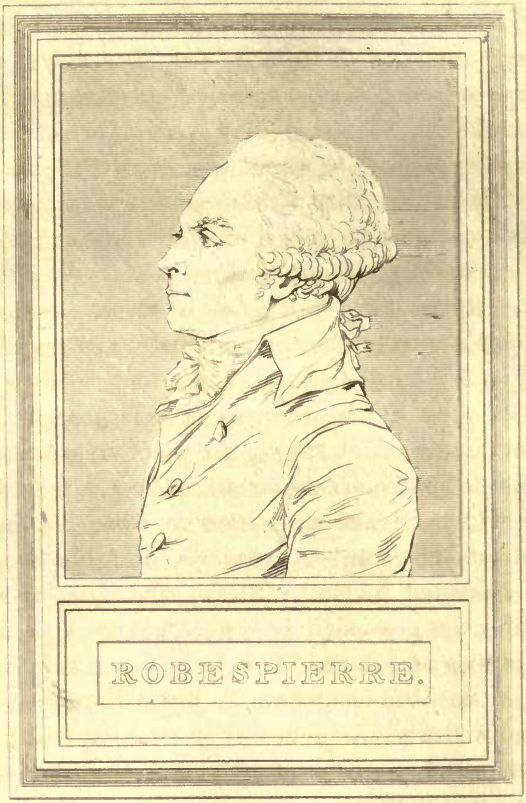
Some writers, Peter of Alexandria, and Eusebius, have been desirous to ascertain the precise period when Plutarch was so much honoured at Rome. The former has fixed it in the third year of the reign of Nero, under the consulship of Rufus and his colleague; the latter, in his chronicle, places it at a year later, and, in another place, carries it to the time of Adrian, in the year 120 of J. C. The truth is, that Plutarch did not begin to be known at Rome until the reign of Vespasian, and that his reputation was in its utmost splendour under that of Trajan, when the Romans had read his immortal work of *The Lives of Illustrious Men.*

Plutarch might have aspired to the highest dignity, had he been disposed to remain at Rome, but nothing could induce him to renounce his native country. At an age when ambition has the greatest influence over the mind, he quitted a spot where he might have risen rapidly to the highest offices, abandoned the society of illustrious men, who admired his talents and esteemed his person, to pass the remainder of his days quietly, though ingloriously, in the midst of his countrymen. The model of all the civil virtues, a good son, husband, and father, he had not the vanity to imagine that superior talents gave him the privilege of despising the subordinate dignities of the small town he inhabited: on the contrary, he esteemed it an honour to fill, with the most scrupulous attention, an inferior situation that was entrusted to him; which induced his countrymen, some time after, to recompence his zeal by the appointment of Archon, that is to say, by raising him to the rank of first magistrate.

As the exact year of the birth of Plutarch is uncertain, we are equally ignorant of the precise period of his death. Vossius assures us that he lived to the reign of Antonius Pius; what may be affirmed with greater confidence is, that he died at an advanced age, about the 140th year of the Christian era.

It was asked of a person eminent for his talents and his taste, which, of all the writings of antiquity, he would preserve, had he only the power of retaining one: "The Lives of Plutarch," was his reply. Of all the works of the ancients, it, in fact, is the one most justly esteemed, the most frequently read, and which affords the highest entertainment on each perusal. The love of truth pervades the Lives of Plutarch; history is no where so essentially moral as in that author; nothing dazzles or inflames him; he weighs men in the proper balance, and assigns to each his proper value. If his narrative be at times deficient in perspicuity and method, it must be recollected that he always supposes an anterior acquaintance with general history. He is more occupied with men than with things; his subject is particularly man, whose life he writes; this he always fills to the best of his judgment, not by the accumulation of details, as Suetonius, but by the representation of peculiar traits. With respect to the *Parallels*, they are finished pieces; in these Plutarch seems superior to himself, both as a writer and philosopher. But if his judgment of men be correct, he is no less so in his appreciation of things; of this we may be convinced by reading his other productions. Every thing is just and substantial in the multitude of small treatises which compose his *Moral Works.* There is only one production in which Plutarch has betrayed some asperity, and in which he has in consequence somewhat deviated from that attention to truth which forms his principal character; that is in his accusation of Herodotus. This can only be excused by his attachment to his native country. Herodotus had not done justice to the people of Peloponnesus, to whose welfare nothing was indifferent to Plutarch.

The best editions of his works are that of Henry Stephens, Greek and Latin, 1572, 4to.; that of Maussac, 1624, 2 vols. folio; and that of London, 1729, 5 vols. 4to.; and his Lives have been translated into English by Dryden and Langhorne.



ROBESPIERRE.

Painted by Benneville. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London: Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb. 1. 1810.

ROBESPIERRE.

Of the numerous characters produced by the revolution in France, no one has left behind him a name so universally abhorred as Robespierre. Tyrannical without character, and barbarous without necessity, his reign, which gave birth to so many painful recollections, was that of every sort of crime, and of every species of cruelty. He depopulated France of every thing which was its honour and its glory, and his dark and bloody tyranny appeared without motive, as it was without example. Robespierre had none of those advantages which place a man above the multitude, and which are so many titles to dominion. He had neither that strength of mind which produces extraordinary events, nor those talents which supply the place of genius. He neither knew how to create circumstances, nor to profit by those which chance presented to him; his irresolution attests his want of courage, and his want of courage hastened his fall. Stern, obdurate, without imagination, he possessed only the talent of profiting by the abilities of others. It is to be remarked, that it was not in those epochs when the legislative assemblies resounded with the eloquence of its orators, that Robespierre acquired his baneful influence; he obtained it when the revolutionary hurricane had swept away the men of talents, and transported to the political stage adventurers until then unknown, whose genius led them to the commission of crimes. Among these degenerate beings Robespierre particularly distinguished himself, more by his insolence than address. He availed himself of the faults of his rivals, and was always solicitous to open to them the way to honours and to riches, in order to have a pretext for destroying them. Naturally ambitious, he covered his projects by an impenetrable veil. His most intimate friends knew not the secrets of his soul ; he oppressed those whom he could not seduce ; he set one faction against another, and was ever in the midst of them to destroy the victorious party. Such was the secret of his successes ; and his fall may be attributed more to his want of energy than to the superior talents of his adversaries.

Maximilian-Isidore Robespierre was born at Arras, in 1759. His father was an advocate in the Supreme Council at Artois, and, ruined by his dissipation, had left France long before the revolution. An orphan at the age of nine, and without fortune, he was indebted to the benevolent protection of the Bishop of Arras, M. de Conzié, for the situation of Bursar of the College of Louis XIV. We are assured that from his infancy he manifested a cruel, reserved, and timid disposition ; and an ardent love of liberty and independence. After having passed through his studies, and obtained the honour of being chosen by his fellow-students to address Louis XVI. upon the entrance of that prince into Paris, he returned to Arras, where having become an advocate of the council of Artois, he composed strictures against the magistrates of that province. A daring enthusiast in 1789, he was elected on account of his revolutionary principles, by the third estate of Artois, to a seat in the Constituent Assembly. We shall not follow him in detail in that assembly : we shall simply remark, that he spoke much without obtaining any particular influence, and evinced himself constantly the courtier of the people. Robespierre, in all his harangues, appears to foresee events. The avowed enemy of royalty, we behold him enlisted on the side of Republicanism, of which he ventured to alter the name, on the day when the Assembly decreed the French government monarchial. We behold him again, after the arrest of the king at Varennes, resuming his projects for the destruction of that monarch, preparing the movements which took place at the Champ-de-Mars, on the 14th, 16th, and 17th of July, 1791, and attacking on the 14th, in the assembly, the principle of the inviolability of the sovereign, in the hope of having him arraigned: but at the end of the sitting, finding his opinion rejected, he began to tremble for his temerity, and required, that they should not provoke the ruin of persons who had engaged in that affair.

If Robespierre was unable to distinguish himself among the orators of the Constituent Assembly, if his principles appeared obnoxious to the innovators, acting from sentiment in 1789, if they often drew upon him the indignation of his colleagues, they were the means of his acquiring among the Jacobins that reputation and favour, which, daily increasing, rendered him at last the idol of the people, and the ruler of the government. The day of the closing of the assembly, the populace surrounded him on his coming out of the hall, put a crown of oak upon his head, placed him in a carriage, and, taking out the horses, dragged him to his house, exclaiming as they moved, "*Voila l'ami du peuple, le grand defenseur de la liberte.*" Robespierre was fully sensible of the advantages which might result from his alliance with the Jacobins. He devoted himself entirely to the direction of a club bearing that name, and refused, in order to give up his whole time to the objects they had in view, the office of accuser in the criminal tribunal at Paris, to which he had been appointed. Until his election to a seat in the convention, he was never seen personally to engage in those insurrections which produced the atrocious attack upon the king, nor in the horrible massacres, which, in 1792, covered Paris with murder and blood, and the French name with eternal opprobrium. He refused even to preside at the tribunal of the 10th of August, because, as he said, "He had long since denounced and accused the conspirators, whom this tribunal was ordained to judge." But he had scarcely entered the Convention, when he resolved to raise his faction upon the ruins of all the others, and his power upon the destruction of those factions, which he might employ. To attain this end, he was seen at first to strengthen the ties by which he had already being united to Marat and Danton, and to avail himself particularly of the latter, in order to overthrow the *Girondins*, who, from the fifth session, had exposed his ambition, and accused him of aspiring to the dictatorship. It was during this struggle that Louvet pronounced against him that very eloquent harangue, which Madam. Roland called the *Robespierreiad.* Assisted by his brother and by Danton, Robespierre, in the sitting of the 5th of November, overpowered the *Girondins*, and went to the Jacobins to enjoy the fruits of his victory, where Merlin de Thionville declared him an Eagle, and Barbaroux a Reptile. From that moment he never ceased to promote the death of Louis XVI. with an asperity and a perseverance almost incredible. In short, until the fatal day of the martyrdom of that amiable and unfortunate prince, he continually importuned the tribune to pronounce upon him (according to the expression of one of his colleagues) *des vociferations de cannibale*, and the most atrocious prejudgments. It is almost superfluous to add, that he voted for his death on the day of the nominal appeal to the nation.

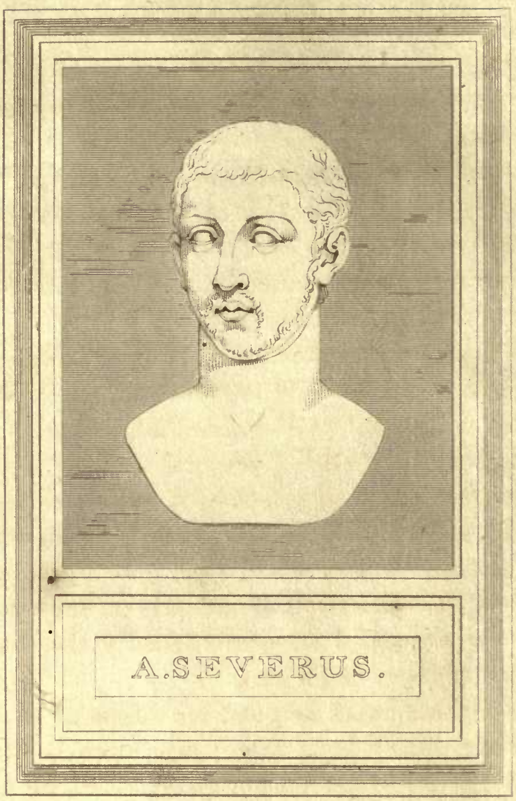
Constant in his hatred of the Girondins, he attacked them with great vehemence until the 31st of May, when he obtained a complete triumph. His most dangerous enemies among the men of that faction were outlawed, and the others arrested. The success of this day rendered him absolute ruler of the Convention, and founded that tyrannical empire, which only terminated with his life.

Among the factions which had lent him their assistance, the *Hebertistes* was the first that separated from his cause. This faction aspired to sole dominion, but the good fortune of the address of Robespierre was able at once to oppose the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, and it sunk in March, 1791, under their united efforts. Danton, who had been particularly serviceable on this occasion, whose energy had been of such utility, who had aided him in sweeping away the other factions; Danton, in short, whom he ought to have considered as the instrument of his power, became a formidable enemy, after being for a length of time a most devoted friend and faithful ally. The two parties were at issue; one or the other must necessarily be overcome. The cunning of Robespierre triumphed over the inconsiderate ardour of his rival, whom he took pains to render unpopular, by sending him to enrich himself in Belgium. A few days afterwards he was accused, arrested, and conveyed to the scaffold, with Desmoulins, La Croix, Fabre, and others. In the course of the same month (April 1794) he delivered over to the Revolutionary Tribunal the remainder of the party of the *Hebertistes*, and that of the Cordeliers, whom he degraded by the name of *atheists*, and from that moment, to the period of his downfal, he met with no opposition. It was then that his language assumed a different tone. *I must be, it is necessary, I will*, were his general expressions; and the Convention, as he himself called it, was only his *machine a decrets.* What is worthy of remark is, that France groaning under the struggles of different parties, should applaud the conduct of Robespierre, from an idea that she should be less miserable under a single tyrant. His new plan of religion, ridiculous as it was, gained him some adherents: but it must be evident to every reflecting mind, that Robespierre must have conceived himself at the head of the government, since he attempted to rebuild, whose sole object had hitherto been to destroy. It is impossible to conjecture how long his power might have continued had he spared his colleagues, and if he had not incited to resistance men, who, until then, had blindly executed his orders, and who desired nothing more than to continue to serve and obey him: but in sacrificing the leaders of the revolutionary government, Robespierre sought a support in the moderate party. This policy ruined him: those whose destruction he had meditated occasioned his downfal. Danger, however, inspired him with courage. From the 10th of June, Ruamps and Bourdon de l'Oise in particular, had expressed some distrust of the committee of public safety, which produced a discussion, in which Robespierre, speaking with an air of despotism, had the good fortune to silence them. This was the moment he should have chosen to overwhelm the party, who redoubled its intrigues for his destruction: at the head of which Talien rendered himself remarkable. His friend, St Just, advised him to strike the first blow. Robespierre had passed several days in retirement, occupied in projecting, at a moment when he ought to have acted. When he reappeared on the 26th at the Convention, his partizans abandoned him: he in vain endeavoured to regain the ground he had lost. Sensible of the danger which threatened him, he called together his most intimate friends on the night of the 26th. St. Just pressed him immediately to act. He hesitated for twenty-four hours, and this delay was the sentence of his death. The next day Billaud-Varennes removed the veil, and Robespierre having rushed to the tribune to reply to him, the cries of *a bas le tyran*, drove him instantly from the assembly. A few minutes after a decree was passed for his arrest, and that of St. Just, Couthon, and Le Bas. *Les brigands triomphent*, he exclaimed, on turning to the side of the conquerors. He was afterwards conducted to the Luxembourg, and in a little time removed from that palace and coveyed to the tribune which had delivered him up. He for some instants cherished the hopes of a triumph: the national guard, under the command of Henriot, assembled in his defence. But the convention having put him out of the protection of the law, the Parisians abandoned him, and at three o'clock in the morning he found himself with his accomplices in the power of the officers of the convention. At the moment he was about to be seized he discharged a pistol at his head, which only fractured his lower jaw: others say, it was fired by Medal, one of the gens d'armes, who had stepped forward to arrest him, and against whom he defended himself. He was immediately conducted to the commune, from thence conveyed to the *Conciergerie*, and executed on the same day, the 28th of July, 1794.

His last moments presented a most terrific scene: his mouth full of blood, his eyes half closed, his head bound up with a bloody handkerchief, he was thrown into the same cell which had been successively inhabited by Hebert, Danton, and Chaumette. When he quitted the prison to meet his punishment, the proscribed persons obstructing the passage, the jailor cried out, "*Place place, donc, a monsieur l'incorruptible.*" He was conveyed in a cart between Henriot and Couthon; the people halted before the house, two women danced before the carriage, and one of them exclaimed, "*Ton supplice m' enivrede joie! descends aux enfers avec les maledictions, de toutes les epouses, de toutes les meres.*" The executioner, in order to dispatch him, tore away rudely the bandage from his wound. He uttered a cry of horror; his lower jaw separated itself from the upper. The blood again flowed, and his head exhibited a spectacle of the most frightful kind. He died at the age of thirty-five.

Robespierre was a monster; his life attests it: but he was not solely guilty of the atrocities which signalized his reign. By his downfal, he was loaded with all those iniquities, which, had he triumphed, he would have attributed to his opponents.

About this time he assumed the imperial title; and, wearied of inaction, marched his forces into the east, where he made numerous conquests. He was recalled from Asia by the revolt of the Britons, whom he reduced to obedience. To defend the island from the incursions of the Picts, he built a wall across the northern part,—of which some vestiges remain. While in Britain, his son, Caracalla, whom he had appointed his successor, made an attempt upon his life. Aware of the conspiracy, he had the weakness to pardon him, but compelled him to witness the death of his accomplices; and alluding to his infirmities, which furnished Caracalla with a pretext for his unnatural crime, he said, "Know, young man, it is the head only that governs, and while that remains sound, the rest of the body is in health." Worn out at length by a complication of disorders, he died at York, in the year 211, at the age of sixty-six.



A.SEVERUS.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe Poultry, Sep.r 1.1809.

ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

THE ambitious Mœsa had succeeded in elevating Heliogabalus, her grandson, to the empire, but she was soon sensible that the depravity which he early evinced, would occasion her destruction. She therefore persuaded him to adopt her cousin-germain, of whom she was likewise the grandmother, and who then took the name of Alexander Severus.

Heliogabalus endeavoured, at first, to make this young prince, who was then only thirteen, the companion of his excesses. Mœsa, and Mammæa, the mother of Alexander, disconcerted all his projects by their vigilance. This monster, in a fit of resentment, meditated his ruin, but his aims were likewise frustrated. Fresh attempts tended to the revolt of his troops. Heliogabalus and his mother were massacred, and Alexander was proclaimed emperor, and acknowledged by the senate at the age of thirteen and a half.

Mœsa and Mammæa reigned for a time in his name. The former died a little after; and when in the end, Alexander assumed the reins of government, his mother maintained so much influence, and was treated by him with such respect and deference, as to induce his enemies to make it a subject of accusation.

Upon the elevation of Alexander to the empire, sixteen senators, distinguished for their valour and their virtue, were chosen to form his council. Of this number, was the celebrated lawyer, Ulpianus. Their first care was to displace, by estimable men, the comedians and debauched characters to whom Heliogabalus had entrusted the government of the provinces, and the most important offices in the state; at the same time it was necessary to restore order into every department of the government, to give the senate its proper dignity, and to re-establish the finances, exhausted by insensible profusion. This Alexander effected by his moderation and economy; although he materially reduced the taxes, which had been imposed by his predecessors. "An emperor," he said, "is only the steward of the people, and has no right to expend the property of his master."

Simple in his furniture and apparel, he conceived "that princes should only be distinguished from their subjects by the brilliancy of their actions." A severe dispenser of justice, he punished with the utmost rigour those who abused his confidence. Vitronius Tuvinus availing himself of the favour with the emperor, which he appeared to enjoy, to secure, at an extravagant price, imaginary protections and pretended recommendations, which he called *selling smoke*, was attached to a gibbet, encompassed with green wood, and suffocated by the smoke which issued from it when lighted. During the execution a public crier exclaimed in a loud voice, *The dealer in smoke perishing by smoke.*

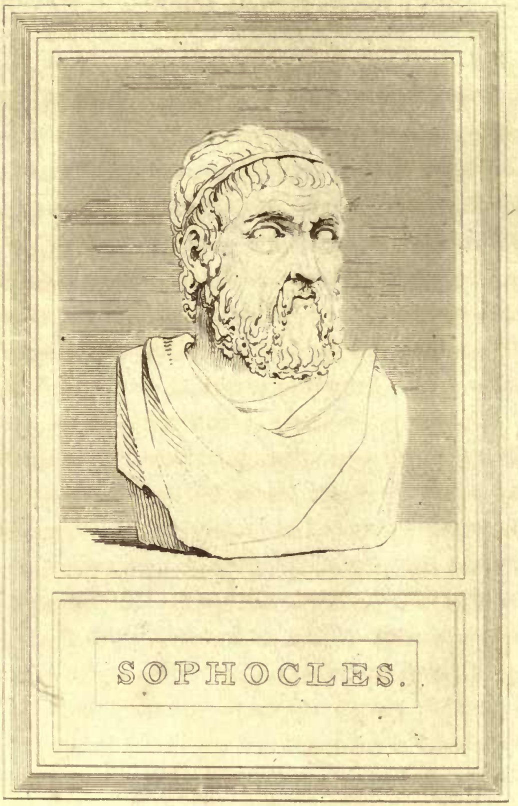
Do to others as you would be done by, was a maxim repeated frequently by Severus. He ordered it to be engraven upon the door of his palace, and inviolably observed it. He favoured Christianity, from the morality of which he borrowed his favourite axiom, and placed the image of Jesus Christ among those of the Gods, and extraordinary men, whom he honoured with peculiar veneration. Many authors imagine that his mother was a Christian.

The clemency and moderation of Alexander were particularly evident with respect to Ovinius Camillus, who had aspired to the empire. He named him his colleague, divided with him his palace, and the honours attendant on the supreme authority; but he required that he should participate in all its labours and its cares. Camillus, very soon disgusted at the part he acted, solicited permission to abdicate the imperial seat, and to retire into the country, to which Alexander consented.

In the tenth year of the reign of Alexander, Artaxerxes, who had succeeded in seducing the Persians from the dominion of the Parthians, declared war against him. To oppose him, the emperor marched at the head of his troops. He established in his army the most rigid discipline, and made himself feared and beloved by his legions. One of them revolted, and the soldiers continuing, notwithstanding the reproach of Alexander, to utter seditious expressions; "Citizens," said he, "retire, and throw down your arms." The whole legion, struck with astonishment, immediately quitted their arms and military habit, and departed in silence. He afterwards re-embodied them, and that identical legion signalized itself more than any other in the war against the Persians, and testified the most sincere regret at the death of Alexander.

Conqueror of Artaxerxes, he entered Rome in triumph, when he learned that his frontiers were threatened by the Germans. Alexander marched to attack them, and they retreated at his approach. He attempted to restore discipline among the legions of Gaul; his severity excited their disaffection. Maximinus, a Goth by birth, whom he had raised to the first distinction in the army, on account of his bravery, availing himself of the disposition of the troops, caused Alexander and his mother to be assassinated in the year 235. This prince was then only twenty-seven; he had reigned thirteen years. He patronized literature and learned men; and devoted his leisure to the study of the best authors. He decorated Rome with several monuments.

Trajan, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, it must be confessed, achieved considerably more than Alexander; but it must likewise be observed, that they were severally older when they ascended the throne, than Alexander when he ceased to reign.



SOPHOCLES.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Jan.1.1810.

SOPHOCLES.

THESPIS was the father of Grecian tragedy; but all the efforts of the learned have not been able to inform us what form he gave it. Born with an ardent mind, a manly character, a soul susceptible of enthusiasm, Eschylus aggrandized the stage, excited terror, affright, and pity. Genius often inspired, but taste did not enlighten him; he distinguished himself, as Longinus says, by bold thoughts, by noble and heroic images; but, by attempting too great elevation, he exposed himself to great failures. Sophocles brought tragedy to the highest degree of perfection; according to some, he composed a hundred and twenty-five pieces, according to others, only eighty. The least of these two numbers is prodigious; and, in spite of our resources, and the facility of borrowing and imitating, the fecundity of the moderns is not to be compared with that of the Greeks, who had every thing to create and invent:—seven of these pieces only have reached us. We can here only cast a rapid glance on these master-pieces, the objects of admiration of the learned in all ages. His Œdipus presents one of the most pathetic subjects of the ancient theatre. A prince who becomes a parricide, and commits incest by the effect of fatality, and who, without being guilty, finds himself, in a moment, the object of universal execration, who, with horror, discovers his mother in his wife, his brothers in his children, must have excited terror and pity in the minds of all the Greeks. The dark colouring of the representations, the truth of the sentiments, the terrible obscurity of the oracles, the deep expressions of despair, bestow on this piece an interest which the difference of religion and manners cannot destroy. Voltaire, in his nineteenth year, had the noble audacity to seize on a subject on which the genius of Corneille had failed, and he had the good fortune to be successful. The Electra of Sophocles interests us by making us shudder; it presents to us an horrible parricide, which ancient fanaticism transformed into an act of piety. With what simple and affecting beauties does the scene between the two sisters, who are going to strew gifts on the grave of their father, abound! With what art does the poet strive to render Clytemnestra odious, that he may weaken the horror which the crime of her children excite! Two French poets, Crebillon and Voltaire, have brought this subject on their stage: the one has possessed himself of the masculine and energetic beauties of the Grecian poet, but not of his happy simplicity; the other, less nervous perhaps, has been able to reach nearer to the ancient stage. In Philoctetus, the theatre is filled, the attention captivated, by only three actors. How eloquent are the complaints of the unfortunate hero! But the genius of Sophocles revives in one of the fine episodes of Telemachus. The Antigonus is the only piece of this great tragic author, in which love plays a part: it adds to the interest of the subject, without diminishing the unity of action; and what action can be more simple than that of pious women, who brave a tyrant that they may perform the funeral rites to their brother! Sophocles had not the grief of surviving his genius, although he survived the affection of his children; and his Œdipus at Collonnus was the finest revenge he could take on his ungrateful sons.

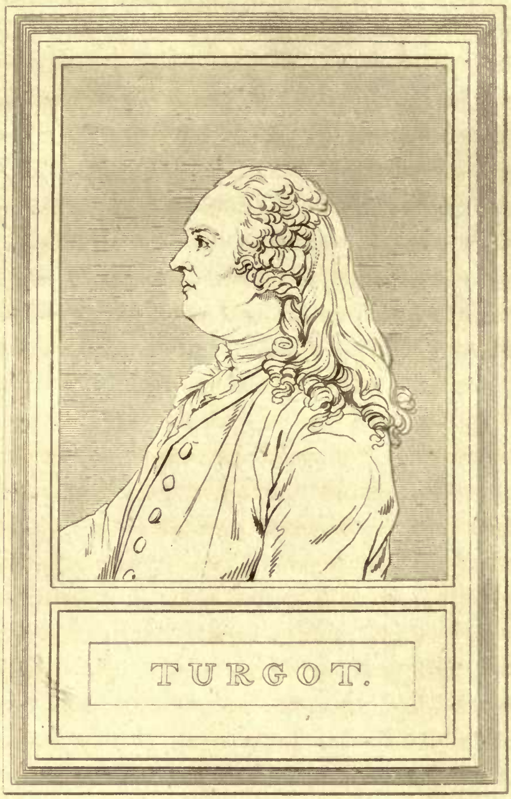
> Tel Sophocle à cent ans charmait encor Athènes,
> Tel bouillonnait encor son vieux sang dans ses veines.
>
> CORNEILLE.

The distinguishing character of this great tragedian is majesty and simplicity; he has, in this respect, the advantage over Euripides, who is superior to him in the pathos of sentiment, and the language of the passions: the one seems to take only nature for his guide; the other employs the resources of art: the first appears not to have proposed to himself a moral aim; the second strives at once to please and to instruct. Sophocles has derived every thing from studying man; Euripides has consulted the books and lectures of the philosophers: the first was formed to pourtray kings, with the haughtiness and pride of despotism; the second, by the character of his eloquence, seemed to approach nearer to the republican genius. Sophocles always makes judgment subservient to reason; Euripides sometimes makes judgment and taste yield to imagination. Both were treated with injustice, did not entirely enjoy their glory, and left to posterity the care of appreciating the extent of their merit.

The ancient poets have greatly praised Sophocles, and his eulogium is to be found in their verses oftener than that of Euripides, whether it be because they think him more perfect, or because the state in which he found the dramatic art, caused him to be considered as a second founder of it. Longinus, one of the most celebrated Grecian critics, does not decide between these two great masters of the stage; he represents

Euripides as very happy in his choice of grand images; but adds, that Sophocles is not inferior to him, as may be seen by his description of Œdipus dying, by that of Achilles showing himself on his tomb, at the moment when the Greeks are ready to weigh anchor. In this latter piece, he prefers Simonides to him.

A taste for literature did not absorb the activity of Sophocles; he was an intrepid warrior, but more of a soldier than an officer. Pericles only beheld in him a brave man, who knows how to face death, and not a man capable of ably leading on others: he was his colleague in the magistracy; but the poet has left behind him an unsullied reputation, while the general appears to have justly deserved reproach.



TURGOT.

Painted by Cochin Junr.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Feb. 1 1810.

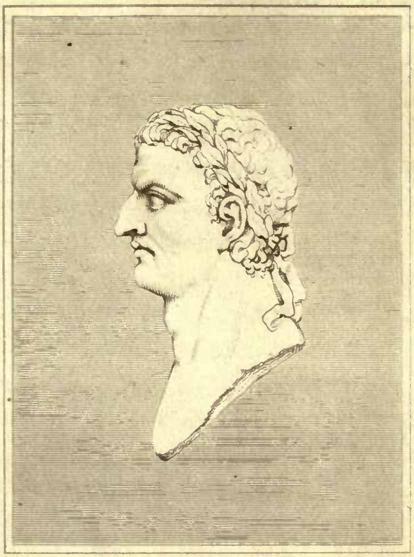
TURGOT.

This statesman, born with an independent genius, and a love for the public good, distinguished himself by brilliant innovations, and meditated many more which he was unable to realize. Those who opposed his operations were compelled to do justice to his virtues, and the august character of the patriot threw a lustre on the disgraced minister.

Anne-Robert-Jacques Turgot was born at Paris the 10th of May, 1727; he was the youngest son of Michel Etienne, who did himself honour in the situation of Prevot des Marchands, by useful labours and projects, which would have rendered the reign of Louis XV. illustrious, if that monarch had known how to employ, in the construction of lasting monuments, a part of those treasures which he sacrificed to pleasures without dignity, The young Turgot at first embraced the profession of the church, which seemed to suit his taste for study; but although he obtained the title of Prior of the Sorbonne, he changed his vocation and went to the bar. His conduct in parliament did not announce a genius for reform; the heads of the younger sort were in a state of fermentation; and this body, limited by the nature of its institution to judicial functions, undertook to fill the place of the States General, to which Richelieu had given the death blow. Turgot shewed himself docile to every act of power, and seemed to consider every remonstrance, every refusal to register an edict, as a seditious attempt; he was one of the royal chamber, which was substituted in place of the parliament, of that ephemeral tribunal, which the public opinion anathematized from the moment of its birth.

Appointed Intendant of Limoges, the talents and virtues of the administrator caused the servile compliances of the member of parliament to be forgotten. He found the province in a deplorable state: he abolished the *corvées*, an oppressive tribute which the poor paid to the enjoyments of the rich. He assisted the poor in a barren year, and sacrificed a part of his income to re-establish plenty. He caused ways of communication to be opened, and introduced the culture of a vegetable, which may answer the purposes of wheat, and which is the most useful gift the new world has bestowed on the old. A little corner of the empire occupied those talents and that activity which all France claimed. Louis XVI. brought with him to the throne a wish to consult opinions, to relieve the people, to bring around him men of integrity and talents: he called Turgot to his councils. The sect of economists beheld his elevation with delight; they foretold the triumph of his principles; but the clergy could not conceal their dissatisfaction. The new comptroller general was surrounded only by philosophers, and did not dissemble those opinions and views which were calculated to alarm this first body of the state. To disseminate knowledge he favoured the liberty of the press. He is however accused of having restricted it to works favourable to the principles of the economists. The farmers of the revenue and financiers increased the number of his enemies, and the courtiers, terrified at his projects of reform in the king's household, strove to bring his operations into ridicule. His favourite system was that of unlimited freedom of commerce: that in corn had always been subject to regulations, which policy had deemed necessary, to prevent the subsistance of the people becoming a prey to avarice. Turgot would not permit it to be shackled. The times were unfavourable to the success of his project; the year had not been fertile, a scarcity began to be felt; seditious movements began to take place, the people were excited against the minister by publications, which had all the appearance of patriotic zeal and humanity.

M. Necker particularly distinguished himself in this struggle; and the eloquence and tone of sensibility with which he gave colour to his principles, acquired him that popularity, which, at a later period, had a great influence on the fate of the empire. This ill success did not discourage him; but it weakened the public confidence, and united the multitude (who love or hate without enquiring into the motives of their love or aversion,) with able and artful men, who sacrifice the public good to their passions and interests. He abolished the import duties on articles of the first necessity. He had resolved to replace the *corvees*, by a tax which should bear equally on all classes of the state. He annihilated companies and corporations, those sources of monopoly and scourges of industry. The feodal rights recalled to mind the days of servitude, they upheld the despotism of the great, and the misery of the poor; Turgot thought of rendering them purchaseable, and required that salt should be freed from all taxes. He had public instruction greatly at heart, and thought that the way to restore dignity to the nation was to disseminate knowledge. His project of provincial assemblies was blamed by the partizans of absolute power, as tending to fill the kingdom with federative republics. Witticisms, which in France have more weight than reasons; the hatred of the parliaments, dark intrigues and violent clamours, forced him to retire in January, 1776. The sensible part of the nation did him justice and regretted him. Greatness had not altered his philosophical moderation: the charms of study continued to embellish his latter days. He had cultivated every kind of human knowledge, and, from the time of Daguesseau, there had not been seen in France a minister so enlightened. Several works from his pen prove the depth of his understanding and the variety of his talents. He died in 1781.



VESPASIAN.

Engraved by George Cooke.

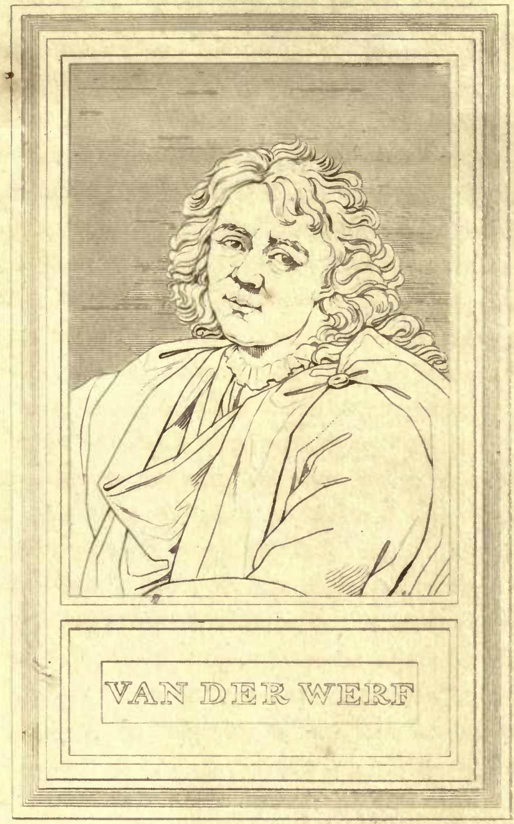
London: Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry. Sepr. 1. 1809.

VESPASIAN.

ROME, after the death of Augustus, a prey to cruel and disgraceful tyrants, alternately raised to the throne, and taken from it by murder, was desirous of the quiet government of a virtuous prince. Vespasian, on being elevated to the empire, secured the peace and happiness of Rome. He even maintained its future tranquillity by the wisdom of his edicts; and by making the will of the monarch subservient to the laws, dissipated the fears of the citizens, who had been accustomed for such a length of time to consider a new emperor as a new tyrant.

The family of Vespasian was not illustrious. His father, Flavius Petronius, filled the office of receiver of the taxes, in Asia. Vespasian was born at Reate, in the country of the Sabines, five years before the death of Augustus. Accustomed to arms, he made his first campaign in Thrace. Narcissus, the favourite of Nero, afterwards appointed him to the command of a legion, destined to act against Great Britain. In that island, Vespasian greatly distinguished himself, and compelled a large portion of the warlike inhabitants to submit to the Roman arms. The consulship was the recompence of these exploits. Upon the expiration of that office, he lived in retirement, being apprehensive of Agrippina, who was in enmity with the friends of Narcissus. The displeasure of Nero, which he incurred by falling asleep while that emperor recited some verses, of which he was the author, gave him fresh subject of alarm. The revolt in Judæa softened his resentment, and induced him to turn his eyes upon Vespasian, in order to crush the rebellion. Nero was desirous of employing a general of no birth, but extraordinary talents. Vespasian was accordingly called from his retreat, and placed at the head of the army. The Jews, conquered and pursued, surrendered to the most skilful of the Roman officers. Ambition encreases with honours, and developes itself according to circumstances. Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, having severally disputed the empire, Vespasian himself conceived a hope of attaining it. The assistance of Mucianus and the watchfulness of Vologesus, king of the Parthians, secured to him the election. The governor of Egypt, and the army saluted him as emperor, in the year 69 of J. C. He went to Rome, where his fame had already preceded him. Under his reign, the power and glory of the empire were carried to a high degree. Caria, Lycia, Achaia, Rhodes, Byzantium, Samos, Thrace, Cilicia, and other countries were reduced to Roman provinces. But the wisdom of Vespasian was equal to his ambition. He corrected the abuses of former governors, repressed the licentiousness of the troops, restored justice, purified the senate, and enacted severe laws against usurers and extortioners. Vespasian likewise evinced his liberality to men of talents. The frontier towns were fortified, the cities in the interior embellished, a temple in honour of peace, and a new amphitheatre, added to the magnificence of Rome.

Vespasian died a Reate. Until his last moment he occupied himself on public affairs, and replied to those who advised him to seek repose, "It is proper an Emperor should die standing." He expired 24th of June, aged sixty-nine, in the 79th year of J. C., leaving behind two sons of very different character, Titus and Domitian.



VAN DER WERF

Painted by Himself. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

London Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Nov. 1. 1809.

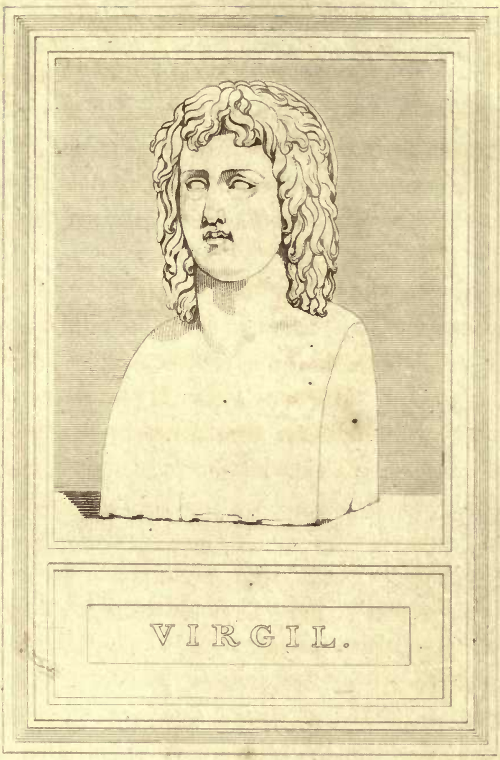
VANDER WERF.

THIS painter was born near Rotterdam, in the year 1659. At the age of nine he entered into the school of Picolet, a portrait painter. Controlled afterwards in his pursuits, by his parents, who intended him for another profession, it was not without considerable difficulty that he received the lessons of Eglon Vanderneer. He continued with this master four years, and made so happy a progress as laid the foundation of his fame.

He took infinite pains to improve himself, after the best plaister figures, cast from the antique he could procure; so that he was introduced into the world at a very early time of life with all possible advantages. He at first employed himself in painting portraits, in the manner of Netscher; but he soon became disgusted with that kind of painting, and devoted himself entirely to historical subjects. A fortunate circumstance drew Vander Werf from obscurity, and made his fortune. The Elector Palatine travelling incognito in Holland, was so delighted with one of the pictures of this artist, that he immediately purchased it, and conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. He also allowed him a noble pension, and shewing him every mark of real esteem, bestowed on him other proofs of liberality and beneficence. Of this distinction Vander Werf evinced himself worthy, by the exertion of his talents and his unbounded gratitude.

The genius of Vander Werf directed him peculiarly to the painting of history in small, which he finished in a most exquisite manner. His pencil is tender and sweet, and his design correct ; yet, in most of his works, his colouring is cold, although in the polish of his finishing he had no superior. He spent a great deal of time on his pictures ; but intense labour tended to diminish the spirit of his works. The pictures of this eminent master are still purchased at very high prices, and are rarely to be met with.

He died in the year 1727, at the age of sixty-eight.



VIRGIL.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Oct.r 1 1809.

VIRGIL.

VIRGIL, the prince of the Latin poets, was born in the year of Rome 684, under the consulship of Pompey and L. Crassus. He was the son of a potter of the village of Andes, about three miles from Mantua. He passed his early years at Cremona, from whence he removed to Rome, when his country was divided amongst the soldiers after the battle of Philippi. He was beloved by Augustus, and lived in habits of friendship with Mecænas, Horace, Pollio, and other distinguished persons. He was one day received at the theatre with acclamations that were only given to the emperor; and was observed frequently, as he passed through the streets of Rome, to secrete himself from the eager curiosity of the people. He possessed all that negligence and modesty so conspicuous in men of real genius, which appear, says Voltaire, to be given to persons of superior endowments, to shelter them from the envy of their contemporaries.

Virgil, during his residence at Mantua, studied the Greek language, and acquiring through that medium a knowledge of physic, of the mathematics and philosophy, he possessed himself of those solid attainments which assist talents, and secure their success.

Through the friendship of Mecænas he was introduced to the emperor, who restored to him his estate; and afterwards loaded him with his favours. The various poems of Virgil attest his gratitude.

He first wrote the Bucolics, and then the Georgics. After these were finished, and had been read by Augustus, he began the Æneid, at the desire of the Emperor. This great poem has left the palm of superiority undecided between Virgil and Homer. The poet was engaged eleven years on this immortal work, which he did not live to complete.

"The disposition of Virgil was remarkably timorous: as a proof of his modesty, the following anecdote is recorded. Having written this distich upon his patron—

Nocte pluit totá, redeunt spectacula mané,
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet,

he placed it in the night on the gate of the palace. Augustus, pleased with so fine a compliment, was desirous of knowing the author, when Bathyllus, a miserable poet, avowed the verses, and obtained the reward. On this Virgil again wrote the same lines, and under them—

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores;

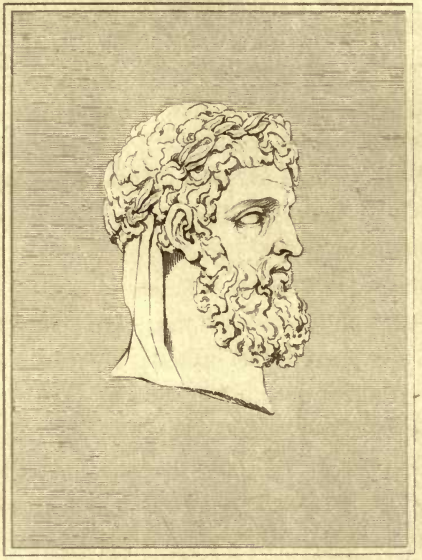
with the beginning of another line in these words—

Sic vos non vobis,

four times repeated. Augustus desired to have these lines completed, which Bathyllus could not effect. This Virgil accomplished, and having thus proved himself the author of the distich, he received a recompence, and the usurper was banished."

Virgil died at Brundusium, in the year 19 B. C. in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His remains were interred on a spot of the road leading from Naples to Puteoli, and the following epitaph was inscribed on his tomb:—

Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces.



XENOPHON.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London; Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Dec. 1. 1809.

XENOPHON.

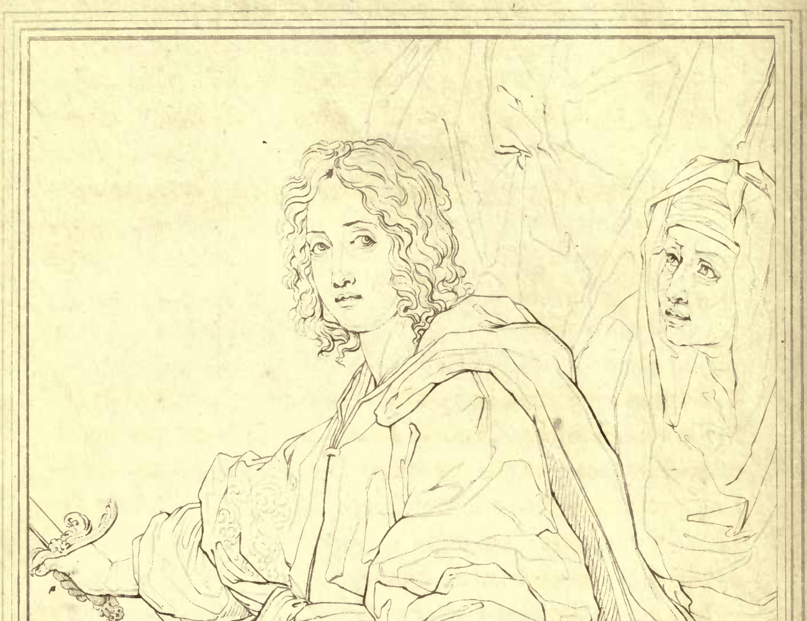
Xenophon, a philosophical historian, and distinguished captain, was the son of Gryllus. He was born at Athens, in the year 450 B. J. C., and at an early age joined the troops of Cyrus, who had revolted against his brother Artaxerxes Memnon. He was at the battle of Cunaxa, in which Cyrus perished. He there acquired considerable reputation. It was after this battle that the celebrated retreat of the 10,000 Greeks from Babylon to Trebisond was made; a retreat which Xenophon advised, at which he presided, and which he has described with wonderful interest. In this difficult and dangerous march, all the eloquence of Xenophon was necessary to encourage his exhausted soldiers, who, deprived of their general, found themselves at a distance of from five to six hundred leagues from Greece. On his arrival in Thrace, he united his army, then reduced to six thousand men, with the Lacedæmonian troops, who were about to engage, under the orders of Thimbron, the satraps of the Persian monarch, Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus.

In this war, the Lacedæmonians having frequently exchanged their general, found themselves at last under the command of Agesilaus, in the plains of Coronæa, in Bœotia, where, according to Xenophon, was fought the most arduous battle of his time. Xenophon was present in the engagement, and fought by the side of Agesilaus, who held him always in particular esteem.

On the termination of the war, Xenophon retired with his two sons to Corinth, where he passed the remainder of his life. He died at the age of ninety, in the year 360 B. J. C.

The Lacedæmonians had given to Xenophon an estate adjoining the city of Elis: there, during the interval of peace, he composed his works, which have handed him down to posterity more than his warlike exploits. His *Cyropædia*, an historical romance, presents a fine picture of the education and virtues of a great prince; and his *History of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, a precious morsel of history, is written by a general, who could say, *et quorum pars magna fui.* We have also of Xenophon particular treatises on historical subjects. He likewise wrote upon riding and hunting.

In the opinion of Cicero, which is conformable to that of antiquity, the Muses seem to have spoken by the mouth of Xenophon. Quintilian, says, that the Goddess of Persuasion dwelt on the lips of this philosopher. He praises in him a sweetness remote from all affectation, and which no affectation could attain.



Painted by Cristofane Allori.

Engraved by George Cooke.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes

London: Publiſhed by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry; Sept. 1. 1809.

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES.

CHRISTOFANO ALLORI.

THIS subject has been often treated by professors in the art of painting. Judith holds in one hand the head of Holofernes, and in the other the sword of the warrior, with which she killed him. Her servant is beside her. Over their head is a red curtain. The back ground of the picture is brown.

Lanzi, an Italian author, relates a curious circumstance of this picture, which attracted considerable admiration upon its being exposed to public view. The figure of Judith presents a portrait of a lady who was under the protection of the painter. Her mother is represented in the person of an old woman, and Allori took the head of Holofernes from his own model, having previously suffered his beard to grow, for the purpose, for a considerable time.

This picture presents many beauties. If the figures have not the dignity of history, they are well painted, and ably coloured. The draperies are not happily executed, but are not devoid of richness and harmony. The robe of Judith is yellow, raised with gold; her mantle blue, and the lining red. The dress of the servant is white. The cushion, of which only a part is seen, is green, with a gold fringe. All the accessaries are well imagined; but the touch in them is somewhat heavier than in that of the carnations. The chiaroscuro is well conceived. This picture was taken from the palace Pitti, at Florence. The figures are of the natural size.

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

C. LE BRUN.

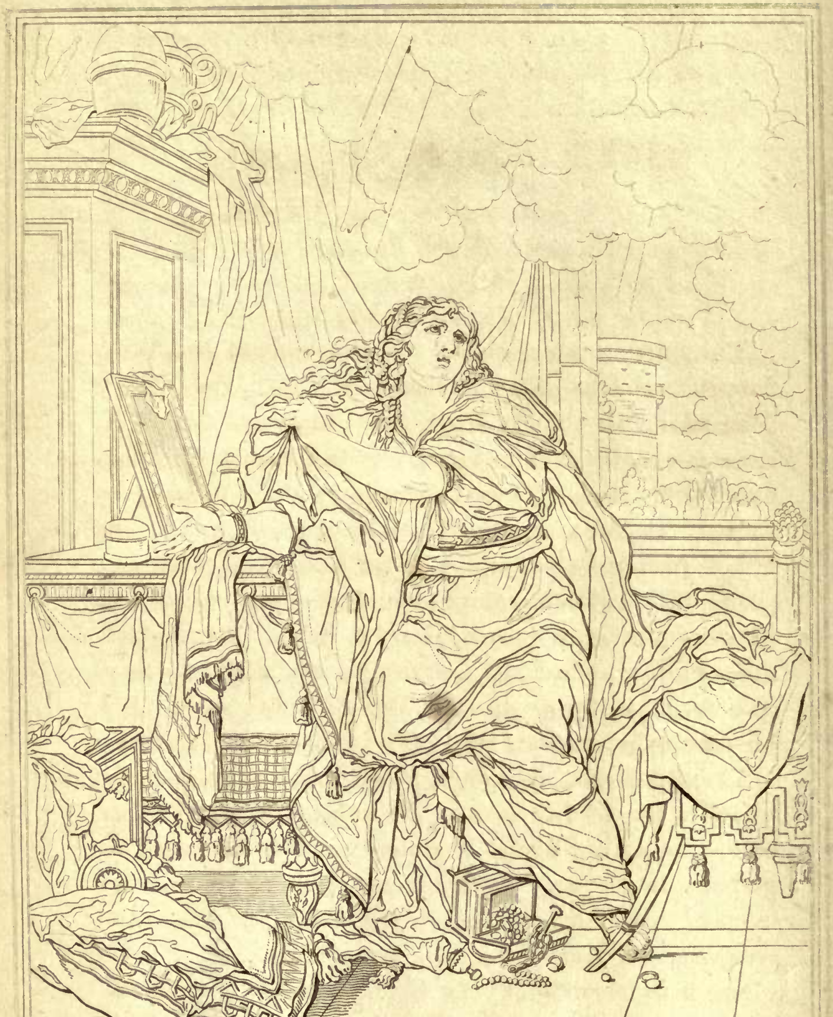
THE subject of this picture will be found in the Evangelist St. Luke, chap. vii. verse 36.

This incident has been treated by various painters before Le Brun; but they never attempted to surmount the difficulties that presented themselves. Le Brun, on the contrary, by placing the table in perspective, has had the address to avoid this obstacle, and his principal figures occupy the centre of the composition. But he appears not to be sensible of the advantages which might have resulted from this arrangement. The general disposition is somewhat confused, and the figure of Simon not sufficiently visible. The slave on the foreground, who raises a species of casket, is one of those insignificant accessaries which Le Brun has introduced into the greater part of his works, and which are rarely rendered supportable by the merit of the execution. In short, the personages occupying the back ground are not joined with sufficient art to those who fill the front of the picture. Such are the defects that the several defamers of Le Brun might point out in this composition, which in other respects exhibits beauties of the first order.

The figure of the female sinner, and that of Jesus Christ, are drawn with peculiar dignity; the latter presents a noble attitude, and is full of expression. The head of the female evinces a feature of repentance and mildness perfectly correspondent to the subject. This figure is likewise attired with much taste.

This production, one of the best of Le Brun, was produced at a time when he endeavoured to vie with the compositions of Poussin. The colouring, although somewhat heavy, has considerable harmony.

The height of the picture is twelve feet; it is about ten broad.



C. Le Brun pinx.t

T L Busby, sc

Mary Magdalen

London; Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

MARY MAGDALEN CONVERTED.

LE BRUN.

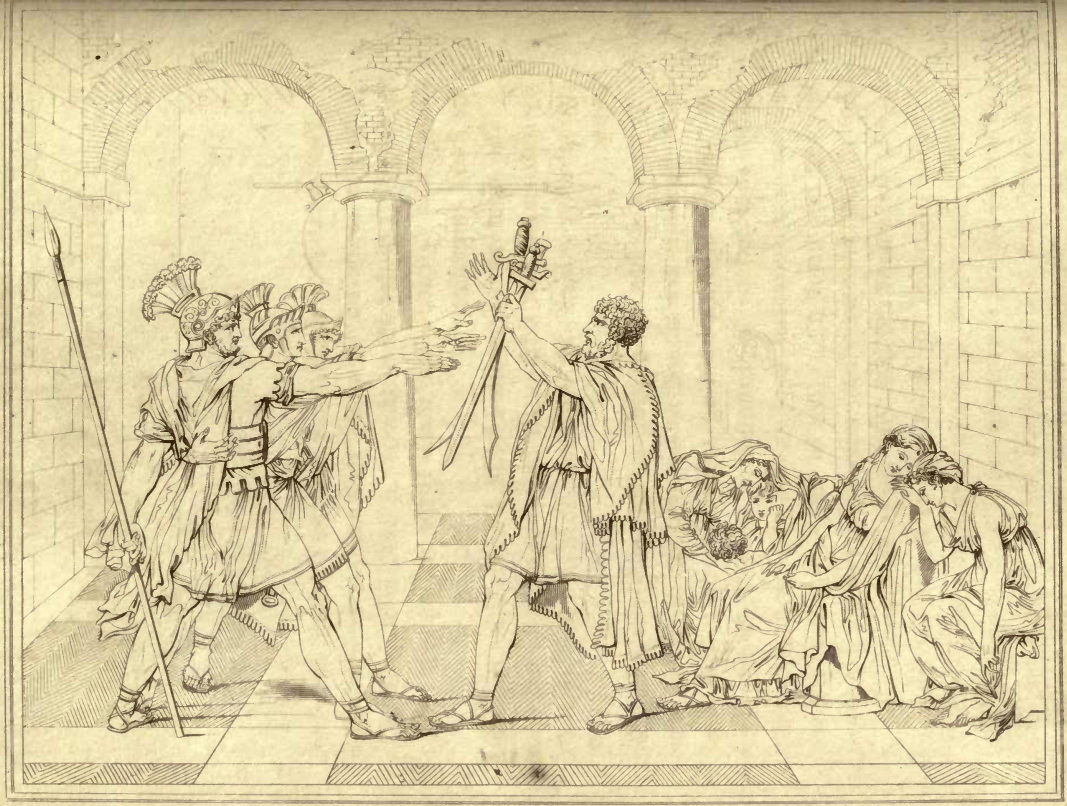
THE holy scriptures make mention only of two Magdalens: one the sister of Lazarus; the other Mary Magdalen, so called, from the village of Magdala, situate in Galilee. This latter female, after having been cured by Jesus, attached herself to that divine personage, accompanied him in all his journeys, followed him to Mount Calvary, and, after having seen him deposited in the tomb, returned to Jerusalem in order to procure perfumes to embalm his body. During her absence, Christ had risen, and filled her with considerable surprize, by presenting himself to her view. We have no other particulars of this interesting character.

The appellation, therefore, of Magdalen, so universally given to the female sinner, the subject of the picture before us, and of whose name even we are ignorant, is, perhaps, improper. In other respects, all that is related of this converted courtezan, will be found in the Gospel of St. Luke, chap. vii. verse 3.

She is represented by Le Brun, with all the expression of grief and remorse. She has broken and trodden under foot the fragile ornaments of her vanity; the objects of luxury and seduction, and the infamous price of her misdeeds. For the last time, she appears to have contemplated, in a glass, her fleeting charms, those vain attractions, which allured her into guilt. She rends her apparel, raises her eyes to heaven, swollen with her tears; a luminous cloud breaks over her head, and attests the effect of the divine mercy, which delivered her to repentance, and restored her to virtue.

This picture, skilfully designed, and rich in point of ordonnance, but deficient in colouring, was painted for the Convent of the Carmelites. It is said that Le Brun conceived the idea of representing, in the person of the Magdalen, the features of a woman, celebrated for her follies and her remorse:—the Duchess de la Vallière, one of the mistresses of Louis XIV. We can, however, scarcely believe, that Le Brun, loaded as he was with the favours of that monarch, would have had the imprudence to carry such a design into execution. The figure has, moreover, not the smallest conformity with the known portrait of Madame de la Vallière.

The picture of *The Sinner Converted* (for such should be its title, and not that of the *Magdalen*, with which it has no connexion,) was removed, at the beginning of the revolution, from the Church of the Carmelites, to the Central Museum.—It now forms a part of the Museum of Versailles.



David pinx.t

Sands sculp.t

Horatii.

London, Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

THE OATH OF THE HORATII.

DAVID.

THE combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii, by which Alba was rendered tributary to Rome, is celebrated in history. The details of this event have been related by Livy; and Corneille has made it the subject of one of his finest tragedies.

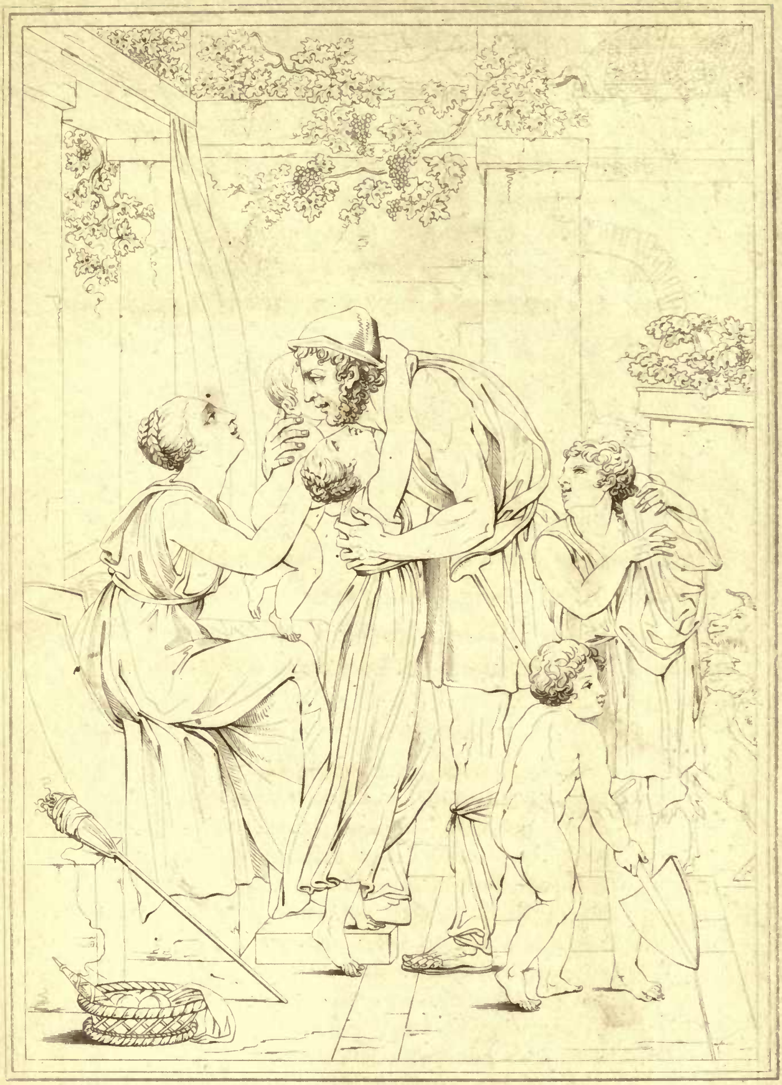
The incident represented by M. David, is not reported by historians; but he has, in no manner, swerved from probability, which is sufficient for painters and for poets.

The artist has imagined, at the moment when the three brothers are about to set out for the battle, that the elder Horatius, holding their swords in his hand, makes them swear to conquer or perish: beside them Sabina is discovered in a swoon; the young Camilla, leaning her head upon that of her sister; and the mother of the three warriors, who embraces her grandson, appear to lament the fate that threatens them.

In the group of the defenders of Rome, the husband of Sabina, supposed to return conqueror, is first distinguished:—he is in the fore-ground; his free and intrepid attitude forms a fine contrast to the more impetuous ardour of his brothers.

THE OATH OF THE HORATII.

This picture, exhibited in the year 1784, was received with enthusiasm by the amateurs, and by the public. The style of the composition, the boldness of the design, the vigorous colouring, and tasteful execution, were particularly admired.



Gerard pinx.t Sands sculp

The happineſs of a Rural Life

London; Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

THE HAPPINESS OF A RURAL LIFE.

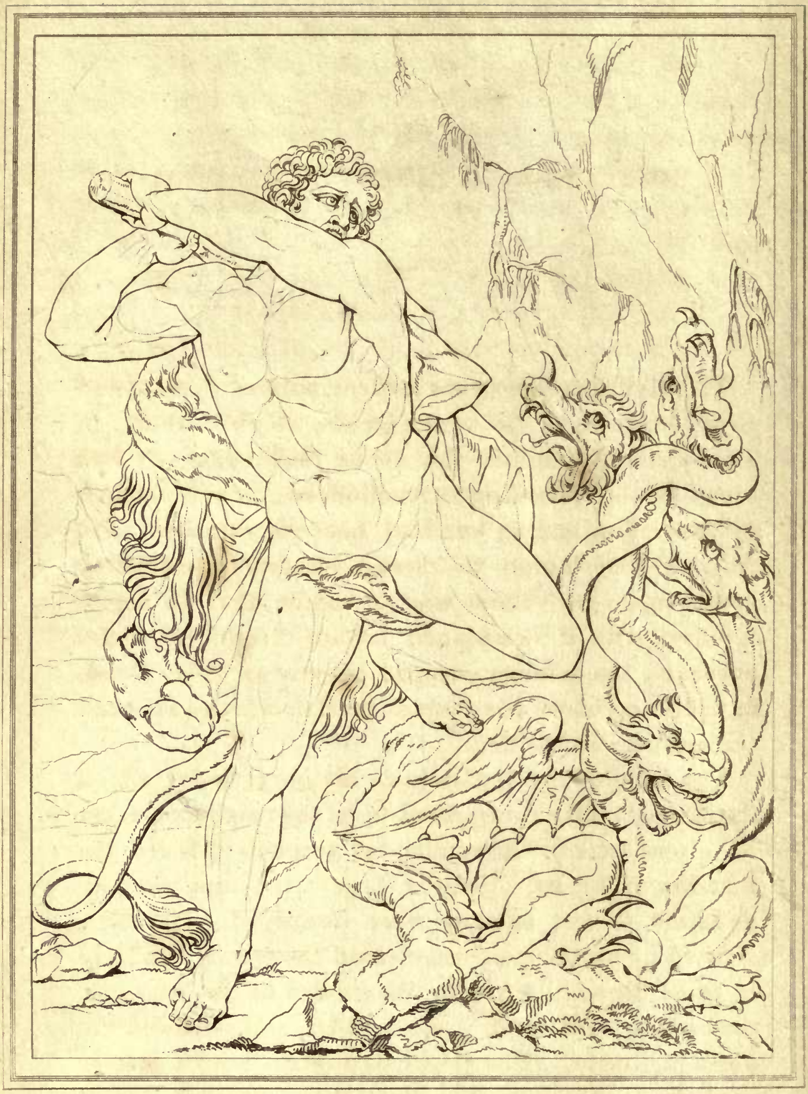
M. GERARD.

THIS drawing was made as a frontispiece to the second book of the large edition of the Georgics, published by Didot. The subject is taken from Virgil's animated description of the pleasures of a country life, beginning,—

> O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
> Agricolas, quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
> Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus!
> Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
> Manè salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam
> Nec varios inhiant pulchrâ testudine postes
> Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyreïaque æra;
> Alba necque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,
> Nec casiâ liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi;
> At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
> Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
> Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
> Mugitusque boûm, mollesque sub arbore somni
> Non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,
> Et patiens operum, exiguoque assueta juventus;
> Sacra Deûm, sanctique patres: extrema per illos
> Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit, &c. V. 457.

THE HAPPINESS OF A RURAL LIFE.

From this celebrated passage, the artist has exhibited a domestic scene, replete with naïveté, and expression. The effect of the chiaro-scuro is admirable; all the figures are in demi tint; the little portion of light they receive, from the rays of the setting sun, issues from the window. This pastoral subject, in the hands of an artist so able as Gerard, has produced a delightful picture.



Painted by Guido Rheni. *Engraved by George Cooke.*

Hercules killing the Hydra.

London: Publiſhed by Vernor, Hood, & Sharpe, Poultry; Sept. 1. 1809.

HERCULES KILLING THE HYDRA.

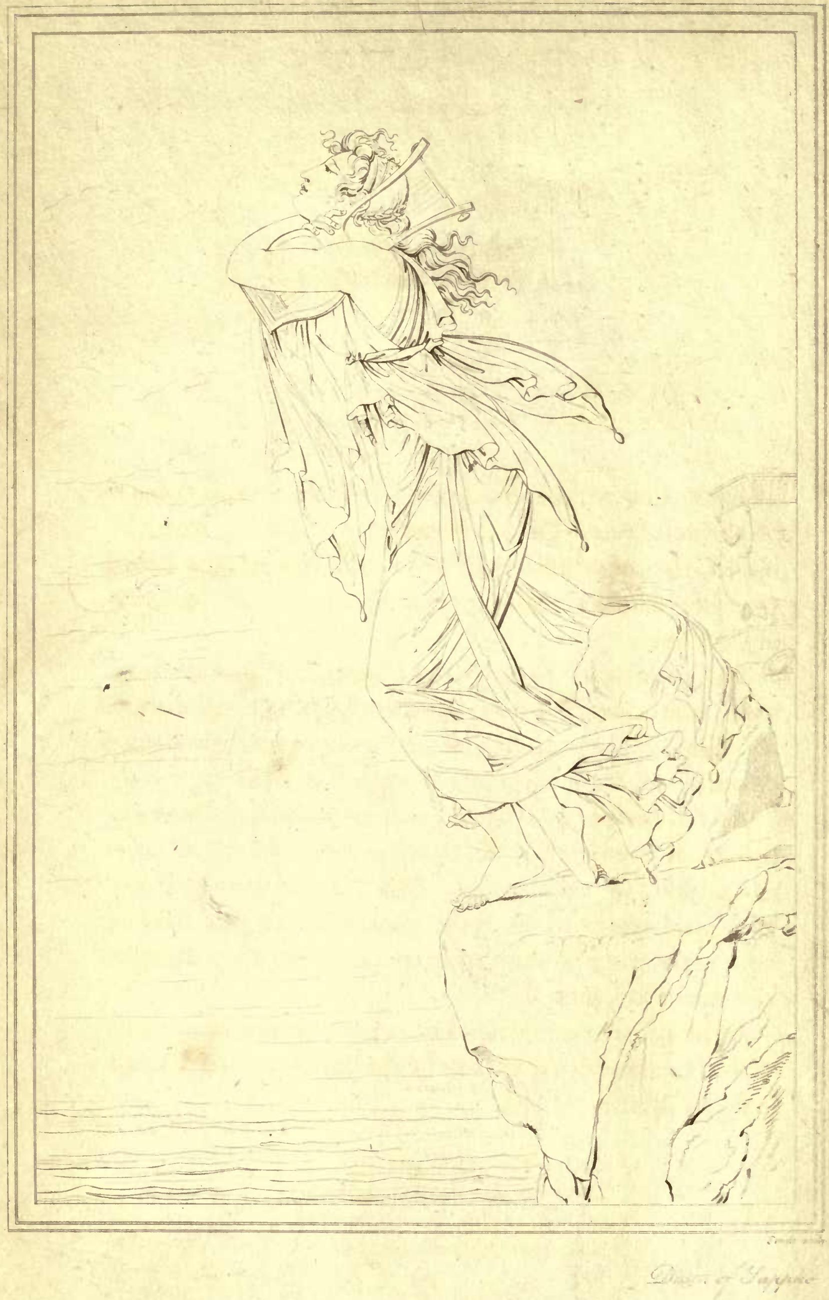
GUIDO.

THE Hydra, a monstrous serpent, born of Typhon and Echidna, ravaged the plains in the neighbourhood of Lerna, and devoured the flocks and cattle. It had seven heads, according to Apollodorus, fifty, according to Simonides, and an hundred, according to Diodorus. As one was beaten to pieces, another immediately sprang up. Its venom was so subtile, that an arrow infected with it occasioned instant death. Hercules overcame the monster, steeped his arrows in his blood, in order to render his wounds mortal, which produced the most dreadful effect.

The fable of the Hydra is an allegory, under which the ancients have transmitted to us the commemoration of a real event. A number of serpents infested the marshes of Lerna, adjoining Argos: they appeared to generate as fast as they were destroyed. Hercules, assisted by his companions, cleared the country entirely of them, by setting fire to the rushes of the marshes, the ordinary retreat of these reptiles, and rendered the place habitable. Other historians relate, with a greater appearance of truth, that from these marches flowed several streams that inundated the country ; to remove which Hercules dug ditches, projected canals to drain off the water, and made the land fit for the purposes of agriculture.

This picture, painted by Guido, is the last of the four he produced to represent the labours of Hercules. The three others are, the Rape of Dejanira, the Death of Hercules, and the Combat of this hero with Acheloüs.

In representing the defeat of the Hydra, Guido has not strictly adhered to mythology; to fight which, it is related that Hercules mounted his chariot ; that his nephew Iolaus, the son of Iphiclus, acted as charioteer, and burnt the heads of the Hydra as Hercules cut them off. This was the only method that prevented their regeneration. A crab crept to the assistance of the Hydra. This Hercules destroyed, and killed the monster. It is added that Eurystheus would not consider the event as one of the twelve labours attributed by the gods to the son of Alcmena, because Iolaus had assisted him in the enterprise.



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Death of Sappho

London; Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe. Poultry, 1809.

DEATH OF SAPPHO.

GROS.

THIS picture, the composition of M. Gros, a disciple of the celebrated David, experienced, during its exhibition, the most flattering success. It is distinguished for tastefulness of design, truth of expression, and facility of touch.

The passion of Sappho for Phaon, and her unfortunate death, are too well known to need description. Incensed at the coldness of her lover, she threw herself into the sea, from the summit of mount Leucas.

To the memory of this illustrious female, various statues were erected by the Greeks, none of which have descended to our hands. She flourished about 600 B. C. and excelled in lyric poetry. She was held in such estimation by her countrymen, that they stamped her image on their coin.

Although various fragments of her poems are extant, nothing can exceed in beauty the following ode, translated by Philips:—

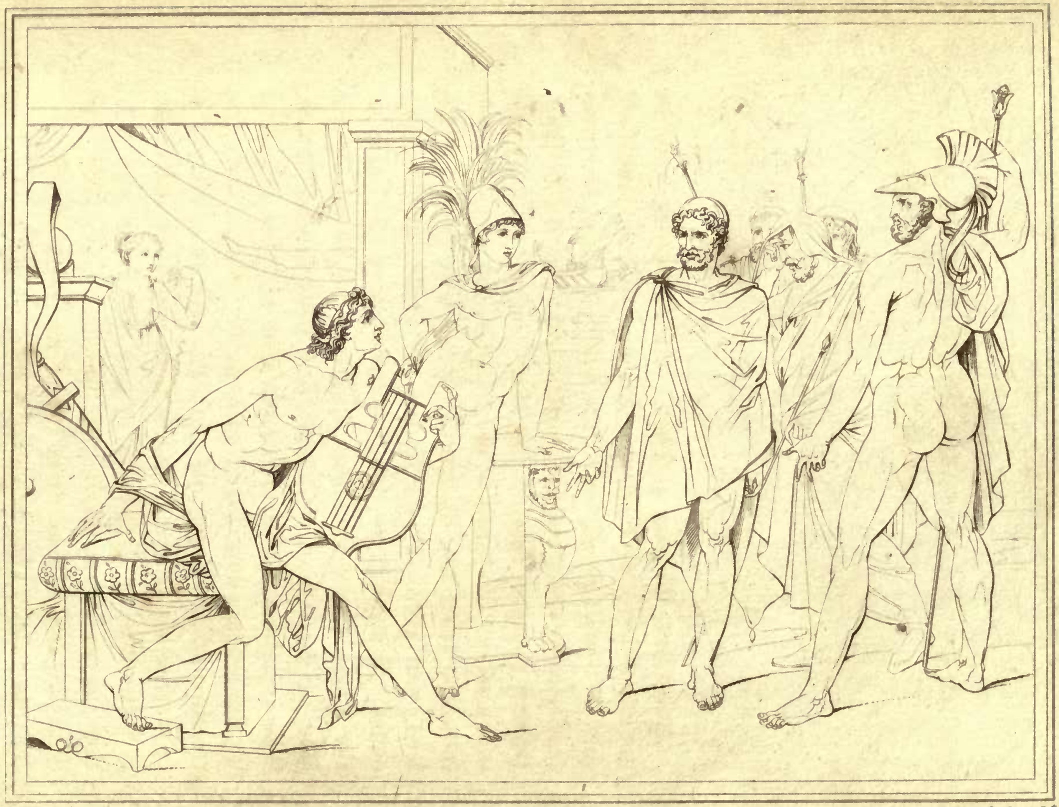
Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

DEATH OF SAPPHO.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast,
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glow'd; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.



Ingres pinx^{t}.

Sands sculp^{t}.

The Grecian Embaſsadors
in the tent of Achilles.

London; Publish'd by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

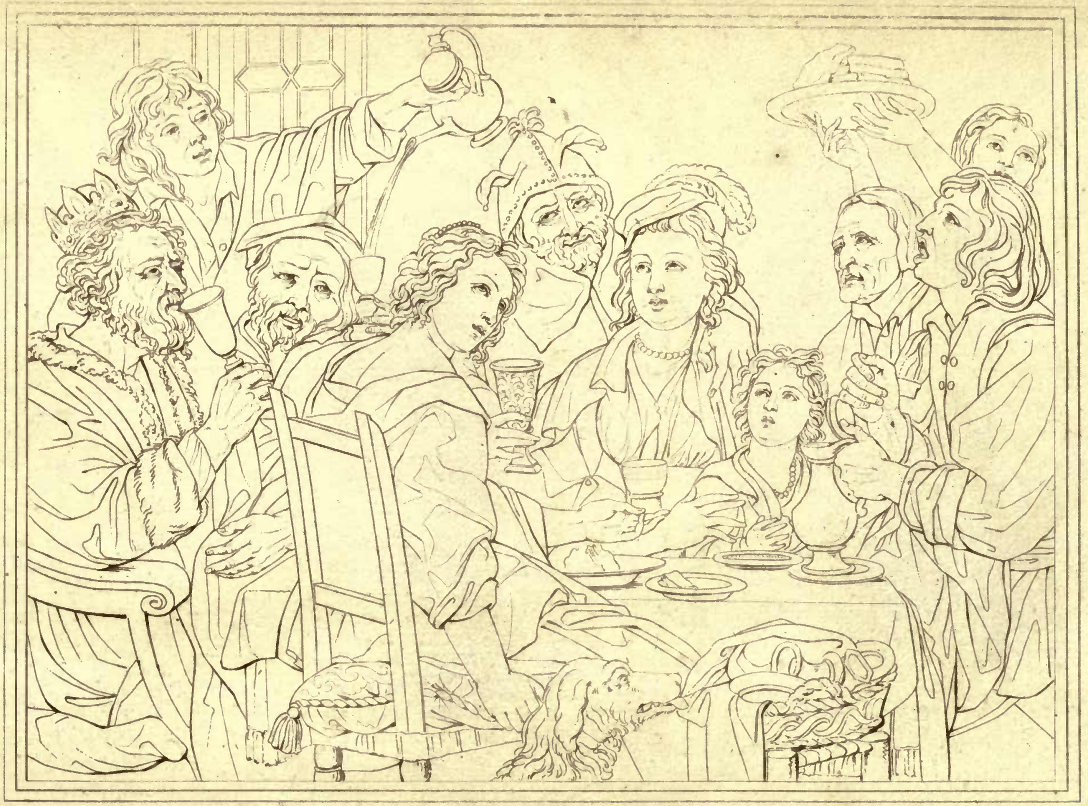
GRECIAN AMBASSADORS AT THE TENT OF ACHILLES.

REGNAULT.

ACHILLES, the son of Thetis and of Peleus, was the principal hero of Greece. An oracle had predicted that he would perish under the walls of Troy, he therefore became the most formidable enemy of the Trojans. During the progress of the siege, being, with reason, incensed at the insult offered to him by Agamemnon, in taking from him his captive Briseïs, he retired to his tent, and refused any longer to assist the Grecian cause. His absence decided the victory in favour of the Trojans, and Patroclus, fighting no longer by the side of his friend, fell beneath the sword of Hector. The consternation and discouragement that prevailed in the army, compelled Agamemnon to send deputies to appease the anger of Achilles, and to induce him to resume his arms. The desire of avenging the death of Patroclus, instigated the son of Thetis to return to the combat: he seeks Hector, deprives him of life, and drags his body three times round the walls of the city, and the tomb of his lamented friend.

GRECIAN AMBASSADORS.

The moment in which the deputies appear before Achilles, and entreat him, by his presence, to carry victory into the Grecian camp, is the subject of the picture before us. The artist has indicated by the lyre, which he has placed in the hands of Achilles, that this hero, so terrible in battle, cultivated the fine arts, and, in the opinion of the ancients, that he even excelled in music and poetry.



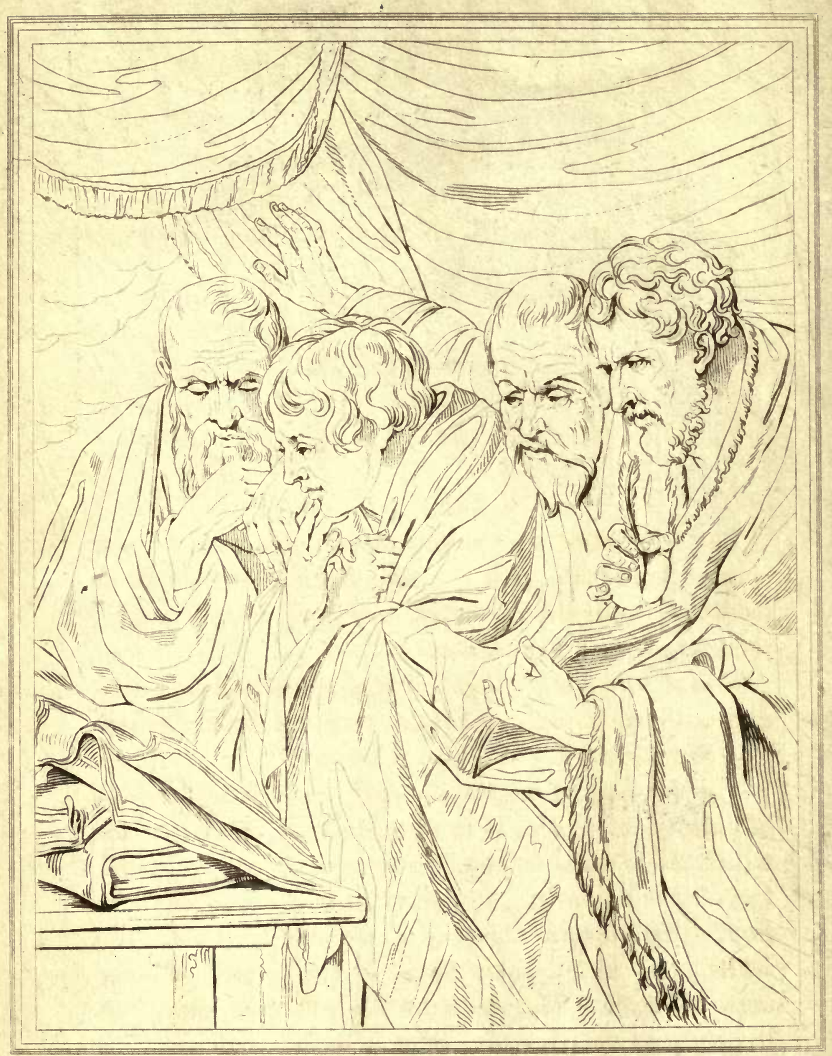
Painted by Jordaens.

TWELFTH DAY; OR, LE ROI BOIT.

JACQUES JORDAENS.

THIS picture represents a family, from the lower orders of society, enjoying the pleasures of the table, and forming amongst themselves a rustic concert. It has long maintained considerable celebrity, from the originality of the subject, the variety of its colouring, and delicacy of touch.

This composition is now in the Napoleon Museum.



Painted by Jordaens. Engrav'd by George Cooke.

The four Evangelists.

London Publish'd by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Oct.r 1.1809.

THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

J. JORDAENS.

The subject of this picture is very simple. A book is open on a table, and the four Evangelists appear to meditate on some important passage, which one of them prepares to transcribe.

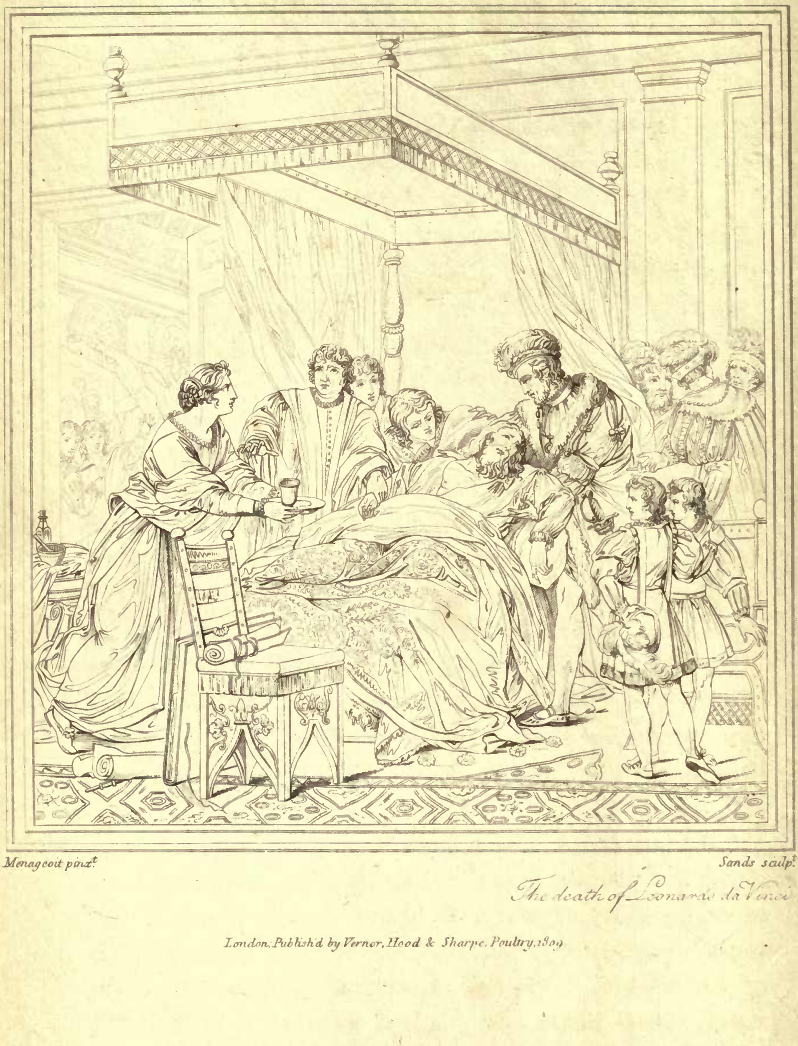
The artist having failed in giving to each of the Evangelists the attributes by which they are characterised, St. John is the only one who is known.

The drawing, though sufficiently correct, is so devoid of dignity and grace, as in no manner to recall the idea which the mind is disposed to form of these personages. In point of colouring, the work merits peculiar attention. The tints are vigorous, and the touch bold. The white robe of St. John forms in the centre a large mass of light. The cloak of the old man, placed on the right of this apostle, is of a brown colour. The Evangelist holding a pen, has a violet drapery. The curtain in the back ground is of a lively red.

THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

J. Jordaëns has committed a fault, common to other painters, in giving to the books a form too modern, and in substituting a pen for the *style* with which the ancients used to write.

The figures, in part seen, are of the natural size.



Menageoit pinx^t^

Sands sculp^t^

The death of Leonardo da Vinci

London; Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809

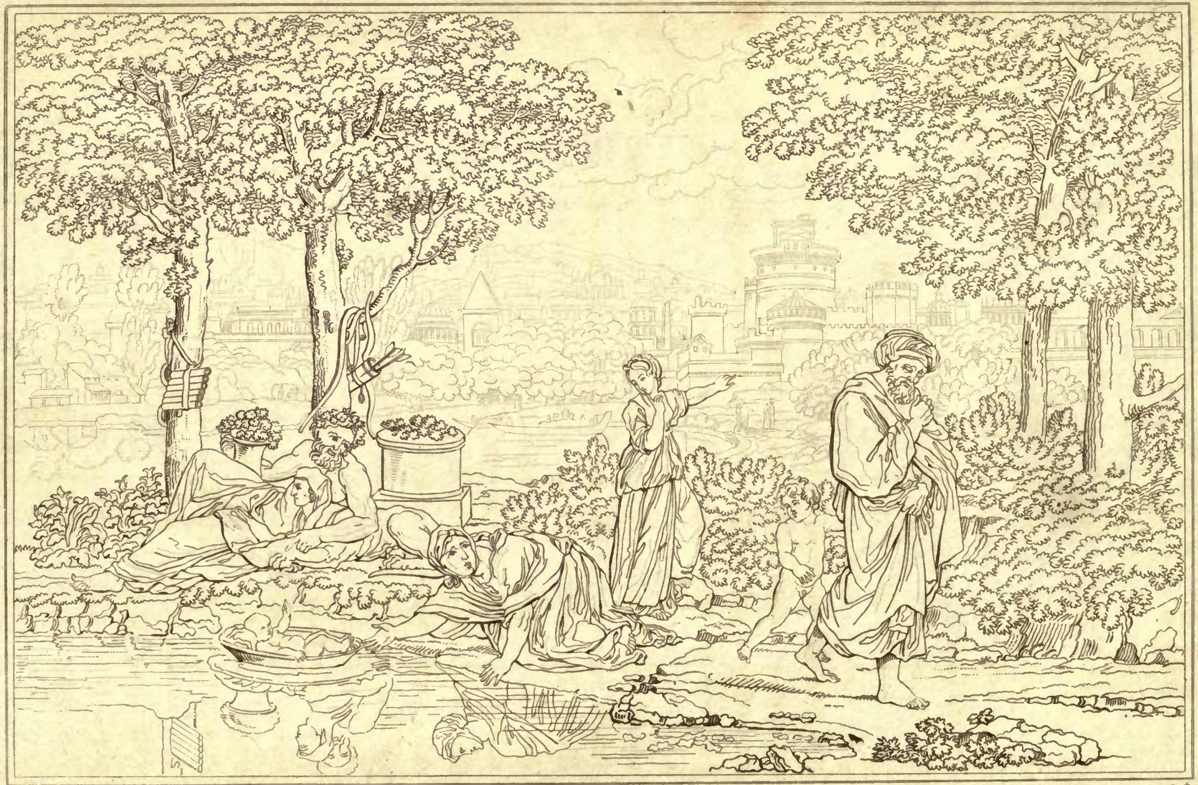
DEATH OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

MENAGEOT.

It is somewhat surprising, that no painter, before Ménageot, should have treated a subject so proper to develope the beauties of the art, and so honourable to to artists in general. Historians who have related this anecdote, vary considerably in their recitals. Some writers assure us that Leonardo da Vinci, then sick, was seized with such a paroxysm of joy and gratitude, in receiving the visit of the king, that his emotion was attended with fatal consequences, and that he died in the monarch's arms. Vasari, a cotemporary author, thus expresses himself in his work, entitled *Vite dé Pittori, &c.*

"Advanced in years, Leonardo da Vinci had been ill several months, and, finding his end approaching, he turned his ideas towards religion. The king was accustomed frequently to visit him, and to give him assurances of his esteem. One day, Leonardo having, out of respect, raised himself in his bed, recounted to the king the affliction under which he laboured, and expressed his regret at not having been able to carry his art to the degree of perfection he desired. He experienced an attack, which proved the forerunner of his death: the king approached, to render him assistance, and Leonardo expired in his arms. He was then in his seventy-fifth year."

The picture of M. Ménageot, a member of the ancient academy of painters, and formerly president of the French school at Rome, was exhibited about twenty years since, and met with the most general approbation. It is one of those compositions which manifest the return of good taste in the French school; it combines with much dignity of expression, correctness of design, and vigour of colouring, a flowing and easy pencil, and the most rigid attention to costume. This picture, the figures of which are of the natural size, has been for some time placed in the *Gobelins*. It has been there wrought in tapestry, with unexampled skill.



N. Poussin pinx^{t}

I.L. Busby sculp^{t}

Moses exposed

MOSES EXPOSED.

N. POUSSIN.

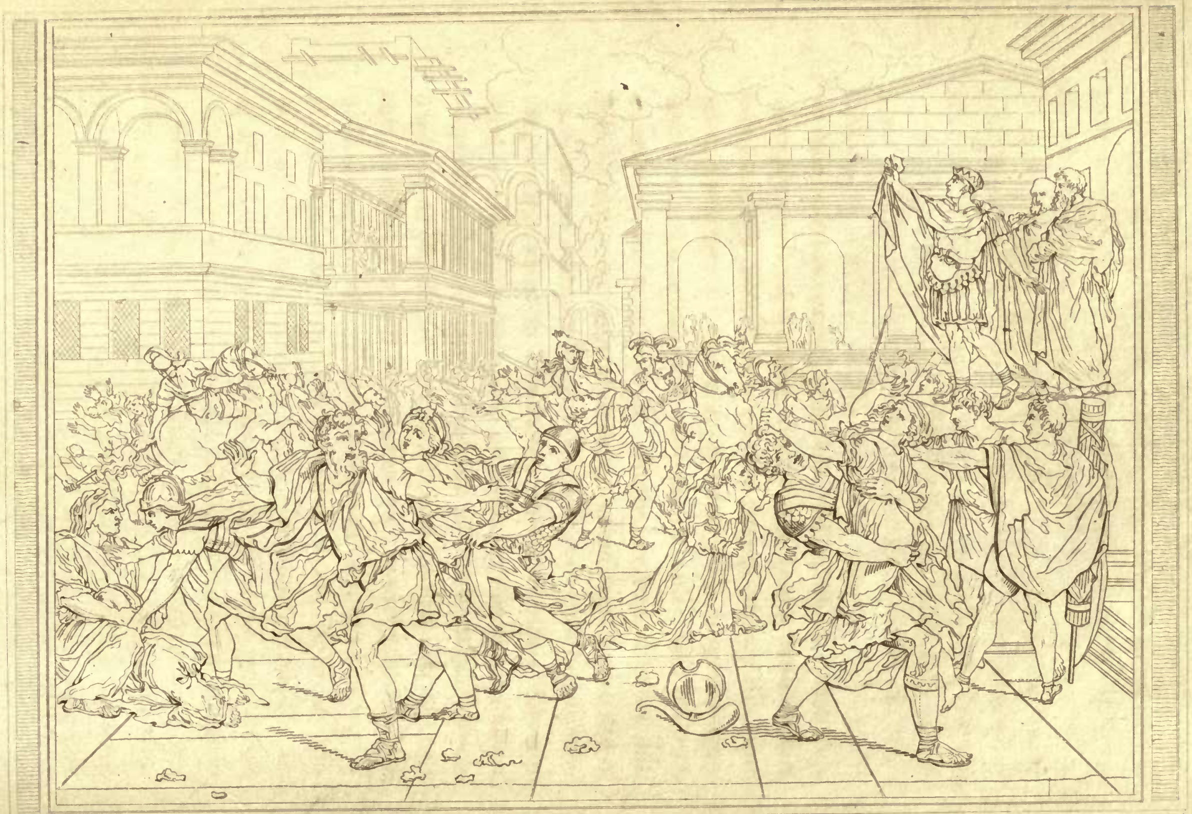
Upon the death of Joseph, and all his generation, the people of Israel multiplied in Egypt in the most extraordinary manner. At this period the king ordered his subjects to oppress the Hebrews, with a view of decreasing their numbers. He appointed officers, who condemned them to painful labour, and pushed his hatred against that nation to such an extent, as to enjoin the midwives to put the children of the Israelites to death, who were born males. This resource not being sufficient to appease his fury, he resolved to persecute the Jews, not in secret as before, but openly and avowedly, and promulgated an edict by which he condemned all the male children of the Hebrews to be thrown into the Nile.

A little time after this cruel proclamation, a man of the tribe of Levi had a son, of uncommon beauty. The mother of the infant concealed his birth for three months; but finding that she could no longer secrete him, she took a panier of rushes, which she hardened with slime and bitumen, and placing her son in it, exposed him on the borders of the river, among the flags. The daughter of king Pharaoh, walking with her companions on the banks of the Nile, perceived the young Israelite, took him from the waters, and adopted him. This child, thus happily preserved from death, received the name of Moses, and proved in the end the liberator of the Hebrews.

Poussin was in his sixtieth year when he painted this picture, in which are evident the vast conceptions of a superior genius. The manner in which the artist has expressed the grief and dejection of the parents of Moses, and the conscious security depicted in the countenance of the child, who is insensible of his danger, cannot be sufficiently extolled. The landscape is one of the finest of Poussin's: the high towers, the palace, and buildings, represent the capital of a great state, and form the richest and most variegated back ground that can be conceived.

To indicate, with greater precision, the place of the scene, the artist has introduced into his composition a river and a sphinx. Poussin perhaps ought to have depicted the river by a statue, instead of an animated figure, and not to have introduced a mythological idea, in a subject taken from the Bible. In the picture of the "Passage of the Jordan," Raphael has painted the river god supporting his waters, to leave no obstruction to the march of the priests, who carry the ark, and the people of Israel; but the sublimity of the thought palliates the inconsistency. In the composition before us, Poussin has not the same motive to alledge.

This picture was considered one of the most valuable of the Orleans collection.



N. Poussin pinx.^t

T.L. Busby sculp.^t

Rape of the Sabines.

THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.

N. POUSSIN.

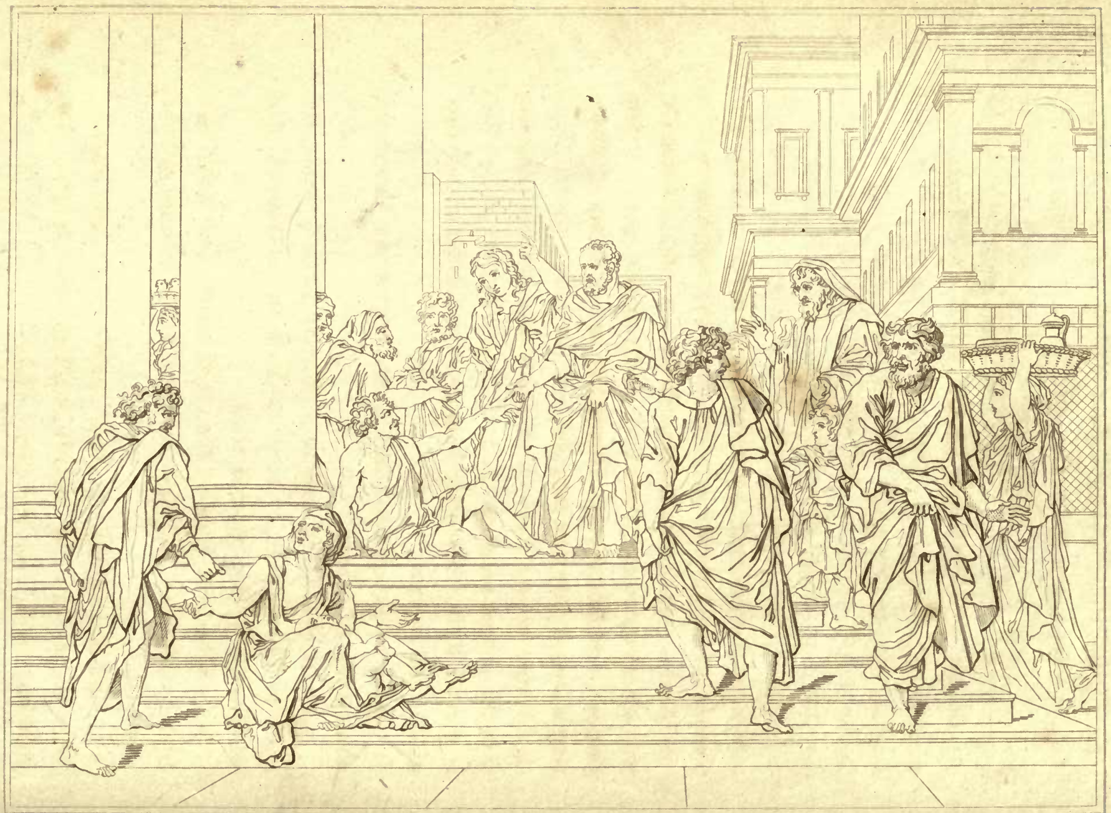
ROME, while in her infancy, being surrounded by neighbours whom she feared, meditated their subjugation. This design she early manifested by continual aggressions. The Sabines, a people more temperate, but no less courageous than the Romans, were often the object of their insult. The rape of their women tended in a particular manner to sow the seeds of dissension among the two nations. Romulus having frequently solicited their daughters in marriage for his soldiery, the senate rejected this means of alliance with disdain. The Romans dissembled their revenge, resolving, at the same time, to obtain by force that which had been refused by entreaty. To accomplish this project, Romulus caused a fête to be celebrated in honour of Neptune, which the Sabines and the people of Cænina attended. After having liberally regaled them, they were seated in the most convenient spot to observe the entertainment. But while attentive in viewing the diversions of the festival, the Romans, by order of Romulus, threw themselves sword in hand into the crowd, carried away the virgins, and drove their fathers and mothers out of the city.

THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.

This historical trait has been adopted by various painters, but no one has handled it so happily as Poussin. This great painter has varied all the expressions of the numerous figures which form this composition with an art he exclusively possessed.

Accompanied by two senators, Romulus, in an heroic and imposing attitude, lifts his cloak as a signal for the attack. At this moment all is confusion. A Roman soldier arrests a female flying with her husband. Another woman, seized by a warrior, defends herself with one hand, and raises the other to heaven, which she appears to invoke in vain. In the midst of these two groups, upon a distant ground, a mother is beheld upon her knees, before Romulus, imploring the restoration of her daughter, whom a Roman has just taken from her. On the other side of the picture a girl shelters herself in the arms of her mother, while she repels a young warrior, who manifests an expression rather of love than desire.

It would exceed our limits to enter into a detail of the beauties of this composition. The moment of anxiety and agitation is most ably represented. Poussin, however, may be censured for giving an air of magnificence to the building of the city, about which, in its beginning, nothing ostentatious could appear.



Pouſſin pinx.t

T.L. Busby sculp.t

St Peter & St John curing the lame

ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN CURING THE LAME MAN AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

POUSSIN.

"Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour.

"And a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple, which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple;

"Who, seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked an alms.

"And Peter fastening his eyes upon him, with John, said, Look on us.

"And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them.

"Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.

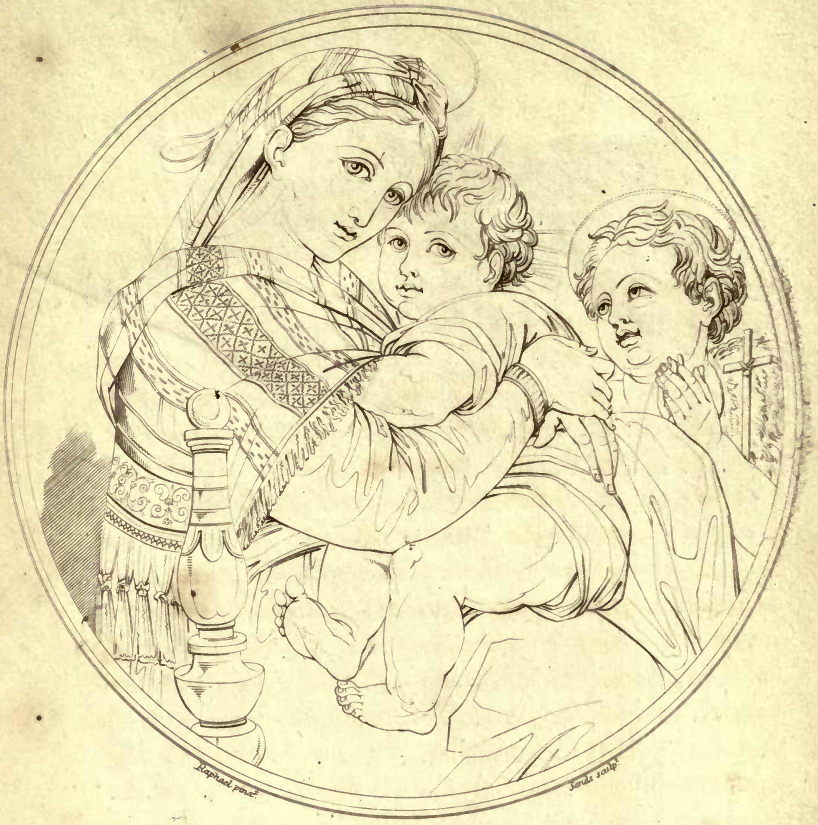
"And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ancle bones received strength.

"And he leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God," &c.—ACTS, CHAP. 3.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Such is the subject of the present composition.

If the sacred text, by its precision and clearness, offered to the artist the means of representing this miracle, with all its circumstances, it will be perceived, that Poussin, with his usual judgment, has not failed to profit of this advantage, and to seize upon every thing that could contribute to the happy delineation of his subject. St. Peter and St. John have an expression by which they are recognized. The astonishment and admiration of the Jews are very forcibly described. Nothing can be more apposite than the episode of the hardened Pharisee, who indignantly departs, while one of the new disciples of Jesus makes him observe the miraculous cure. The architecture, in the back ground, is rich, and indicates, with much propriety, the place of the scene. Every thing, in short, concurs to render this composition, so judiciously conceived, a model of that correct and dignified simplicity appropriate to historical subjects; and which is indispensable in those that are borrowed from the holy scriptures.



Raphael pinxt.

Sands sculpt.

The Holy Family

London; Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

THE VIRGIN, THE INFANT JESUS, AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

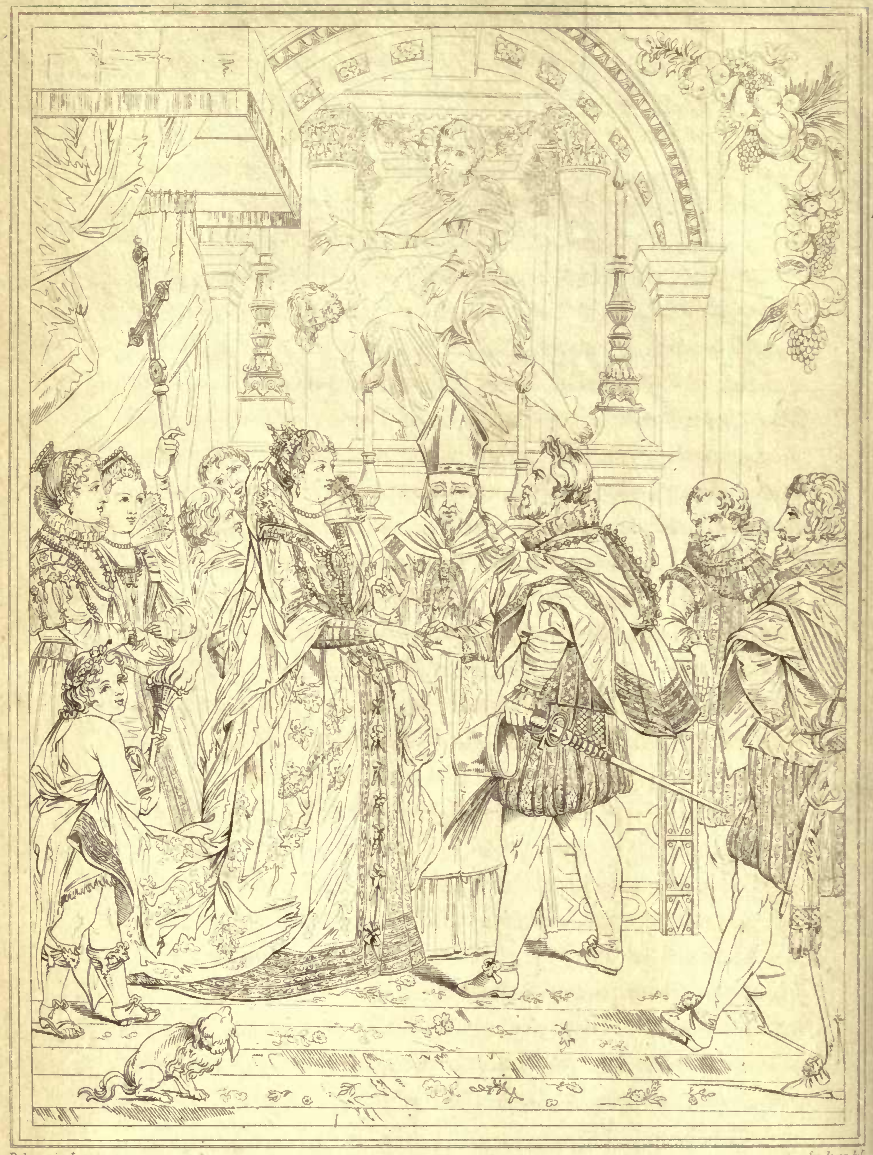
RAPHAEL.

THE candour, the suavity of expression, the grace, the purity of the contours, the simplicity of colouring, the naïveté of the pencil observable in this picture, have rendered it highly estimable in the opinion of connoisseurs. It is known under the name of the *Madonna della Seggiola*, and is deemed one of the most valuable productions of Raphael. It is executed in the second manner of that great artist. It is well known, that upon arriving at the third great epoch of his art, he acquired a bolder touch, and a more vigorous style of colouring; but as this subject required more sweetness than dignity, more delicacy than vigour, its merit would not have been enhanced, had it been executed with a broader pencil, and in a more decisive mode of colouring.

The picture of the *Madonna della Seggiola* decorated originally the Gallery at Florence: on its being brought into France, it was exposed for a time at the Museum: it is now placed in the Palace of Buonaparte at St. Cloud.

THE VIRGIN, INFANT JESUS, AND ST. JOHN

In the description which Mengs has left us of the principal pictures in the Royal Palace at Madrid, this celebrated painter, who united to a great superiority in his profession the talent of writing with much sagacity on the theory of his art, makes mention of a small picture, presumed to be by Raphael, similar to the composition under review. The only difference observable between the two works is, that the figure of St. John the Baptist is omitted in the picture in the Spanish collection, and the personages are of a smaller proportion than in that removed from Florence. The former picture appears to have been retouched by the hand of Raphael: it cannot, however, be considered as a perfect work, but simply as a sketch. The head of the Virgin, according to Mengs, is nevertheless entirely by the hand of that master: it is full of grace and expression, and may be put in competition with his other works.



Rubens pinx^t Sands sculp^t

Marriage of Mary of Medicis.

London, Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

THE MARRIAGE OF MARY DE MEDICIS.

RUBENS.

THE Grand Duke of Tuscany espouses, by proxy, Mary de Medicis, in the name of Henry IV. The Cardinal, Aldobrandini, gives them the nuptual benediction. Near the queen, the Grand Duchess, Jane of Austria, and the Duchess of Mantua, are observable. The Duke de Bellegarde, principal equerry of France, bearer of the king's proxy, and the Marquis de Sillery, who had been appointed to negociate this alliance, accompany the grand duke. The church of St. Mary *del fiore*,* where this event took place, is ornamented with garlands of flowers; and decorated with the utmost magnificence. Over the altar is a group in white marble, representing the Almighty, bearing his dead son upon his knees.

Of the several pictures which compose the Luxembourg gallery, this composition approaches the nearest to historical fact. We nevertheless find the abuse of allegory: Rubens has introduced the god Hymen, who with one hand holds his torch, and with the other supports the robe of the queen. This figure is peculiarly beautiful, and has no other defect than that of being misplaced.

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* One of the churches at Florence, where the marriage was celebrated, in the month of October, 1600.

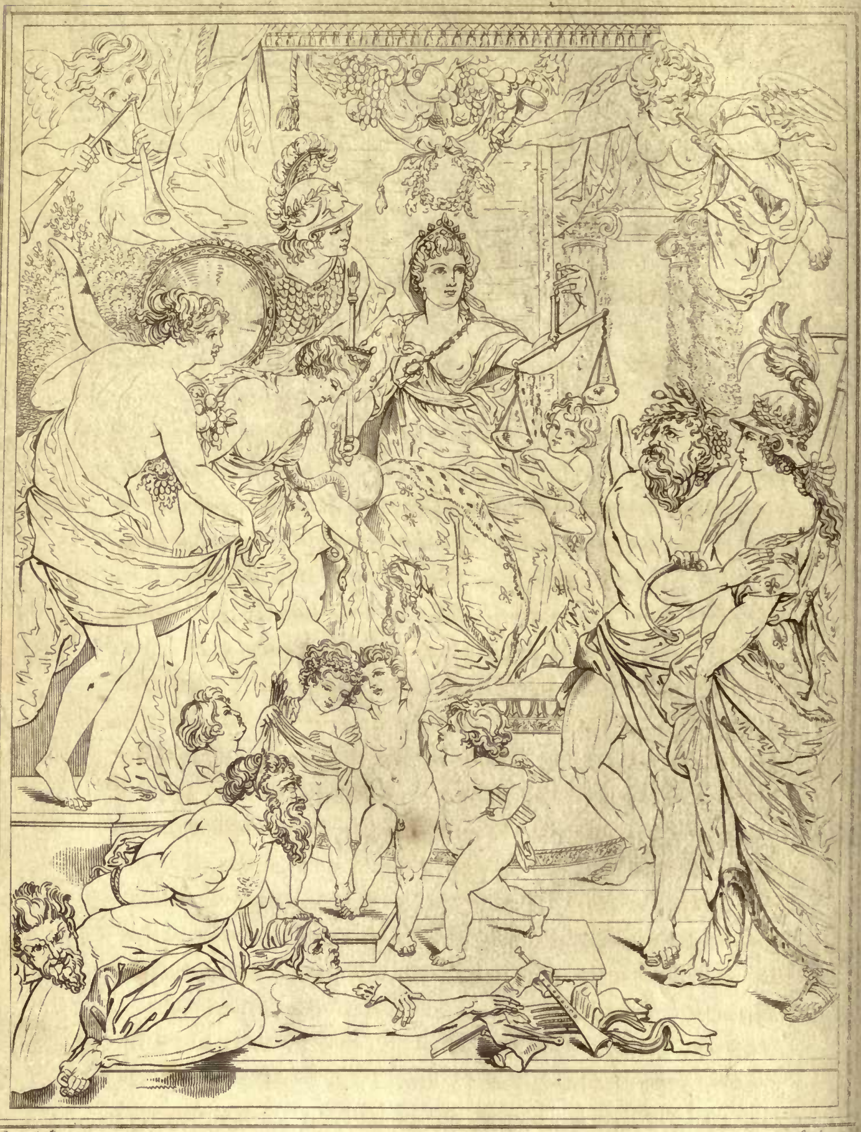
THE MARRIAGE OF MARY DE MEDICIS.

This subject afforded Rubens an opportunity of displaying all the richness of his colouring. It is impossible for the pallet to furnish more brilliant tints than those he has employed, and combined in the most harmonious manner.

Mary de Medicis has a robe of white satin. The dress of the grand duke is of the same stuff and colour:—his mantle is black; and the pontifical habits of the cardinal are of a lively red. Gold and precious stones glitter on the draperies of these figures, and are painted with a boldness of touch that is almost illusive. In order that the dresses of the nobles and princesses, present at the ceremony, might not equal in splendour those of the principal personages, Rubens has given to their attire soft and broken colours, which assort with each other. Hymen has a drapery of faint blue. The carpet is red, as likewise the throne, which is perceptible at the top of the picture.

Among this assemblage of brilliant tones, the group of white marble would have appeared cold, if Rubens had not conceived the ingenious idea of enlightening the inferior part, by torches placed upon the altar. They communicate, to this group, tints of a ruddy hue, which imperceptibly combine with the grey tints of the marble, and give to this part of the work all the vigour of which it is susceptible.

This picture is one of the most admirable of this valuable collection. The heads are portraits adopted in the true and dignified taste of history. The correctness of the expressions, the beauty of the composition, the freshness and truth of the carnations, are such as to surpass all eulogium.



Rubens pinx.t

Sands sc.

The Felicity of the Regency

London; Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1810.

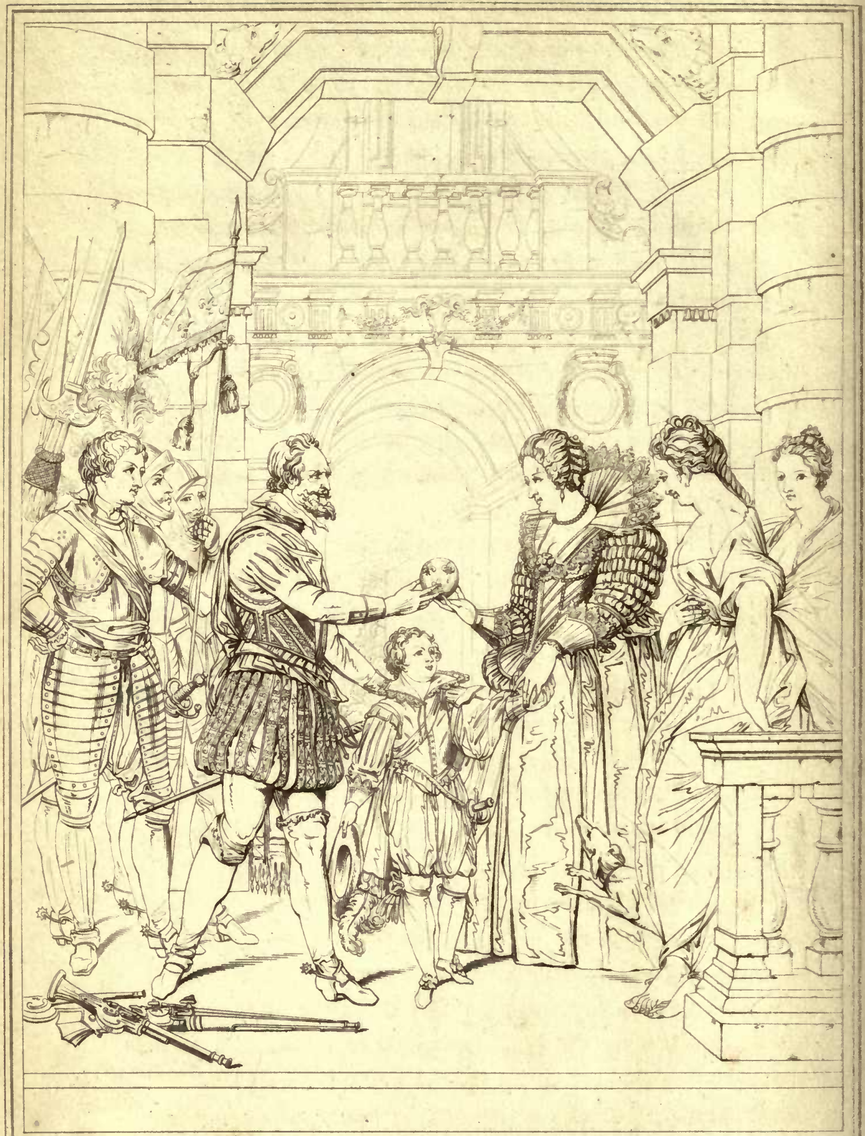
FELICITY OF THE REGENCY.

RUBENS.

In this very complicated allegory, Rubens has represented the happiness which accompanied the government of Mary de Medicis. This princess is seated upon a throne richly ornamented. In one hand she holds a sceptre, and rests it upon the globe of France, which a genius upholds. In her other hand is placed the balance of Justice. Minerva appears to deliver her counsels to the queen, adjoining whom is one of the loves, symbol of the affection of the people. Abundance and Equity are contiguous to the throne. Equity distributes crowns of laurel and medals to the genius of the arts. Ignorance, Envy, and Calumny are overthrown, and rendered harmless, although one of these monsters extends his arm towards the attributes of the arts, which he attempts to destroy. Time, under the figure of Saturn, crowned with fruits and flowers, shows to France the golden age, ornamented by two Fames floating in the air. In the back ground we perceive the columns of a temple decorated with foliage.

A composition so extremely rich, presented contrasts of figures, and colours, of which Rubens has taken great advantage. The figure of Mary de Medicis is dignified, correct in point of drawing, and admirably coloured. This princess is clothed in a blue mantle, lined with ermine, under which a robe of pale blue, tied with a knot of diamonds. The carnations of Abundance and Equity are uncommonly fresh. The robe of Equity is red. France is attired in a blue robe, with a scarlet drapery underneath. The delicate carnations of the group of children form a contrast to the animated flesh of the monsters.

The drawing of this picture is in many parts skilful and correct; but in this respect the figures of Fame are perhaps defective, and their attitudes appear heavy and exaggerated.



Rubens pinx^{t} Sands sculp^{t}

Henry 4th setting out to War.

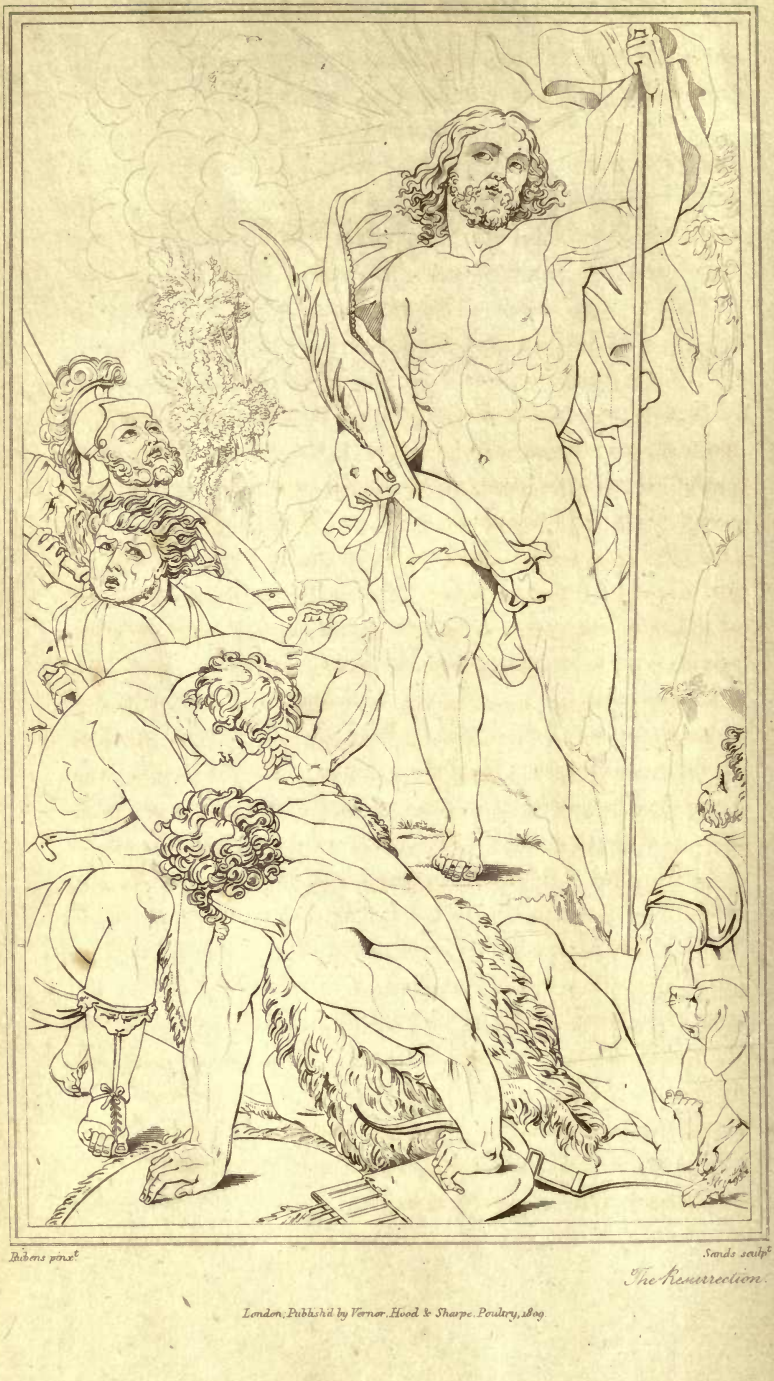
London; Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809

HENRY IV. SETTING OUT FOR THE WAR IN GERMANY.

RUBENS.

About to depart for Germany, and to carry into execution those plans which were to change the face of Europe, Henry IV. surrenders, to the queen, the administration of the kingdom. Such is the historical fact which Rubens has expressed in a very ingenious manner. In this picture the king presents to Mary de Medicis a globe, of a blue colour, embroidered with fleurs-de-lys, of gold, the emblem of France. Behind Henry the principal officers of his army, in their military costume, are observable. The dauphin is between the king and the queen, adjoining whom are Prudence and Fidelity. The scene passes in an open gallery.

This picture is one of the most beautiful of the Luxembourg collection. The execution is at once bold and laboured. In the physiognomy of Henry IV. dignity and beauty are united. The drawing of this figure is excellent, if we except the legs, the contours of which are not happy. The group of French noblemen presents much grandeur of design, strength of expression, and vigour of colouring. The figures of the queen and the dauphin are remarkable for the delicacy of the carnations, and the soft and brilliant tones of their draperies. The two allegorical figures appear to have been the least attended to, whose costume is totally different from that of the other personages. It would, perhaps, have been more judicious in Rubens to have placed, contiguous to the queen, some of the ladies of the court, instead of the female dressed after the antique. The king is attired in white satin. The robe of the queen is violet. The vest of the young prince red and white. The dresses of these three figures are ornamented with gold and precious stones. All these tints, the variety of which is prodigious, harmonize the scene, and produce the most pleasing effect.



Rubens pinx^{t} Sands sculp^{t}

The Resurrection.

London; Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

THE RESURRECTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

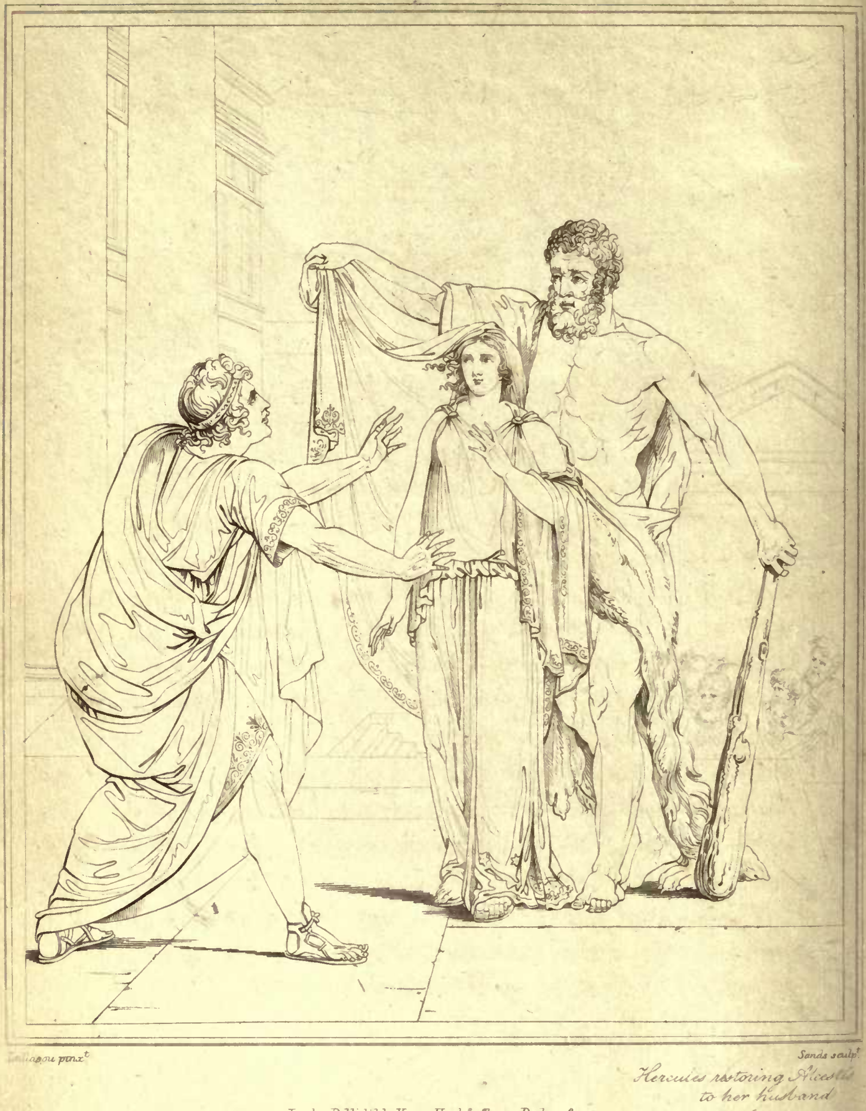
RUBENS.

If Rubens had been born in Italy, and early formed his taste after the antique, his style would have been more pure and correct. Gifted with an energy as powerfully organized as that of Michael Angelo, he, like that great man, would have united elegance, and grandeur of design, to elevation of thought, and vigour of expression. As it is, we cannot deny that Rubens possessed a considerable share of anatomical knowledge. The motions of his figures are true, and the muscles ably pourtrayed; but he exhibits, at times, a want of dignity and variety in his contours. In his youth, this artist had imprinted on his works a character of originality. When he arrived at Rome, he was desirous of subduing an inclination which led him more to the imitation of nature, than towards the study of ideal beauty: he endeavoured to reform his taste, and to purify his style. This tended to restrain the fire of his imagination, and the vigour of his pencil: his touch lost its freedom, his carnations were less natural, and his expressions less pointed: he ceased to be himself. It was upon his return to Antwerp that he abandoned himself to that inexhaustible genius, which gave birth to so many works of the first order.

THE RESURRECTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

These observations are founded upon the examination of the picture before us. In this composition, which was painted either in Italy, or immediately after his return to Flanders, Rubens attempted to imitate Caracci, in the disposition and the character of his figures, especially in those on the foreground. If we only beheld the body of Christ, in which the brilliant mellow pencil of Rubens is observable; and the head of the soldier, covered with a helmet, it would be a matter of some difficulty to name the author of this performance. He has even deviated from the laws of chiar-oscuro, of which the pictures of the Venetian school developed to him the first principles, and which consists in uniting lights to lights, and shades to shades. In the picture of the Resurrection, the lights are dispersed, and the general effect impaired.

Happily, Rubens was sensible that when the first education of an artist has been neglected, that is to say, when he has not, from his early youth, studied the chef d'œuvres of antiquity, it is a fruitless task to aim at correctness and purity of style. To this attainment Rubens renounced; and, by preserving certain defects, exhibited such numerous and extraordinary beauties, that his very imperfections are forgotten.



agou pinx^{t}

Sands sculp^{t}

Hercules restoring Alcestis
to her husband

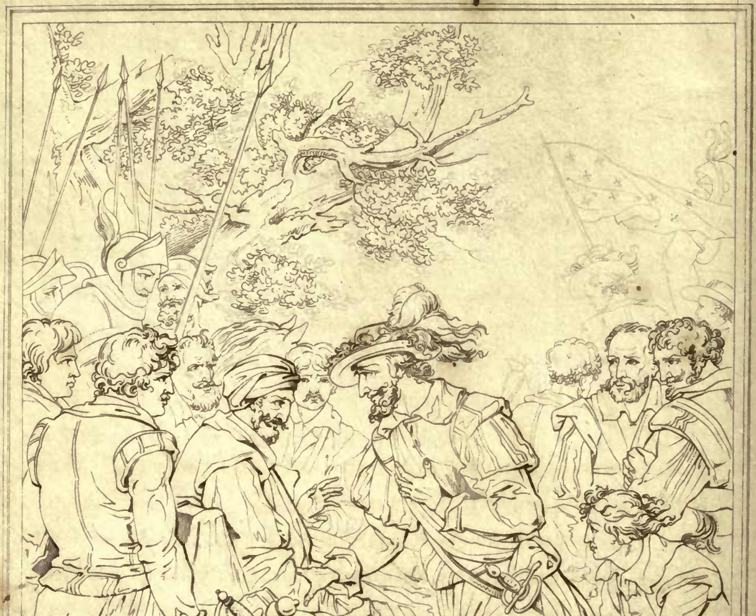
London, Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

HERCULES RESTORING ALCESTE TO HER HUSBAND.

M. TAILLASSON.

APOLLO, banished from heaven, sought an asylum, for some time, with Admetus, king of Pheres, in Thessaly. In gratitude for the reception he had received, he became the tutelary deity of the house of that prince. Admetus was attacked by a mortal disease. Apollo snatched him from the fate which threatened him, upon condition that another person should become the devoted sacrifice. His wife, Alceste, presented herself as the only victim. Proserpine, affected at the grief of Admetus, was desirous of restoring Alceste. This Pluto opposed. Hercules descended into hell, seized upon Alceste, and delivered her to her husband.

This picture was exposed at one of the last exhibitions, in the Louvre; and met with considerable approbation. The figures are of the natural size.



Vincent pinx^t Sands sculp^t

Henry IV & Sully

London: Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

HENRY IV. AND SULLY.

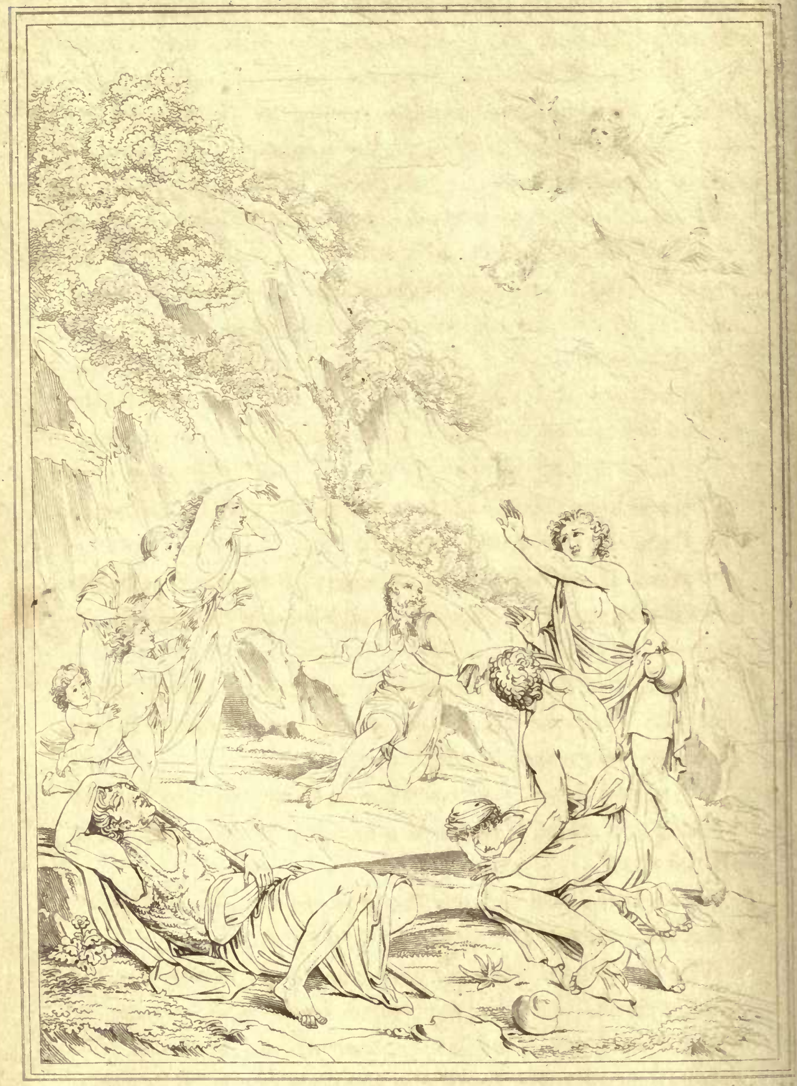
M. VINCENT.

THE friendship that subsisted between Henry IV. and Sully is a singular trait in history. If the king, at any time, conceived he had distressed his minister, he was never easy, as he was heard to say, until he had asked his pardon ; and Sully frequently enjoined his sovereign not to give him such proofs of favour and attachment, in order that the malcontents might suffer them quietly to promote the happiness of the people. Such were these extraordinary men, whom France did not know how to appreciate, until she had lost them. Their friendship has been immortalized by the arts. The features of the prince and his favourite have been on various occasions exhibited in the same frame, and, notwithstanding the beauty of the character of Mornay, Voltaire has greatly diminished the interest of the Henriade, by substituting him, in the place of Sully, whom we are always surprised, on reading the poem, not to see acting by the side of Henry IV.

The artist, M. Vincent, has chosen an incident which recalls, at once, the battle of Ivry, one of the most celebrated victories of Henry IV. and the part which Sully took in the success of the day. He had two horses killed under him, and received two severe wounds.

Followed by the prisoners he had made, and surrounded by a numerous guard, he caused himself, the next day, to be conveyed, on a litter, to his estate at Rosny. Henry IV. who was then hunting in the environs of Bearons, perceiving Sully, hastened to meet him, and, alighting from his horse, he said to him, with much affection, "*Mon bon ami, que je vous embrasse de mes deux bras ; vous etes brave et franc Chevalier.*" And he immediately embraced him, in the presence of all the nobles of his suite.

M. Vincent has delineated this interesting scene with much precision. The figure of Henry IV. displays that amiable frankness which engages all hearts. The gratitude of Sully is strongly depicted in his countenance, and the warriors and courtiers surrounding the two principal personages, are very happily characterized. As to the merit of the execution, it is sufficient to say, that it is, in every respect, equal to the beauty of the subject. The figures are of the natural size.



Vanderwerff pinx^t

Sands sculp

The Angel appearing to the Shepherds.

London, Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809

THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS.

ADRIAN VANDERWERF.

THE subject of the picture before us will be found in the Gospel of St. Luke, chap. ii.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

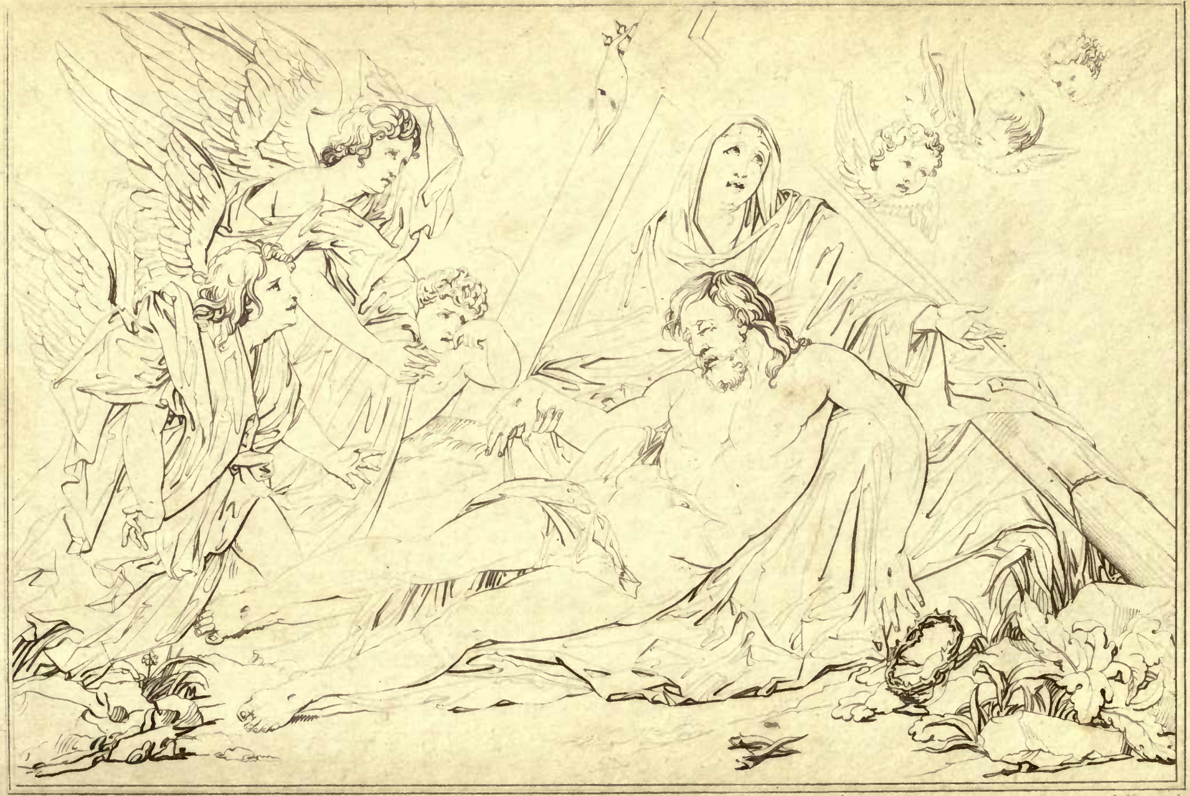
"And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ our Lord," &c.

The figures of this picture are of a proportion less than a foot. In our review of some other works of Vanderwerf, we have used observations that are, in a manner, applicable to all the productions of this artist. The present work offers little variety in point of taste and execution.

The peculiarities of Vanderwerf are, correctness of design and purity of expression, a certain dignity in his characters, but little energy. A careful pencil, the extreme finish of which sometimes degenerates into coldness; a vigorous local tone, but too deep and often clouded; a want of freshness in his demi-tints, which are not sufficiently in opposition with the colour of the shadows. The latter are frequently too much reflected, a defect visible in the present picture. The effect of the light is also but tamely expressed. Nevertheless, the works of Vanderwerf merit a particular place in the cabinets of the curious. They are somewhat rare, and on that account have ever fetched considerable prices.



Vandyke pinx^t

Le Keux. sculp

Dead Christ

[illegible] Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809

CHRIST TAKEN FROM THE CROSS.

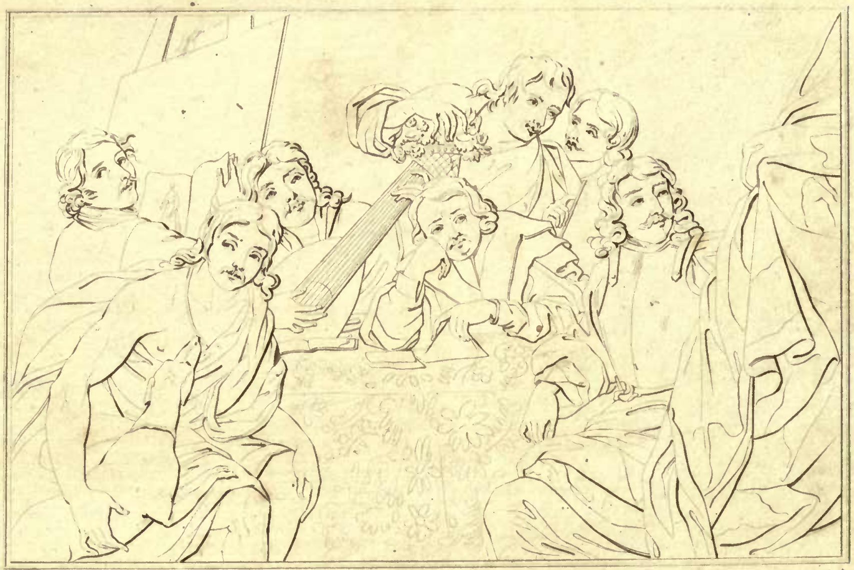
VANDYCK.

Christ, dead, is extended upon the knees of his mother. The Virgin raises her eyes towards heaven, and appears overwhelmed with grief. St. John holds the hand of Christ, and discovers to an angel, whose body is enveloped in clouds, the wounds occasioned by the nails. This divine personage joins her hands in the manner the most tender and compassionate, while another, unable to witness the afflicting scene, conceals her face by a black drapery.

Although Vandyck has painted several historical pictures, superior to the one under review, we still perceive many of the beauties by which the works of this great painter are distinguished. The character of death is well expressed by the livid countenance of Christ, and in the sinking down of the muscles of the body. It might, perhaps, have been desirable that the nudity of this figure had been more correct in point of drawing. The extended arms of the Virgin present, in some measure, a theatrical effect: but Vandyck received his style from Rubens, whose manner deviates, sometimes, from the simplicity of the great masters of Italy and France. The figures of the angel and St. John are well depicted, and are not wanting in dignity.

CHRIST TAKEN FROM THE CROSS.

The colouring of this picture has not all the delicacy of tints observable in the productions of Vandyck; but it possesses considerable vigour, and that skilful exaggeration which is not a defect in an historical composition. The choice of drapery is made, with judgment, to concur in the general effect. The robe of the Virgin is white, coloured with demi-tints, her upper garment violet, and that of St. John dark brown. The sky, the clouds, and the rocks, present vigorous tones; and the hand of a great master is discernable in the easy manner with which the picture is executed. The figures are of the natural size.



Vouet pinxᵗ

J. Le Keux sculp.ᵗ

An Aſsembly of Artists.

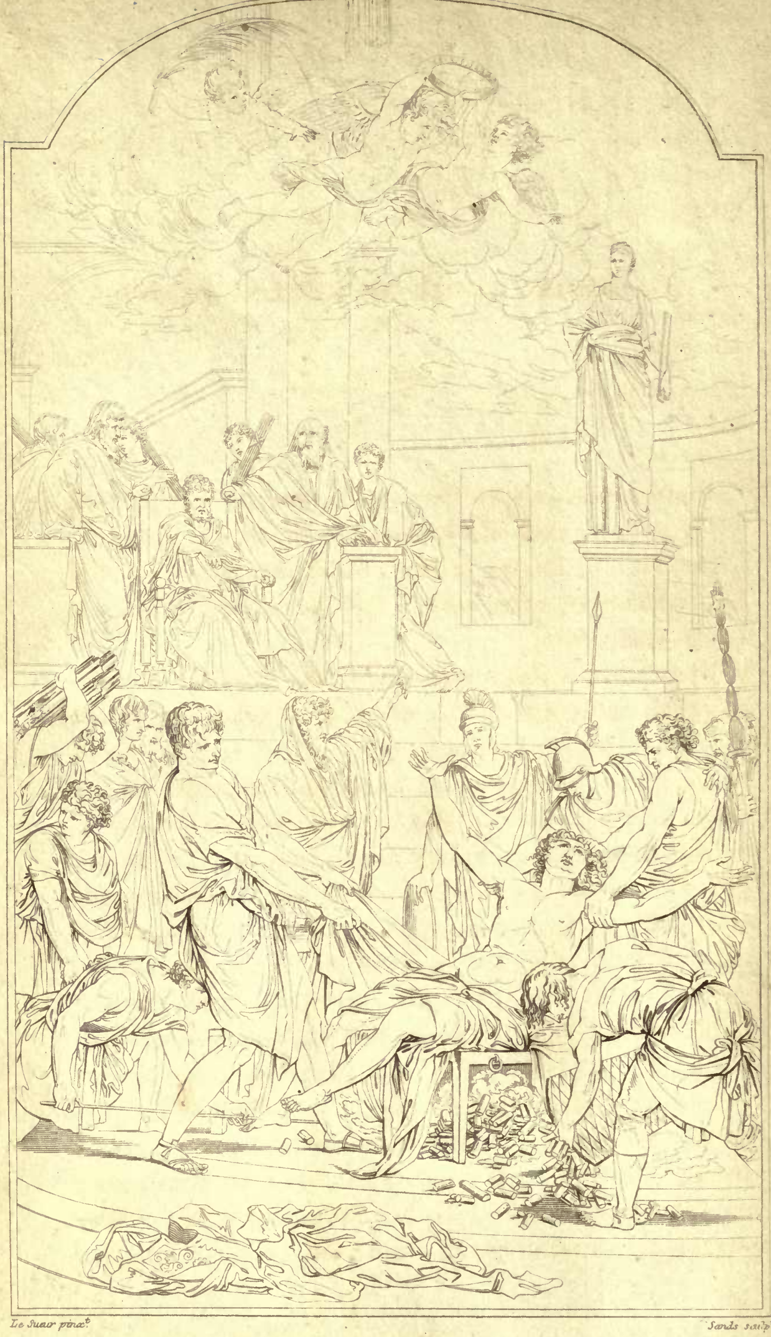
London, Publish'd by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1809.

THE ASSEMBLY OF ARTISTS.

SIMON VOUET.

VOUET has delineated, in a single picture, the portraits of several artists, his contemporaries. They are represented before a table, covered with a cloth, variously occupied. He has there introduced his own picture: he is distinguished from the rest as sitting before an easel, holding in his hand a port-folio, upon which he has traced a slight sketch.

The figures of this picture are of the natural size, and are painted with much freedom; but the touch is somewhat dry, and the colouring feeble.



Le Sueur pinx^t. Sands sculp^t.

The Martyrdom of S^t. Laurence

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1810.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAURENCE.

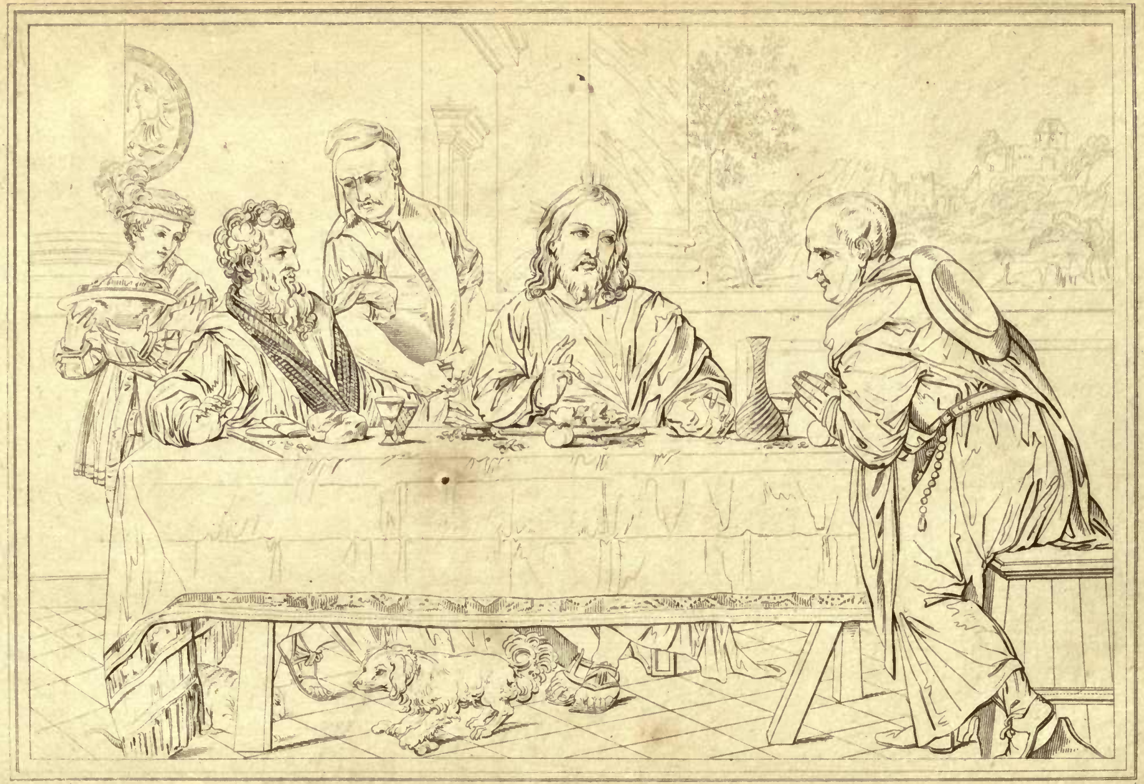
LE SUEUR.

THIS picture, about four feet in length, was painted for a private chapel of the church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois at Paris; it then passed into the cabinet of M. de la Leve; after which, it is presumed that it was destroyed by fire.

The loss of this picture, admirable in point of composition, and equal to that of St. Paul preaching to the Ephesians, which Le Sueur painted for the church of Notre Dame, will be ever a subject of regret by the lovers of the fine arts. We can scarcely notice a finer ordonnance, a more happy disposition of grounds and groupes, a scene more noble and pathetic. With respect to the colouring, if we may judge of it after a copy extremely well executed, which has been seen in the cabinet of an artist, it is not superior to the picture of St. Paul, and it is therefore not on that account that the works of Le Sueur are to be proposed as models.

It is not a trifling circumstance in favour of the picture of St. Laurence, to have exercised the graver of Gerard Andran; this great artist, far from weakening the beauties of the original, has delineated with peculiar energy the character and expression of it. An admirable draughtsman, he had the talent to correct the contours in those parts where the artist had manifested a kind of negligence and incorrectness. This is a compliment that was paid to him more than once by Le Brun, whose principal productions he has engraved in a grand style.

There are few names so celebrated in the history of engraving as that of the Andrans. The talent appears to have been hereditary in the family, in which we reckon ten artists, who were more or less distinguished; the three most skilful were Gerard, Benedict, and John. The number of pieces published under the names of the Andrans was very considerable.



Titian pinxt

Sands sculpt

The Pilgrims at Emmaus.

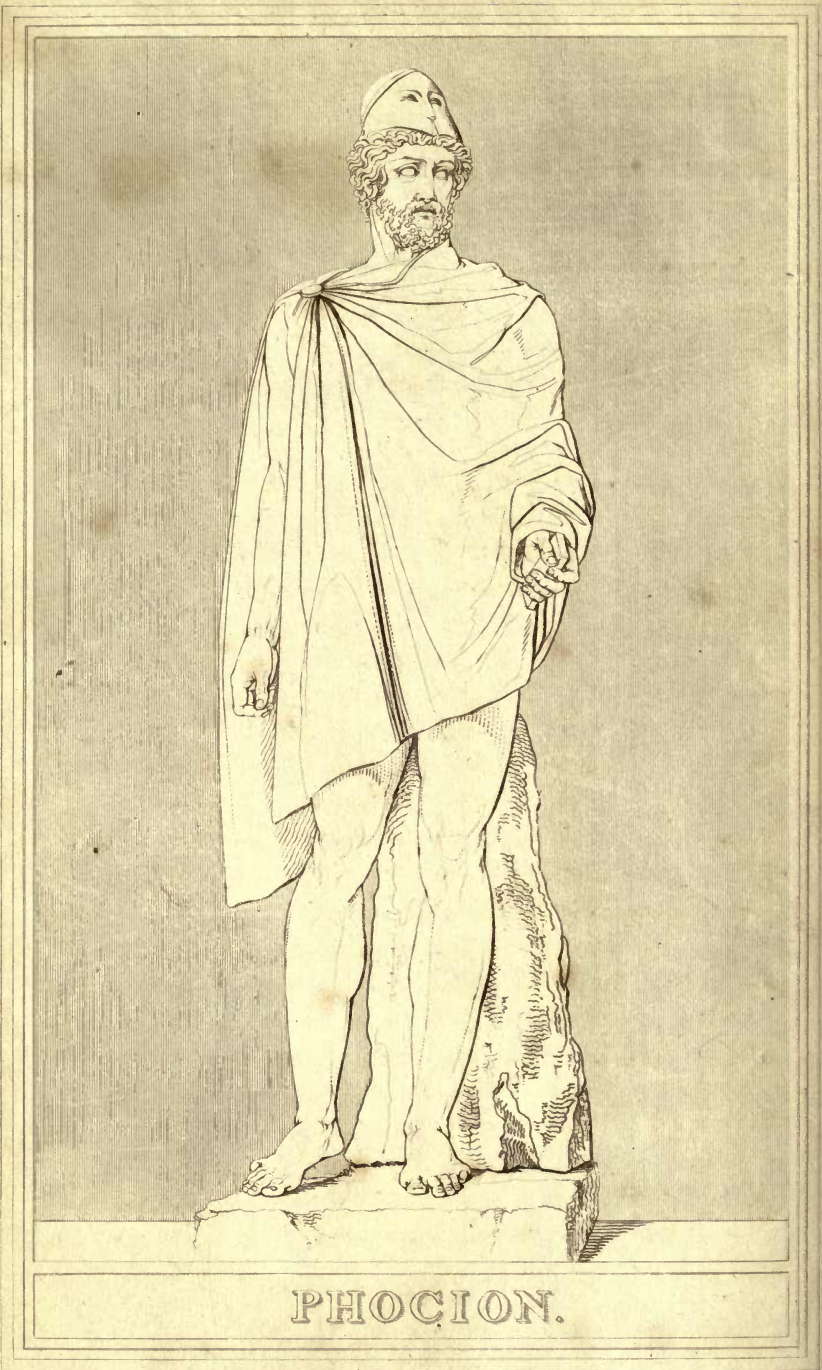
London Published by [illegible]

JESUS CHRIST AT EMMAUS.

TITIAN.

After his resurrection Jesus Christ entered into the village of Emmaüs with two of his disciples, who did not recognize him until being at table, Jesus took the bread, hallowed it, and presented it to them. Immediately after he disappeared.

This picture, finely preserved, is one of the most beautiful productions of Titian. The engraving of it by Masson is considered a masterpiece of art. It is distinguished by the name of the *Table Cloth of Masson*, because that accessary is there engraved in a most admirable manner.



PHOCION.

Engraved by George Cooke.

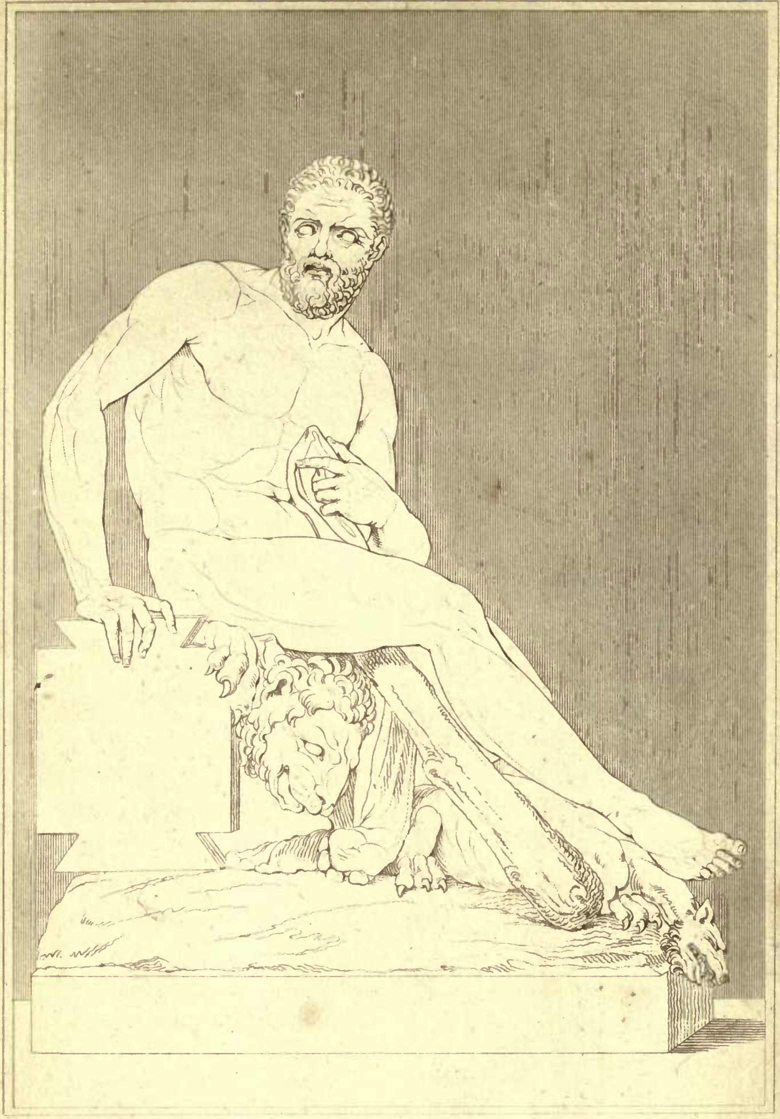
PHOCION.

ANTIQUE STATUE.

Phocion was the disciple of Plato and Zenocrates. He distinguished himself in his youth by the superiority of his talents, and the simplicity of his manners. His eloquence, forcible and concise, frequently destroyed the effects of the harangues of Demosthenes. Without soliciting any public situation, he was employed forty-five times by the government. At the head of the Athenian army, he exhibited always the air of a simple individual. Philip and Alexander attempted in vain to corrupt his fidelity. He refused a present of an hundred talents, sent him by the Conqueror of Asia, while at the time, such was his poverty, that he and his wife were occupied in domestic concerns.

The Athenians, after the capture of the Piræus, accused Phocion of betraying them. Unanimously condemned, he walked to prison with unshaken firmness, and ordered his son to forget the ingratitude of Athens. The victim, like Socrates, of a calumnious accusation, Phocion displayed, in his last moments, the most heroic courage. He was then in the eighty-first year of his age. He died, it is conceived, in the year 318, B. J. C. The Athenians, in the end, convinced of his innocence, raised a statue to his memory, and put his accusers to death.

The extreme simplicity of the costume, and the serene countenance of the statue, have long since determined antiquarians to consider it that of Phocion. It was found at Rome, among the ruins of the palace *Gentile*, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Pope Pius VI. caused it to be conveyed to the Vatican, from whence it was carried to the Louvre. The legs are modern.



HERCULES.

Boichot inv.t George Cooke sculp.t

HERCULES.

MODEL IN PLASTER.—M. BOICHET.

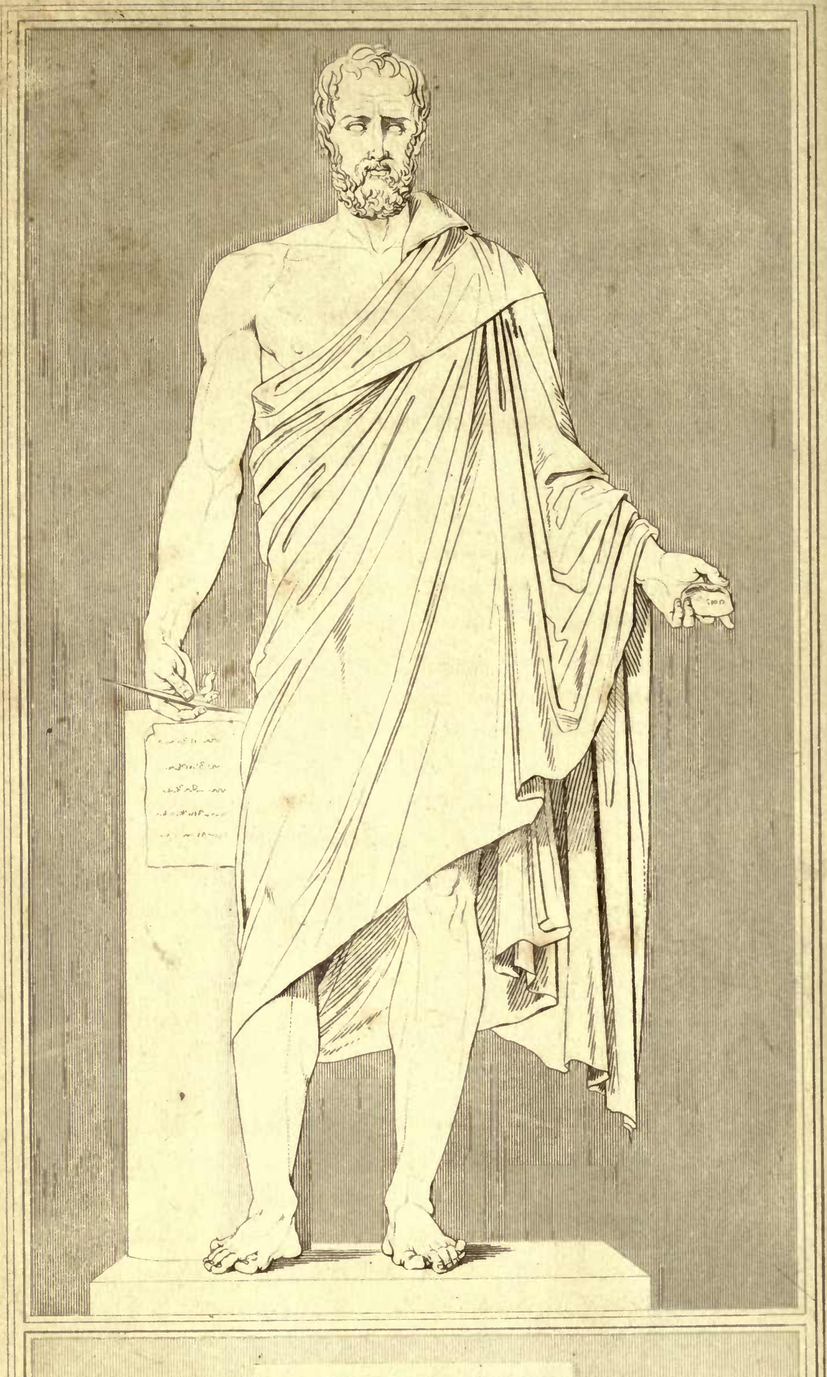
HERCULES, accompanied by his usual attributes, the skin of the Nemæan lion, and his club, is seated, and appears to solace himself after his labours.

The fallen Hydra, at the feet of the hero, announces that he has just overcome that formidable monster.

This subject, required of the artist in the most turbulent period of the French revolution, was allegorical of the circumstances which then existed.

It was executed for the purpose of adorning the Pantheon, formerly Sainte-Genevieve, (that celebrated monument of works of art,) which, for some years past, has been honoured with its ancient name, and its primitive destination. The model is placed under the peristyle.

This figure of Hercules is remarkable for the beauty of its attitude, the dignity of its character, and its judicious details.



ARISTIDES.

Cartelier inv.t

George Cooke sculp.t

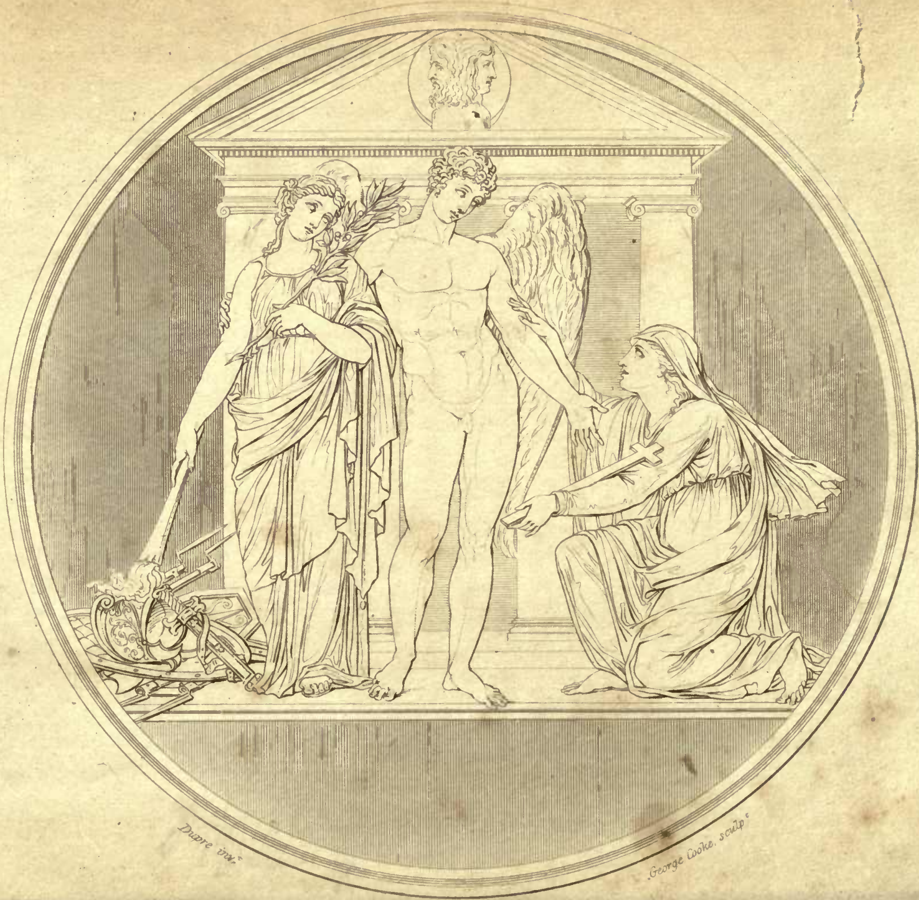
ARISTIDES.

STATUE.—BY CARTELLIER.

Aristides, surnamed the *Just*, was one of the most illustrious personages of Athens; the rival of Themistocles, and surpassing him in virtue. He was banished by his countrymen. Some time after, having been recalled, he forgot the injury he had received, and invited Themistocles to unite with him in exertion to save their country, attacked by the Persians. During the course of the war, Aristides rendered his country the greatest services, and essentially contributed to the success of the battles of Marathon, of Salamis, and of Platæa. He superintended the finances, and had, for a long time, under his care, immense treasures taken from the enemy. At his death, such was his poverty, that the state was obliged to defray the expenses of his funeral, and to provide for the subsistence of his children.

In placing a shell in the hand of Aristides, M. Cartellier has recalled an interesting circumstance in his life. An inhabitant of one of the neighbouring villages of Athens, who had the right of voting, being ignorant of his person, desired him to inscribe, upon a shell, the name of Aristides, whose banishment he desired. "You have doubtless some complaint against him." "Not any," replied the villager, "but I am weary of hearing him always called the *Just.*" Aristides took the shell, wrote his name on it, and returned it to him, without saying a word.

Upon a cippus, near the statue, we perceive an extract from the decree by which he was banished. The style of this statue is good, and the drapery well adjusted. It is about five feet nine inches in height.



Dupre inv.

George Cooke, sculp.

DESIGN OF A MEDAL, UPON THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

DUPIE.

THE object of the author was to indicate, that Buonaparte, (then first Consul) at the moment he gave peace to France, cemented the bands of morality, by placing religion on a solid basis.

This medal exhibits, on one side, the portrait of Buonaparte; and, on the reverse, the genius of France, presenting, with one hand, peace, as recognized by her attributes, and raising religion with the other.

In the back ground is seen the temple of Janus.

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